

THE GRAPHIC

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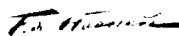
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IN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MUSEUMS.

SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1993



AN INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE OF THE YALU, THE RUSH OF THE JAPANESE SAIGON, 1905

Topics of the Week

The King Meeting

It will not be the fault of King Edward or his illustrious nephew the Emperor William, if the cloud which has unhappily hung over Anglo-German relations during the last few years is not speedily dispelled. At Kiel both monarchs have set an excellent example to their subjects. It would be impossible to pretend that the magnificent reception accorded to King Edward was simply an expression of the personal affection in which the Kaiser holds his august uncle, even if the essentially political aspects were made by both Sovereigns did not render such a plating ludicrous. The whole intent of the festivity was obviously to present a peace offering to this country, and in this sense it will be felt sure be sympathetically accepted by the great majority of sober and reflecting Englishmen. The speeches of the Emperor were full of grateful references to this country, which were reciprocated with felicitous cordiality by the King. Especially noteworthy was the emphasis laid by the Emperor on the pacific aims of the young German Navy, in view of the unworthy jealousy with which the growth of that force has been followed by a certain school of militant naval experts in this country. There is no matter of fact no reason among the many adduced for our own naval expansion which does not apply to the policy of the German Admiralty. If the strength of a navy is to be calculated on the basis of an insurance for over-sea commerce, then assuredly it must be difficult to tend any aggressive designs in the expansion of German sea power. German over-sea trade stands to-day only second to that of Great Britain, and the men in the mirror of the Fatherland has followed a similar line of growth. The protection of this trade is the first duty of an Admiralty, and no one can say that this duty has been omitted on too ambitious a scale by the naval advisers of the Kaiser. Moreover, it is to be remembered that Germany has of late years become a colonial Power, and although her experiments in this respect are still in a youthful stage, there are certain geographical exigencies connected with them which render a certain amount of highly efficient sea power necessary. It is consequently an extravagance to regard with alarm the growth of a navy which for many years to come must have its hands full with work of an essentially defensive character. It is to be hoped that the naval associations of the meeting between the King and the Kaiser will tend to impress this lesson on British public opinion. King Edward did in his role has generously and significantly led the way in welcoming the German Navy as an auxiliary to our own sea power in maintaining interests common to both countries and in working for the peace of the world. The existence of these common interests is sometimes doubted. It should, however, not be forgotten that if in the neutral markets of the world British and German merchants are in keen rivalry, they have an identical interest in preserving the equality of opportunity and the open door in those markets. This constitutes a community of interests of the very first order, and hence we should have every reason to rejoice at the prospect of the British and German flags as King Edward happily said "floating side by side to the most remote ages." As for the peace of the world the policy pursued by Germany during the last thirty years is a sufficient guarantee that it holds as large a place in the minds of her statesmen as in those of our own. A still better guarantee, however, is afforded by the growth of German trade and the prosperity of which is inextricably bound up with the maintenance of peace. And when we remember how large a place in this trade is filled by the British market and its exchanges with the German market we have an additional security for that Anglophobia of German policy to which the Kaiser has sought to give expression during the last week.

The Moroccan Captives

The release of Messrs. Perdicaris and Varley has relieved the American Government of a great embarrassment. If these gentlemen had not been released the United States would have been compelled to take some violent action to secure their release, and the punishment of their captors. On that point all Americans were agreed. When however it came to the question of what steps should be taken very serious difficulties were disclosed. The Americans could not have bombarded Moroccan towns or scored the Moroccan Customs House at any port without carrying into conflict with France. The French Government by virtue of the Anglo-French Convention has become the protective power of Morocco and the French having assumed this position had subsequently allowed their *protégés* to be attacked by an outside force then their own influence in Morocco would have been devalued. The Moors would rightly have argued that the French are not so strong, as they

represented themselves if they were afraid of the Americans. Thus it would have been impossible for France to look on unmoved while the Americans tried to right their own grievances. The U.S. Government recognised this, and has proceeded throughout to act in consultation with France. At the same time, if Raisuli had chosen to prove obdurate it is difficult to see what France and America combined could have done. Neither country would have cared to send an armed expedition into the interior of Morocco on the chance of capturing Raisuli and liberating his captives, yet short of this, almost any action they could have taken would have been laughed at. Happily, Raisuli has now accepted the terms offered to him, and the immediate trouble is at an end. There is good reason, however, to fear that the profit that he has derived from his daring enterprise may encourage imitators, and if so the adventure of Messrs. Perdicaris and Varley may be only the beginning of a whole series of incidents equally disagreeable to the Great Powers of the world, and to the individuals primarily concerned.

Beri-beri in the Transvaal

The outbreak of that strange malady, beri-beri, among the Chinese coolies in South Africa will probably be soon followed by its disappearance, as in the case of the plague. It needs for its propagation certain specific conditions, and, happily, they do not exist in the Transvaal. There is no case on record we believe of beri-beri flourishing at high altitudes. It is a lowlander by birth, and never thrives among mountains. As the Rand is between 5,000 and 6,000 feet above sea level, with a healthy, invigorating climate all the year through it may be safely assumed that the invader will find the locality too uncongenial for colonisation by its microbes. There might have been some danger of that happening had not the late outbreak of plague warned the Johannesburg officials to pay more regard to sanitation. Medical science does not know much about beri-beri, but it does know for a certainty that uncleanness helps it to spread, as in the analogous case of Asiatic cholera. All of these terrible epidemics thrive on malaria and the first measure, consequently when either appears is to do all that can be done to purify the air, the water, and the soil. But where is plague and cholera do not mind searching for comfort in the quarters even in the Himalayas, beri-beri sticks to hot valleys, with plenty of stagnant water to foul the atmosphere. It rarely catches hold of white people, and only once or twice has it broken into Europe, to be quickly suppressed by the inhospitality of the Western world. Such being its tastes, there is very little likelihood of the Golden City being held back from unfeigned prosperity by the decimation of the imported Asiatic hordes.

There being no longer any doubt that the easy Russian and Japanese sea, have been largely consequent on their superior skill with arms of precision, it is a question of much moment to other nations how these islanders attained such marked superiority both with artillery and rifles. They are not better endowed by nature than the Russian soldiers and sailors, the one race possesses as strong nerves and courage as the other, while there is not much difference between the weapons with which they are respectively armed. How does it happen, then, that where is the Japanese gunners and riflemen invariably deliver effective fire at long ranges that of the Russians as invariably becomes ineffective as the distance lengthens? There can be but one explanation, the Japanese soldiers and sailors were sedulously practised in gunnery and rifle shooting long before the war broke out, and no doubt the Tokio Government had to pay a big bill for practice ammunition. But it is already in evidence to some extent that the Russian fighters were left to learn to shoot straight at long ranges after the inception of hostilities. It is no reflection on their hardihood, therefore, that the superior skill of the enemy caused them great discouragement. Not being acquainted with the difference of training methods, the Russian troops and troops naturally lost confidence in their weapons, and when once that doubtfulness occurs, despair and unsteadiness are never far off.

THE HOUR GLASS

(With which is incorporated 'The Golden Penny')
Among other interesting items, this week, includes—
BIRIANS THE ROMANCE OF CURIO
HUNTING

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "GRAPHIC" are as follows—To any part of the United Kingdom 4d per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be 4d FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should therefore be taken to use a WEIGHT AND STAMP all copies are forwarded

Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

"I HAVE made ten disappointed and one ungrateful," said Louis XIV., whenever he conferred an appointment. Mr. Arthur Balfour may possibly have thought of that phrase during the last few days. There are a hundred and one men who maintain that the Government have behaved villainously in ignoring their claims, whilst many of those who received distinctions on the occasion of the King's birthday are indignant that they obtained so little. The public does not know how many applicants there are for these honours! For years before a knighthood, for instance, is bestowed, the man who receives it may have been pestering the Government to obtain the distinction. He himself sees the chief of the department in connection with which his services may be associated. His friends write to the Prime Minister, and mention the matter to other members of the Government, and the Sovereign himself is approached. At last, so much influence has been brought to bear that the Government decides to grant the application—and then the receiver of the distinction appears to be surprised that his humble services should have been recognised.

Mr. Arthur Balfour has had an especially difficult situation to deal with this time, for many of his supporters imagine that the life of the Government is in imminent danger. With that in their minds they have made every possible effort to induce Mr. Balfour to bestow on them at once those rewards which they desire to obtain. On the other hand, the Government did not wish to produce a List of Honours which would look by its length as a winding up of the accounts. It is generally admitted that the selection has been made very judiciously.

The Order of Merit, however, is becoming more puzzling every year. Since the King founded the Order several of the original members have died, but their places are not being refilled. Is it to be allowed to become extinct? That there are not many men in the country of surpassing merit is admitted, but there are, certainly, five or six whose work is of equal importance to that of several men who are members of the Order. Mr. Swinburne has no doubt supported political views which are not considered orthodox, but he is a poet whose works will live for many generations. It would not reflect credit on our times were such a man to leave us without having been included in the Order. Week after week it has been asked in this column if no woman is to become a member? The rules do not deal with this question, and it is to be supposed, therefore, that any woman whose services have been of sufficient magnitude is competent to be appointed. Miss Florence Nightingale, the mother of the modern nursing system, seems to be in every way worthy of receiving the distinction.

The following letter has been addressed to me—"Marlborough Club. 'A rolling stone gathers no moss' is a proverb which was often quoted by our ancestors. In their days continuity was the soul of success, for the means which we enjoy of moving rapidly from place to place did not exist. Now enterprise is the soul of success or opportunity might be a better word to use instead of continuity. This somewhat long preface is employed to show that in our times it is advisable to reconsider our old customs, and it is a very small matter which I am leading up to. I call on Mr. and Mrs. ———, they are not in, and I leave my name with the servant to show that I have paid them a visit. For this purpose I have to leave two cards. Why two? One would be sufficient. If I have called on Mrs. ——— it is obvious that I did not intend to insult her husband by not including him in the visit. If I only wish to see the husband, I can write his name on the card. In a discussion we had here the other day, it was said that probably half a million cards were left uselessly in this way every year in England alone! Could you not suggest that common sense should be allowed to have a part even in so insignificant a matter?" The suggestion is excellent, but custom, like a cat, has nine lives!

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Commencing Monday, July 19th, A NEW NIGHT EXPRESS with Sleeping Cars for 1st class passengers will leave Euston Station at 7.45 p.m., arriving at Perth at 4.40 a.m. and Inverness at 8.35 a.m.

A SPECIAL TRAIN FOR HORSES AND CARRIAGES will leave Euston at 8.30 p.m. for Carlisle, from July 11th to August 8th inclusive. This train is appointed to run through to Perth in advance of the Night Expresses from Euston, so as to afford a through service to all parts of the North of Scotland.

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	dep.	arr.	dep.	arr.
EUSTON	10.25	0.9	MANCHESTER	10.40
MANCHESTER	2.5	0.30	EUSTON	2.10

FREDERICK HARRISON, General Manager
June, 1904.

LONDON TO ST. PETERSBURG.

New Fast Passenger Steamers, via KILCANAN, leaving Every Saturday. Voyage Four days. Fares, 1st Class, Single, £11s. Return, £21s. 6d., including Victualing. Stowage carried. Write for Illustrated Pamphlet to TEGNER, PRICE, and CO., 107, Fenchurch Street, E.C.



All Rome extended a cordial welcome to the British Roman Catholic bluejackets and marines who marched through the city for their visit to the Pope. Upon arrival at their destination, the officers and men heard Mass in St. Gregory's Chapel, and afterwards proceeded to the Hall of Geographical Maps in the Vatican, where they were received by the Pope. The sailors all knelt as the Pope passed among

them, and each kissed the Pope's extended hand and received from him a silver medal. The audience concluded with an address from the Pope, after which the men were entertained at luncheon in the Vatican by the ladies of the British colony. Our illustration is from a photograph supplied by C. Abenlacar.

BRITISH BLUEJACKETS IN ROME: GOING TO VISIT THE POPE AFTER MASS

Sir J. Dineen Lord Clonahan Lord Burnham The Prince of Wales Sir Maurice Marshall Lord Glenesk Sir F. G. Miller Sir J. O. Bell The Hon. F. N. Condon



The Prince of Wales presided last week at the anniversary dinner of the Orphan Working School, held at the Whitehall Rooms. In proposing the toast "Prosperity to the School," the Prince gave an account of the surprise visit paid by the Princess and himself to the school on the previous day. "I feel sure," said the Prince, "that those who take an interest in the institution would be well repaid by a similar visit. But we must not forget that an important charity like this cannot be successfully maintained and administered without a very

considerable expenditure. Its funds depend to a large extent upon annual subscriptions, and it is on an occasion like this that every effort must be made to secure a substantial improvement to the ordinary income." At the close of the dinner the secretary announced that the subscription, including some of £105 from both the King and the Prince of Wales, amounted to £11,008—the largest collection ever made at the Orphan Working School dinner.

IN THE CAUSE OF CHARITY: THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL DINNER

DRAWN BY E. M. PAGET



LIBRARY OF P. J. WAGNER

* Just down below us on the bank of the river, the Japanese pioneers were constructing a bridge to join the island of Hunan-ko when they held - to the mainland. And across the river lie the town of the black-and-white to its right, in the middle island. A real bill is surrounded by a wall, could be distinctly seen. It was the Ma-shu-mian Canton House on the island of King-fing, in possession of the Kusanai. Directly behind it, but more

A SKIRMISH ON THE YALU; FACING THE RUSSIAN POSITION, OPPOSITE WUL-

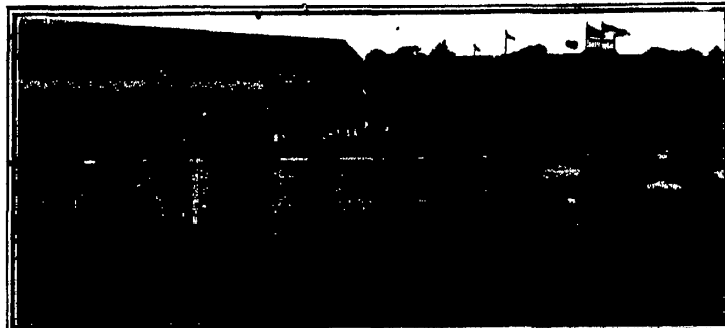
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and the reports of the guns. The Koreans stood back upon the order of their going, but the "gun" and the pincers abandoned their work hastily, as when after shell plunged into the interior of the mine, and the pincers were abandoned. The result of the day's work. The Russians had been turned off the island at a cost of thirty-four casualties, at least. Three died of wounds, three drowned, and the rest wounded more or less seriously.

The Royal Agricultural Society's Show

The Royal Agricultural Society's show is now held each year at Park Royal, the new permanent site near Woking, bounded by the Great Western Railway on one side and by the North Western on the other, with stations shunting in the show ground and a service of electric trains. The first Show held there last summer was not a success financially, the deficit being little short of £10,000, but this was probably in a measure due to the inclement weather which affected the show and converted the ground into a quagmire.

The show ground this year was so arranged that when the visitor entered the western extremity he found the horses to his left, and the stalls for cattle, sheep, and pigs. A broad road running east and west was flanked on each side by implements and machinery, while in the centre was the Royal Pavilion. The entrance of stock were rather below the average of the last few years. The judging began shortly after nine on the opening morning, and lasted throughout the day, the largest exhibition being His Majesty the King, who sent twelve entries of cattle from the Windsor farms, and twenty-two of Shire horses, cattle, and sheep from Sandringham, while the Prince of Wales was represented by a full of the best Friesian breed of cattle. The Earl of Derby, who is the outgoing president, was on the ground early in the day, and among the other visitors were the Duke of Alcock, Lord and Lady Middleton, the former of whom succeeds Lord Derby, the Duke of Portland, the Earl of Euston, Lord Trevelyan, Lord Baring, Lord Marston, Sir Walter Gilbey, Sir Albert Munz, Sir Gilbert and Lady Grenfell, Sir Oswald Mosley, Sir George Wombwell, Sir Patterson Nickalls, Sir K. Nigel Ker, Sir Thomas Thorne, Sir Richard Green Price (whose famous polo stallion, Gown Boy, could not be shown in account of an accident), the Rev. Cecil Eggar, and many others interested in horse breeding and agriculture. The whole of the awards were not completed until late in the day, and then it became evident that the King had met with more than his usual large measure of success. With the twelve entries of cattle from the Windsor farms, His Majesty won five first prizes, two seconds and a third, and also won the champion



JUDGING IN THE LARGE RING

prizes for the best bulls of the Shorthorn and Hereford breed. The former prize was taken by a four-year-old bull, bred by Queen Victoria, while the three-year-old Hereford is of

him into some sacrifice of technical quality. A little more firmness in his brushwork would have made more convincing his statement of what have been undoubtedly very correct and sensitive observations.



ART POTTERY FOR THE GARDEN: MESSRS. LIBERTY'S EXHIBIT

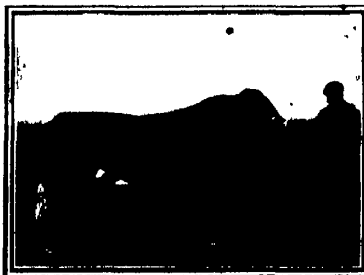
Minor Art Galleries

DRAWINGS BY MR. H. S. TUKE

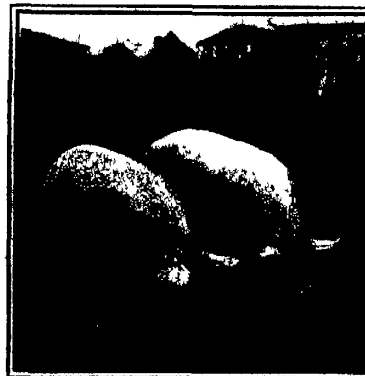
The chief merit of the drawings, "Along the Italian Riviera," which Mr. Tuke is showing at Messrs. Dowdeswell's gallery, is that they suggest effectively the gaiety of colour and the brilliancy of tone which characterise the scenery along the Mediterranean coasts. They are full of sunlight and of delicately modulated tints, and they are not wanting in charm of atmosphere. Their one fault is a degree of uncertainty in the management of the water-colour medium. The artist seems to have been afraid of decisive handling, and to have allowed this desire for refinement to lead him into some sacrifice of technical quality. A little more firmness in his brushwork would have made more convincing his statement of what have been undoubtedly very correct and sensitive observations.

DRAWINGS BY MR. F. C. GOULD

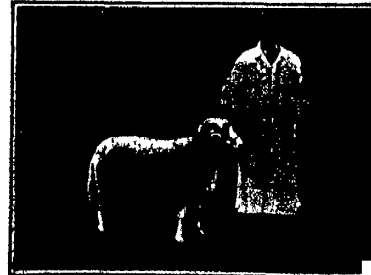
Among modern caricaturists, Mr. F. C. Gould holds a position of well-deserved prominence. Few men who follow this particular walk of art combine so perfectly witty originality of idea with delightful spontaneity of expression, and fewer still in burlesquing serious matters are so free from bitterness or violence of party spirit. The qualities of his work can be very well studied in the exhibition—now open at the Dore Gallery—of the originals of his Westminster cartoons for 1903-4, and of his illustrations to "John Bull's Adventures in the Fiscal Wonderland." Nearly two hundred drawings have been brought together, and there is scarcely one of them against which the most thick-skinned person could justly protest. The whole series is full of quaint observation and genuinely comic perversion, and it abounds with clever touches of unexpected humour that make it amusing from beginning to end. Mr. Gould knows perfectly how to point his jokes so that their meaning cannot be misunderstood, but for all their point they have no sting, and they are never ill-natured. Even the politicians whom he caricatures most persistently and mercilessly would find no offence in the drawings of so genial a humorist.

MR. WALTER CORBET'S RED POLI BULL
1st and Champion Prize.THE EARL OF LOWN'S SHORTHORN HEIFER "LADY AMY VII"
1st Prize in Yearling Heifer Class.

His Majesty's own breeding. His Majesty's twenty-two exhibits from Sandringham consisted principally of Shire horses and Southdowns, and he won with them nine or ten prizes and several commendations, the sheep being successful in several very strong classes. Among the other winners of the champion prizes were Mr. Philo Miller, for the best Shire stallion, Lord Rothschild, for the best Shire mare, Mr. M. Montgomery, for the best Clydesdale stallion, Mr. T. Williams, for the best Clydesdale mare, Mr. Tudge, for the best Hereford heifer or cow, Mr. G. Deane Miller, for the best Shorthorn heifer or cow, Mr. J. Williams, for the best Devon bull, and Messrs. Trible, for the best Devon heifer or cow.



"TERTY ORNS IN BRASSY SIDE BY SIDE"

MR. JOHN TUDGE'S HEREFORD COW "SHOTOVER"
1st and Champion Prize.MR. OGDEN'S WELSH MOUNTAIN RAM
1st Prize in Aged Ram Class.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW AT PARK ROYAL, WOKING

From Photographs by THE GRAPHIC Photographers, G. Pilkington, and G. H. Parsons, Manager

"Place aux Bêtes"

BY LADY VIOLET ORVILLE

"This little wee dog," as well as many other animals, were much to the fore at the Albert Hall Bazaar last week. The Queen bought a good many beasies of various kinds, including a chinchilla and a flying fox, and would fain have added to her collection Lady Decies' clever little dog, which dances and does all manner of parlor tricks, and in a short space of time earned five pounds for the charity, but his mistress could not bear to part with him, and so declined to effect a sale. The refreshment stall was much patronised, many pretty girls were selling there, and one of them received as a tip two guineas, which were pressed into her hand by a generous customer. Tips are never displaced at bazars, where it is the custom also not to give change. One is glad to think that all the arduous efforts of Lady Cadogan and her helpers were not given in vain, and that the £13,000 desired for the hospital were simply realised.

And in this matter of bazars, I note with pleasure that the iniquitous practice of asking artists for gratuitous services on these occasions is at last attracting attention. It is a distinct anomaly to request a hard-working artist who has already spent a considerable sum on his or her musical education, to give his or her services for

days. The hair washes so complacently pushed now are often only the familiar rosemary and herbal washes of the lady's still-room; while the merits of the curis and whey, the buttermilk, the camomile tea, the elder tea, the cowslip wine, and home-made cider, so sought after by our ancestors, may even now be appreciated in spring. The constant use of home-made cold cream, of sage leaves to clean the teeth, of lavender and rose leaves to lie among the linen, prove that the scrupulous care of the health and complexion and the delicate love of perfumes are, indeed, no new thing. Our mothers rated the value of their complexions so highly that they would never even have suffered bought and perhaps adulterated cosmetics to enter their dressing-rooms.

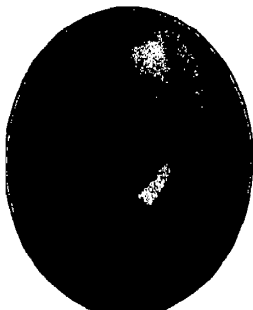
Ladies' clubs continue to increase and multiply. The newest new-owner, the Lyceum, has acquired handsome premises in Piccadilly, and gave a crowded At Home last week to celebrate its inauguration. The last generation would, indeed, have been astonished at this importation of the feminine sex into clubland, and have opened their eyes at sight of ladies lounging in the windows, or sitting about in the vast apartments hitherto sacred to men. As the rent of such premises, comprising the lovely view over the park and the constant moving panorama of carriages and foot-passengers in the street is proportionately heavy, it shows the prosperous condition of ladies' clubs that the committees should have embarked in so expensive an enterprise, and one that might well have deterred even an experienced male committee.

Informed of the scenes of the evening before, that the management reckons on them as a source of attraction. There is always a section of the population of Paris which seems to find a delight in shoeing "A la" this or "Pier" that. I doubt, however, if such matters could ever, in the long run, replace literary merit or playwrights' skill.

The King's Birthday Honours

THREE new Privy Councillors and seven new Barons appear in the Honours List published in celebration of the King's official Birthday. Of the Privy Councillors, Mr. Charles Booth is well known for the monumental work which for many years he has been publishing at his own cost, as to the condition of life in London. Colonel W. S. Kenyon-Slaney has represented the Newport Division of Shropshire in the House of Commons for eighteen years. He is considered one of the best platform speakers the House of Commons possesses, and he was at one time a well-known cricketer and football player. Mr. James Parker Smith was Parliamentary Secretary to Mr. Chamberlain during his tenure of the Colonial Office. He is a director of the North British Railway and of the Union Bank of Scotland.

Sir Robert Roper, Bart., M.P., the first on the list of new Barons, has been Mayor of Stockton and High Sheriff of Durham. He is a large steamship owner and builder, and he



MR. HENRY KIMBER, M.P.
New Baronet.



MR. J. PARKER SMITH, M.P.
New Privy Councillor.



MR. CHARLES BOOTH
New Privy Councillor.



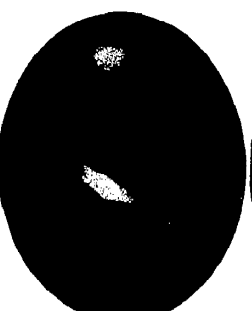
COL. W. S. KENYON-SLANEY, M.P.
New Privy Councillor.



SIR ROBERT ROOPER, M.P.
New Baronet.



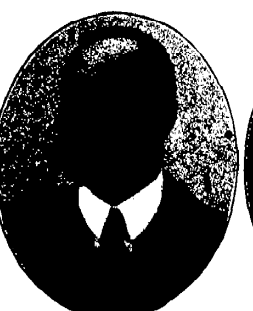
MR. WALTER PALMER, M.P.
New Baronet.



MR. W. J. GOULDING
New Baronet.



SIR EDWARD P. WILLIS
New Baronet.



MR. GEORGE WHITE
New Baronet.



MR. ALFRED C. HARNSWORTH
New Baronet.

THE KING'S BIRTHDAY HONOURS: NEW PRIVY COUNCILLORS AND BARONETS

nothing. It simply means accepting five, ten, or twenty guineas from them, as the case may be, and the fact proves particularly hardly on the younger members of the profession, who do not earn large fees, and who by multiplying their performances cheapen them, and make paying engagements more difficult to obtain. The great operatic stars and the most brilliant performers rarely give services, and one has only to look down the programme of any charitable concert to see a long list of names of ordinary artists who have "kindly given their services," a mockery to the army of poor young singers, who must dress, hire cars, wear new hats and gloves for the occasion. Many charity concerts cost their givers nothing, and yet they could well afford to pay at least half fees to the performers. The result is not a pleasant one; the artists grumble helplessly, for to accord a favour against one's will is never a pleasant task, and the ladies who promote the entertainment complain of the caprice or the ill-nature of those who in self-defence decline to sing. A voice is so delicate and so short-lived a possession that it should be carefully and tenderly treated.

The use of strawberries for the complexion, advocated recently in a lady's paper, is not new. It is a very old remedy, well known to our grandmothers. The fruit was used habitually by them for the teeth and the skin, just as lemon juice and cream, cucumbers and butter-milk, were constantly. These simple remedies for tan, sunburn, or freckles, are really far more efficacious and far cheaper than all the expensive nostrums forced upon the public in these

The summer sales begin this week and mark the termination of the season. Every year they seem to come earlier; formerly they took place in August, then they commenced at the end of July, now they are to the fore in the last days of June. Complains are rife that the season has been bad; it has certainly been short, but the number of bulls has, if anything, exceeded the average. The fact is, the unrest in the air and the constant desire of everybody to get away somewhere but of town, must infallibly destroy the leisure, the enjoyment, and the agreeable association of society which constitutes a good season. As it is, mothers complain that there is no common meeting-ground for men and maidens, such as the Park formerly offered, that there are no afternoon calls, no pleasant tea parties for the select, and no men above the age of boys to be found at balls. The result is disappointment and waste of time for the girls.

It seems to be becoming the fashion in French theatres, writes our Paris correspondent, to impose plays on the public with fists and feet. The *Retour de Jérusalem* at the Théâtre du Gymnase six months ago owed the greater part of its vogue to the nightly scenes between the anti-Semitic portion of the audience and their adversaries. And now we have a similar state of things at the Porte Saint Martin Theatre. Clericals and anti-clericals indulge in hostile demonstrations each evening at the production of *Étienne*, the Spanish piece which caused so much trouble of a similar kind in Madrid a year ago. I am afraid, from the fashion in which the Press is daily kept

represents Stockton in the House of Commons. Sir E. P. Willis, Bart., is a partner in the well-known firm of tobacconists, Wills and Co., of Bristol, and is a generous contributor to local charities. Sir Alfred C. Harnsworth, Bart., is the well-known newspaper proprietor, to whose enterprise we owe the *Daily Mail*, the *Daily Mirror*, *Answers*, and a score of other newspapers and magazines. Sir W. J. Goulding, Bart., is the chairman of the Great Southern and Western Railway Company of Ireland, governor of the Rotunda Hospital, Dublin, and head of one of the largest commercial undertakings in Ireland. Sir Henry Kimber, Bart., is chairman of the South Indian Railway Company, director of the Capital and Counties Bank, and has been M.P. for Wandsworth since 1885. Sir Witter Palmer, Bart., is a member of the well-known Reading firm of biscuit makers. He has contributed largely to educational objects in Reading and elsewhere. Sir George White, Bart., is one of the pioneers of electric street traction, and was the first to introduce it in London, Dublin, Bristol, Middlesbrough, etc. He is chairman of important undertakings, with a large interest in and control of railways and other industrial concerns in South Wales. He is president of the Associated Stock Exchange of the United Kingdom.

Our portraits are by the following:—Mr. Charles Booth and Sir W. J. Goulding, *Reynolds*; Messrs. Elliott and Fry; Colonel W. S. Kenyon-Slaney and Mr. James Smith, *Messrs. Atkin and Fox*; Piccadilly; Sir Robert Roper, *Reynolds*; M.P.; Messrs. A. and G. Taylor, Regent Street; Sir E. P. Willis, *Reynolds*; Messrs. Abel Lewis and Son, Clifton; Sir Alfred C. Harnsworth, *Reynolds*; Messrs. G. West and Robt. Southey; Sir Henry Kimber, *Reynolds*; Richard Thomas, *Chesapeake*; Sir Walter Palmer, *Reynolds*; Owen, Salisbury; Sir George White, *Reynolds*; Suma Blanc, *Causes*.



These Chunchuses, who have been taken prisoners, are nominally awaiting trial. In the meantime they are being tortured. The man in the foreground has his arms strung up for hours at a time, partially crucified. The other man has a rope round his temples, which is constantly being tightened.

These men were captured by the Russians and handed over to the Chinese judicial authorities. Our illustration is from a photograph by Raoul Bécoubé.

HOW THE CHINESE DEAL WITH THE CHUNCHUSES: A SCENE IN THE PRISON YARD AT MUKDEN

The Bystander

"Stands by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

BY I. ASHBY-STERRY

It is very extraordinary how long it takes to bring about any social reform in England. People only seem to be just getting convinced of the hideous inconvenience and utter absurdity of the old-fashioned bathing-machine which still prevails at nearly every popular maritime resort in the kingdom. And yet I am afraid to say how long ago I sang of its disadvantages and its miseries in the pages of *Punch*. I fancy my ditty ran somewhat in this wise:—

A rusty old relic of old-fashioned days,
Recalling the coaches, the bays and post-chaises!
It has not advanced in timber or wheel
Since first it was fash-ioned by Benjamin Beale!
The windows won't open, the doors never fit;
The floor is strewn over with pebbles and grit;
A mirror it boasts, with a silvered back;
A pole as pin-sharp, a broken foot-lack;
It smells of old seaweed, its moody and grim,
'Tis sloppy and stuffy, its dismal and dim—
And I feel very certain there never was seen
Such a hideous hunch as the Bathing Machine!

It would appear that this cumbersome contrivance was invented over one hundred and twenty-five years ago, and it seems these machines were at one time held in the highest esteem. For I find in a *Margate* guide, dated 1831, it says: "Such were the perfection and simplicity of their general arrangement, that the lapse of half a

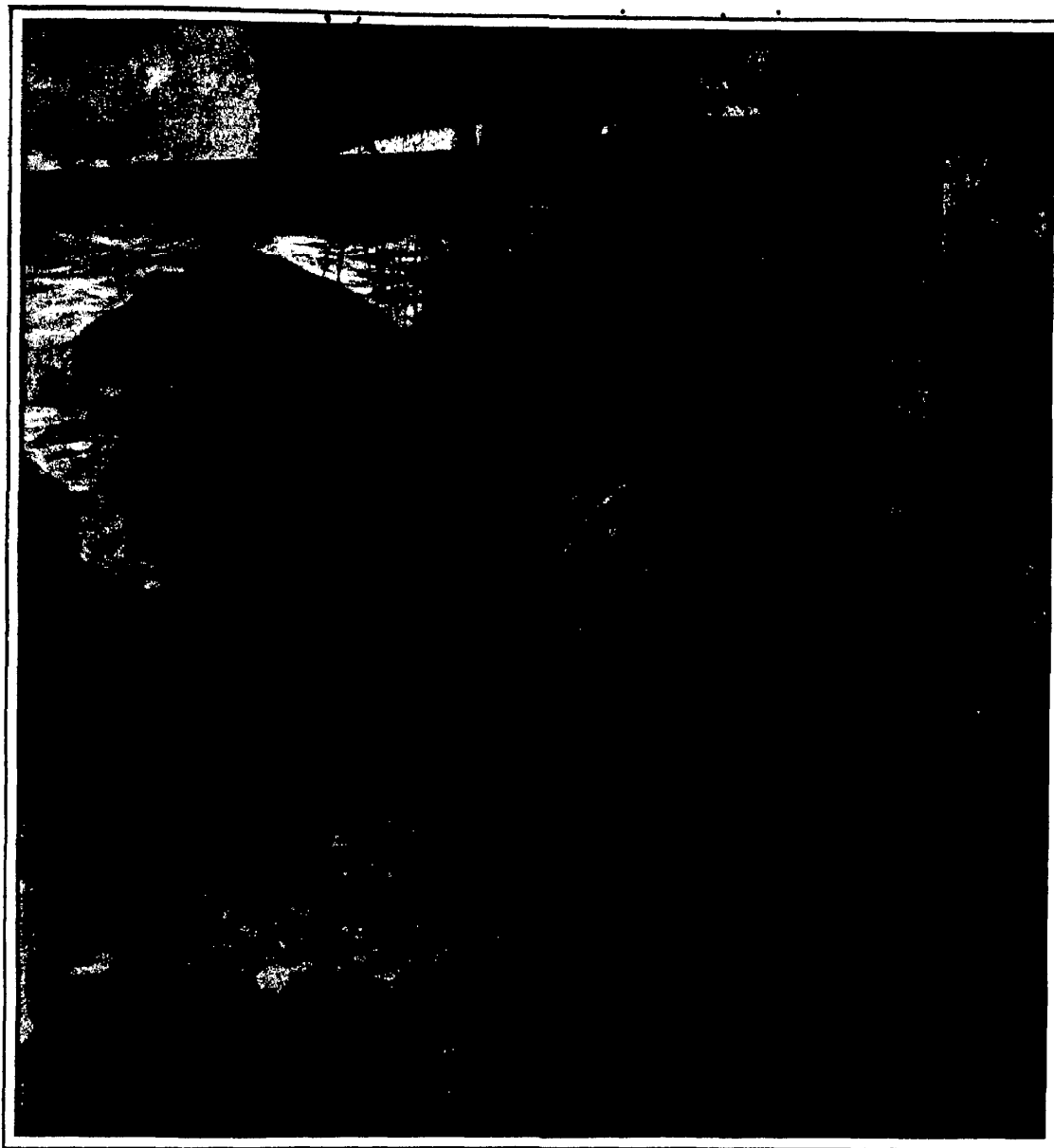
century has produced no improvements in their construction." Our ancestors seem to have been easily pleased, but after the lapse of a century and a quarter we may, perhaps, be allowed to plead for a little modernisation of these fossils on wheels, or, better still, advocate that they should be abolished altogether.

Do you know anything about the new ladies' hat called the Automatic Nodder? Perhaps you are not acquainted with it by this name, but I fancy the species will be somewhat familiar to you. The brain seems to be wider in front than it is at the back, and as the wearer walks along, from time to time, it oscillates rhythmically. This, although it gives a lively, a light and airy aspect to the occupant of the hat, occasionally has its disadvantages. The other day, while calmly perambulating Piccadilly, I observed two damsels approaching. Being very short-sighted, and having just then dropped my eyeglass, I did not recognise them, but they appeared to be gracefully bowing to me. Whereupon I raised my hat and smiled affably. Their faces immediately assumed an expression of stormy scorn, and the Bystander was discomfited. And yet it was not his fault: the blame rested entirely with the Automatic Nodder.

Is it a fact that in addition to deterioration in physique, that good looks are gradually disappearing from Great Britain? I sincerely trust not. But a friend of mine, who is a pretty good judge of such matters, and who has attended Ascot Races a good many years, says he never remembers seeing such a conspicuous absence of beauty as there was there this year. Another friend,

who is wonderfully keen and observant, told me that he had been especially struck during the last few months with the number of very plain people—in many cases exceptionally hideous—that he meets when he walks in the streets of London. Others have made remarks of a similar nature bearing on the subject. Now there must be some reason for this. A lady was telling me the other day that she dates the deterioration in good looks from the period when first cycling became fashionable. She avers the anxious look, the hardness of expression, and the premature assumption of age is the result of unbridled devotion to the bike. I am inclined to agree with her, for years ago I called attention to the "bicycle face" in this column. But I also fancy that the increase in the plainness of both sexes nowadays may be traced to the worship of wheels of all kinds. What with cycles, motors, omnibuses, cabs, railways, and tubes, locomotion is so cheap nowadays that very few people ever think of walking. It is a pity the walking craze that had a brief revival a little while ago cannot be made permanent.

It is satisfactory to learn that the fine old Grammar School at Plympton St. Maurice, whereat the father of Sir Joshua Reynolds was master, is not likely at present to be demolished, and it is good to know that the recent notices in the *Times* and this column have called attention to the fact that the great portrait painter is still uncommemorated in his native town. Everyone will be glad to learn that a fund is being raised in order that an appropriate mural tablet, embracing a medallion of Sir Joshua, may be placed in the church where he attended in his youthful days. Subscriptions in aid of this fund will be received by the Reverend H. T. Hole, rector, the Rectory, Plympton. It is to be hoped the response to the appeal will be sufficiently generous to make the memorial in all ways worthy of the subject.



"The two landed on the jetty in the rude wind."



CHAPTER I.

ENTER SIR BEAU BLAKISTON

INTO the harbour of Lymington, upon a wild March afternoon, struggled the Southampton packet under her topsails, flying before the acid and wind which came up the river and broke further north upon the uplands of the New Forest. She had put off from

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Yarmouth across the Solent, and was for beating to Southampton, carrying, together with freight less precious, the person and fortunes of Sir Piers Blakiston. But midway in that narrow and treacherous channel the wind veered, shifted, strengthened to a gale, and threshed up a heavy sea. She pitched in the cross-tides, lurching like a drunkard before the hurricane, and took the blue water with every foot she travelled; so that, thus savagely headed off and pounded from her direct course, the packet was driven to put her nose round, and, giving up the struggle, to run for the nearest

port before the storm. She reached little Lymington at five of a blustering day, her precious burden still safe aboard, wet to the skin through his fine clothes, and cursing gently below his breath to his friend and companion, Captain Miles. The packet berthed along the jetty, and Sir Piers made a gesture towards the master.

"Where are we now, sir?" said he, in peremptory and peevish tones. "Where's this? Call you this Southampton?"

"Sir," says the other shortly, as one who has been at the mercy of many questions and has tired of it, "Sir, I informed you long

since we must give up fetching Southampton Water to-night. 'Tis Lymington, and a good, quiet town enough, where your honour must make shift to find warm quarters for yourself," with which he turned brusquely away.

Captain Miles uttered an exclamation, and would have followed him, but Sir Piers put out a white-dusting hand on which sparkled a jewel.

"If you go, Harry, I shall perish," he said. "Did any speak? I am accusedly nipped. Who's that rough fellow that goes by there?"

"Why, 'tis a skipper, Harry Miles, opening his honest eyes, 'tis the skipper, that spoke with you just now—the lout."

"Skipper?" says Sir Piers indifferently considering. "Ah, yes, I have observed him on this infernal passage. He is in charge, I suppose, of this boat. Why does he land us here? If the Prince would make me Lord High Admiral I would revolutionise these coasts. There should never be a storm on them. Harry, what is this villainous place's name?"

"'Tis Lymington," responded Captain Miles, with stolid patience. Sir Piers drew up his chin with a gesture of despair.

"Where is Lymington?" he murmured. "I declare I never heard of it. I hope there is some civilisation here. I have lived all my life in the terror lest I should be landed in Ireland against my will. 'Tis not Ireland, Harry? For God's sake, it mustn't be Ireland."

"No," said Miles with a grin; "this Hampshire is sure enough, and we can drive to Southampton to-morrow. We shall do well enough here, if we can find the best inn and a good bottle of wine."

"A good bottle!" murmured Blakiston plaintively. "A good bottle! O Lord, Harry! A good bottle! Well, my dear sir, there's faith left in England. Never tell me there's no faith left. Creditous gills, my dear Harry—that's what you and your like are. Lead the way, sir, and I must follow, consigning en route this skipper—you skipper, Harry—to perdition. I sweat and shiver at the same time. I have got my death. Go on, Harry."

Captain Miles, a stiff, square figure, bluff of aspect and stoical of intelligence, moved forward, and the two landed on the jetty in the rude wind, followed by Sir Piers's servant with many bags and valises, a short, little man, black of eye and stock of face, who manoeuvred his various burden with the dexterity of an acrobat. Sir Piers himself, wet and miserable, a frown on his clean well-featured face and a thin spinkle of wit issuing at intervals from his lips, stood peevishly regarding the efforts of his man.

"Horner, is the green bag there, man?" he said, sharply. "Why, there is no sign of it. Where have you laid it? I will not have you budge a foot without it. Good heavens, Harry, here's Horner expects me to wear my green bag. You know what's in it. I showed you in town. See that he finds it, lad. I trust you. Dummie, Horner shall go."

"It's all right, Blakiston," Miles's sturdy voice reassured him. "The bag is here. Heavens, I wish I had such a man as Horner. He is invaluable. But we must find a house to shelter us. There is a rain coming up. I see the heavens black over by the Island."

Sir Piers shrugged his shoulders. "Find it, Harry; find it," he said querulously. "I shall remain here all night. Lord, why did I leave town? I should have dined with my Lord Crayle this night; and to-morrow the Prince has a party."

"The Prince must do without you," remarked Miles bluntly. "We shall do well enough with a good inn. I will soon discover one," and he turned his head of fair hair and his blue eyes towards the lights of the town. He stood, very strong and blonde, with frank eyes, a careless gait, and the air of youth under his years. He was near thirty, yet might have passed for years less, and his blunt and serious glances, as a rule, besought good-humour. You would not have supposed him intimate to Beau Blakiston; nor at this moment, truly, would you have supposed Beau Blakiston about before you in the gathering darkness, damp and dismal, and foreboding. Yet Sir Piers was a noted figure about the person of His Royal Highness, a favourite at present, and a man of wit and elegance, but one whom the cruel elements had cast up on a strange uncouth shore to die, surely, of exposure to rude glances and bad food. Sir Piers pettishly sheltered himself from the wind.

"I beg you will be quick, Captain," he said with asperity.

Captain Miles needed no incentive. He was an alert man, sharp in his decision and steadfast in his action. Moreover, he was very for his friend, who was accustomed to comfort and the flattery of courtiers, and naturally must resent the early behaviour of the shipmaster and the elements. He had taken two or three steps towards the town, when a figure emerged up on the jetty with an aspect of hurry. Sir Piers had found a seat for himself under the cover of some huge lilies which were piled upon the jetty, and him, by some chance, the newcomer approached. He was a young man, lithe and eager, but his face was almost a blur in the falling dusk.

"Sir," he said, addressing Sir Piers, "are you Mr. Norman?" and where lies the *Thistle*?

Beau Blakiston fixed him with a petulant gaze, and for a full minute there was no answer; then he waved a hand towards Miles, and wagged it again at the stranger, as if he would say by this gradual gestulation that he called in the one to deal with the other. Miles, prompt as ever, responded to the invitation; he came back a pace or two and addressed the young man.

"This is not Mr. Norman," he said bluntly, "and we don't know where the devil the *Thistle* lies."

"Or what the devil it is, Harry," remarked Sir Piers, placidly.

"Tell him, or what the devil it is," repeated Harry Miles, in obedience to his master.

The stranger cast a quick glance at both—a glance ever so much sharper than Captain Harry Miles's—and for a moment appeared to hesitate; then, without reply, he darted away and left them. Miles was moving off again on his mission, quite regardless of this transient episode, which he had already forgotten, when he was stayed by the voice of his friend.

"Harry," said the Beau, who observed all things and as a rule feigned to know nothing. "Did you see that man? There is youth. What does he here? I could make his fortune in town—I and Blomfield. I make no doubt he is a country loon. But his

eyes are admirable instruments—they would pierce the sex if he knew how to use 'em. He doesn't, faith; all he can think is to throw 'em at us to wrath. Harry, does he think we tremble? I did not; did you? Lord, I would I had his youth," he murmured idly; "I am getting old and melancholy. If he could sell me his youth!"

Captain Miles burst into healthy laughter. "Nonsense," he said; "you are a chicken, Blakiston. Why, you're no more than eight-and-thirty."

"Eight-and-thirty," assented Sir Piers, nodding. "That's it—eight-and-thirty; and I would be eight without the thirty. Twice times one are two. Yes, I should have two lives then; for as it is I stop at forty. 'Tis the decent age."

"What would the Prince say?" demanded Miles, with a clumsy sense of sarcasm.

"The Prince?" He extended his hands with an ineffable gesture. "How could it be! Harry, why don't you bring this inn. Dear George would swear—no most common habit, a bad habit. He expects to be five-and-twenty all his life. I know better, as I have been taught arithmetic. Yet if I were he, I think I would undertake to remain forty for some years. But as it is . . . I am Piers Blakiston only. Harry, the inn, please."

"Well, you are as good as—" began the soldier stoutly, but was interrupted.

"The inn, Harry, as you love me," said Beau Blakiston sweetly. "I can't wait much longer. I have only two more years, you see."

With a short laugh, as at some jest he had hardly fathomed, Captain Miles moved off, and found Horner still busy among his packages. He despatched him on an errand, and stood by the verge of the jetty until the man's return, watching the fall of night and whistling. Then comes Horner with his information, and orders were given him to bring his baggage to the Angel. Sir Piers himself, warmer for his shelter, strolled forward more briskly, leaning between Harry Miles's arm and his tall cane. They mounted the bank of the river and entered the main street of the town, and as they did so the stranger who had approached them on the jetty hastened past them now. He stopped upon the pavement, where a lady was awaiting him, and the two fell into talk. She was of forty years, or thereabouts, but of a fresh, handsome face and inquisitive glances. She shot these at Blakiston and his companion, who came to a pause under the restraining influence of Sir Piers.

"There is Youth again," said the Beau indulgently. "He confers with Beauty. You call that Beauty, Harry?"

"A too much of an old hen for me," said Miles, with a laugh, yet making an effort to move on, lest their pause should seem to embarrass a gentleman. But Sir Piers lingered, and gazed coolly at the pair.

"I shall take child directly, and then I shall move on," he declared. "That was excellent cordial Horner produced. I will have another at the inn. See, Harry, here is Mr. . . . *Thistle*—is it? There is no pleasing youngsters, and Beauty here may be damned ere Captain Harry Miles pays homage. Lord, lad, do you put a line at twenty and honey? I have known 'em all my life, and reckon it as part of philosophy, that the farther beyond thirty the nearer to that ripe perfection and security of Cleopatra. Pity remember the Prince's saying? No, you would not have heard it. Well, 'twas all against cream and honey. At twenty I had a surfeit of it; and now I profess it turns my appetite. But here the young man's attention was drawn to him by the shafts of the woman's eyes, and, turning, he beheld the two gentlemen in the road. A flush passed into his face, and he made a step forward angrily.

"Sir," said Sir Piers, with a graceful movement of recognition, "it is good of you. There were some cravats in the window I desired to see nearer, and you blocked the way. Do you not think green and red an admirable marriage of colours, Harry?" he pursued, turning from the astonished stranger. "See how they commingle, and in what material! Olympus, how amazing are the beauties of the country!" and he fixed a cold eye on the lady, and passed on.

"Flem, you said," he murmured, squeezing the captain's arm. "On the whole, I think you are right, but a handsome hen. I thought there was none but geese and pigs in the country, yet here is a cackling hen—and a turkey-cock," he added thoughtfully.

At the door of the Angel they paused, and Sir Piers looked up into the sky. "The wind falls," said he; "that creature might have been in Southampton by now. I wish George would make me Lord Admiral. Well, I know I shall be bored to my death as soon as this cordial wears off," he continued pettishly.

"Harry, I will have your blood or your money. How much have you?"

"Near a hundred guineas," replied the captain.

Sir Piers considered. "We will dice, then," he said with decision. "I want most of that. If I am to stay overnight here I must have most of your purse. I never in my life saw so dismal a place. No, not saw," says he again, amending his words, "smelt's the word—yes, smelt. I never in my life smelt such a place." With which delivery he entered the hostelry. The host came bustling out to greet his guests, and seeing two such fine gentlemen of a London air, was mightily attentive.

"Gentlemen, you would do me the honour," said he, and indicated a saloon in which stood two glasses bright with a cordial.

"This is a fellow that knows something," said Sir Piers aloud. "I profess I would adventure if I were younger. But there is Horner. Bid Horner fetch his liquor, Harry," and he nodded amiably to the innkeeper. "I will drink to your house's health, landlord. Tarry a little, and it shall be done expeditiously, I vow, Harry," he added in a voice which was clearly audible, and was indeed not meant for privacy, "do you put down this party in your name. I could never endure that any should find I had been here."

The landlord stared at this remarkable command, and, seeming not to know what next to do, backed out of the room into his bar, whence he directed now and then through a window glances at his curious guests. The news of this arrival spread through his taproom, and many were drawn to gaze through the same eye upon the inner room. The landlord, indeed, in his inquisitive way,

sought the company of Horner, who was engaged in opening his master's boxes and arranging his cloths; but Horner was a man of discretion, and had not been valet to Sir Piers for three years to no purpose. Nothing, indeed, could the host get from the bland servant but that the rooms were taken in the name of Captain Miles, who was an excellent soldier, soon to go abroad in the wars.

Meanwhile the townsfolk who frequented the Angel stared through the window at Sir Piers, who was leisurely sipping his cordial and conversing with his friend. He was for two reasons a figure to call on the eye of the stranger. In the first place, he was a striking character to a country bumpkin, being dressed in the pitch of fashion, in velvets, ruffles, and silk stockings. He stood something over middle height, a slight and elegant body, tapering very neatly, a face delicate in feature, but scored with lines, sharp of eye, and determined in its contours, and an easy graceful poise of head and hip. Yet at this instant there was an incongruity between his pretensions and his actual aspect. For his fine raiment had been soaked and stained with the salt water, the wind had tampered with his hair as well as with his ruffles and the set of his coat, and this, together with the splashes on his silken hose, gave him almost a meretricious air of grandiosity, as it might be of a strolling mountebank or play-actor. To look at Sir Piers, however, none would have thought that he was conscious of this. The clowns gaped through the window and he sipped his glass comfortably, as if he presented to them the most gorgeous figure in the land. On one occasion he rose, laid aside his cordial, and, as if he was for the first time aware of the existence of the window and was drawn to it by curiosity, approached the bar-room and peered through, quivering glass in eye. The stars fled instinctively, and Sir Piers returned, and resumed his conversation with Miles.

"I will never venture it again," said he. "None but a barbarian should own property in such barbarous parts. It was all my uncle's dying, good easy man. He might have lived and died and kept his house in some respectable place—say in Surrey or in Kent, or— he glanced round the room—no, in Surrey or in Kent only. Add Sussex at the most. Beyond, there is no man's land. The pale ceases. There are some rash enough or vulgar enough to include Buckinghamshire, and even Hertfordshire, but thank God we don't meet 'em. When I think that I have inherited property in the Isle of Wight, Harry, now for three years, I wonder heartily that the Prince has not cast me off. It is a flaw in him, a small but definite flaw. In his position I would have done it myself for certain. I would never have endured a bumpkin from the Island about me. Good Lord, what a narrow escape I have had! I shiver at the thought."

At this moment appeared Horner at the door with the news that his master's boxes were unpacked and that his *toilette* was laid out. As he passed out of the room on his deliberate way to his chamber, a short bluff-looking man, with greying hair but a ruddy colour in his cheeks, entered and came to the fire with the air of possession. He stared at a puzzled look, which had in it something of insolence, or at least of indifference to appearance or sensitive skins, at Captain Miles, who, on his part, gave him back his stare with interest.

"Fresh weather," says the new-comer at last.

"Aye, fresh enough," assented Miles, curtly; at which, as if he were reminded of some duty, the older man called loudly for the innkeeper, and ordered mulled ale. This he drank, still eyeing the Captain from time to time, but making no further effort to enter upon conversation. The Captain himself, who was no very sprightly wit, and was more at home in the trenches of a leaguer than in courts or parlours, was, nevertheless, moved to contempt by the rustic aspect of his companion. He was none too talkative as a rule, but in this strange town he was disposed to relax his habit of silence, and accordingly he addressed the other.

"Your town is full," said he.

"Aye," assented the grey-haired man, and asked through the window for more mulled ale. "There's a pack come in for market, which is to-morrow. You're a stranger, eh? Come in by the packet that's driven into the river?"

Miles nodded assent and yawned.

"The ale, Squire," said a voice through the window, clapping down the tankard. The Squire sipped and kicked the fire into a blaze. Captain Miles regarded him vacantly, for by this time he was tired and hungry, whipped by the wind and water of the channel. He yawned again, and blinked at the Squire, who on his part, having assuaged his slight curiosity, had fallen to thinking on his cattle and the price of beaves at market. An agreeable fragrance from a kitchen somewhere was wafted upon the air, and the captain's nostrils moved appreciatively. On that moment the door was flung open with a jerk, and there entered a young girl, flushed of face, and holding in her hand a riding-whip.

"Papa," she burst forth; "the mare is ready in the shafts and manna waits."

The Squire turned from the fire and mumbled. "Sit you down. Barbara; you shall not hurry me. Let 'un wait," he said with his broad burr.

Captain Harry Miles blinked twice, and the vision still remained before his eyes. Of a moderate high stature, slight, yet bearing the characters of physical health and robustness in every line of her body, the girl seemed to grow where she stood like a flower—so live and natural she was. Her eye-shafts struck on Miles, as she recognised that her father was not alone, and he could discern their colour even at that distance. They were of a neutral grey, yet seemed to shine forth right with friendliness and candour. They challenged under her brows, but challenged in a pretty shy way. Her face, with its speaking features, was longly oval, her figure swelled gently over the high girdle, and moved fast beneath the becoming gown of the period. As her gaze dwelled on him for a certain interval of time, and almost, as it might have been, with a gentle deprecation of her entrance, the captain felt the colour run into his face. He had risen, and stood awkwardly, when from behind him suddenly issued a voice.

"Harry," said Sir Piers, in his most delicate accents, "I fear from what passes that we shall have a bad time. The room! If you had seen it! But I smell hand a-cooking. Good God, hand, Harry! And to sit and feed with the rustic! I am told that there

is but one common room. To sup with hogs and— He came into the room on that word and stopped. His glass went to his eye deliberately, and he gazed from the Squire at the fireplace to the girl near the outer door. For a moment there was silence, then, "Amazing!" said Sir Piers—"amazing!" in a small approbatory voice. He dropped his glass and settled his ruffles. "I did not know, Harry, that it was possible in Hampshire. Has another packet blown in? I confess I do not understand it. Amazing!" and he raised his glass once more towards the girl.

At this the Squire, who had been looking at him, made an exclamation and scowled.

"You were best to learn manners, sir," he said, very rustic in speech, and clearly very hot within. Sir Piers directed his glass towards him.

"I regret," said he, suavely, "to be both poor in sight and hard of hearing. My years, as you will no doubt perceive, will account for that. Harry," he added, in his still voice, which made a pretence of privacy, and carried for all that throughout a room clearer than any shout, "Harry, I will stand the ham—I will endure ham and hogs, or ham and eggs, or—"

"Barbara, get you gone," thundered the Squire, turning his wrath on his daughter. Sir Piers elevated his eyebrow. He stood, a fine figure, in the new clothes he had assumed; they were of fine cloth, not velvet, and of a soft peach colour; but what was the most distinctive feature of the buck was the white lawn of the ruffles, exquisitely turned, and the fine white cravat, majestically adjusted. The girl's eyes lingered on this wonderful gentleman as she turned to obey her father. The Squire followed her noisily, and Sir Piers with a sigh looked at Miles.

"Why did you not warn me of the relationship?" he asked reproachfully. "Papa! How could one have guessed? And now, Harry, there is nothing but ham and hogs—odious ham and horrible hogs." He signed again, and summoned the innkeeper.

"Ask him who was that went out," said he to the Captain, upon which the obliging soldier put the question quite unnecessarily, as the landlord had already heard.

"Squire Garraway, sir," said the host, with an eye on Sir Piers, as of one watching a strange animal, half in fear and half in wonder.

"Ask him, Harry, who he may be," commanded the Beau, and poor Harry put the question stolidly enough.

"Squire Garraway by Bolder, sir, in the Forest."

Sir Piers nodded. "Bumpkin," he said, and dismissed the subject forthwith by bidding the man proclaim his wiles. The eager landlord ran to fetch his hat, and Sir Piers exchanged a humorous glance with the Captain. When the landlord returned he took from him the table of wines, which, of a truth, was none too extensive.



RELATIVES AND FRIENDS IDENTIFYING THE BODIES AT THE PIER WHICH WAS TURNED INTO A MORGUE

"Landlord," he said, "which is come from France?"

"Sir," said the astonished landlord, "there is no trade 'twixt us and France this many years."

"Landlord, I will drink water," said Sir Piers, handing back the table with a sigh of despair.

"Sir!" protested the innkeeper.

"Water, water!" repeated Blakiston with impatience, and moved away. But Captain Miles stepped into the breach bluntly.

"My friend has a fancy for good Burgundy, my man," he said.

"But that I suppose you have not. In which case—"

"Yes, I have, sir," declared the innkeeper instantly, and almost under his breath. "Deed, I have, sir. You shall see."

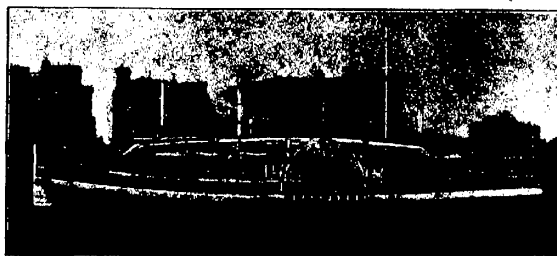
The Captain looked dubious, and the landlord chuckled.

her life in the byres. A toast, Harry!"

(To be continued)

I SUPPOSE with the publication of the correspondence between Georges Sand and Alfred de Musset, the final word has at last been spoken in the famous controversy that has raged for over half a century, writes our Paris Correspondent. The only thing that is still unsolved is, which of them was most to blame for the rupture between them. But the correspondence throws an entirely new light on the *statu quo* of the lovers. Everyone has hitherto supposed that Georges Sand's liaison with Dr. Pagelli of Venice, the cause of the rupture with Musset, and that she took advantage

of the latter's illness to transfer her fickle affections to the *medico*. It is now proved that Musset's affection for Georges Sand during their sojourn in Venice was chiefly of the intellectual and literary order, and that her liaison with Dr. Pagelli did not interfere with Musset's friendship both with her and him. Strange to say, it was a year later, when he met them together in Paris, that his love took the passionate turn which caused so much unhappiness to both. Dr. Pagelli soon had enough of the scenes, and returned to Venice, where he lived to nearly ninety, long enough for his love affair with Georges Sand to become a lovely remembered episode in his career. It was after his departure from Paris that a sort of posthumous jealousy seemed to have blazed forth in Musset. His high strung, artistic nature led him to conjure up all kinds of imaginary troubles, and Georges Sand's nerves were too irritable to make her patient with the capricious temper of her lover.

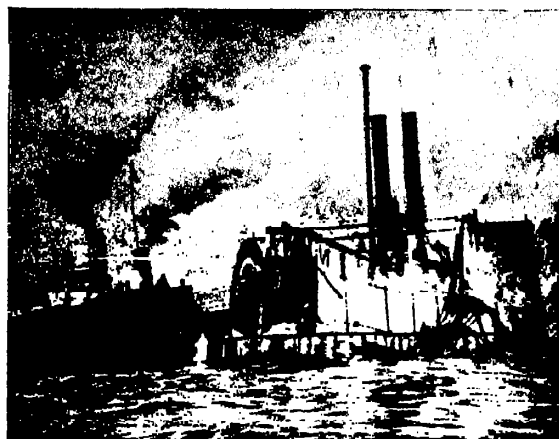


THE EXCURSION STEAMER "GENERAL BLOCCUM," BURNED ON THE EAST RIVER, NEW YORK



BODIES OF VICTIMS LANDED AND WAITING REMOVAL ON THE PIER

A terrible disaster occurred in the East River, off 158th Street, where a large excursion steamer, the "General Bloccum," caught fire, with the result that about a thousand people perished by fire or by drowning. The steamer was crowded with women and children excursionists from a Sunday school. All went well until about half-past ten o'clock, when, as the "General Bloccum" was in the East River, off 158th Street, smoke was observed coming from the upper decks, and almost simultaneously a mass of flames broke over the vessel. Immediately a terrible panic started among the passengers. The horrified spectators on shore saw scores of women and children leaping into the water or being forced overboard by the frantic masses



THE VESSEL ON FIRE

of people struggling to seek refuge from the fierce heat of the flames which roared behind them. To add to the horror of the scene the hurricane force collapsed, and numbers were precipitated into the flames below. The "General Bloccum" was loaded for North Brother Island, and by this time numerous traps and boxes were making for the scene, and soon a dense stream of water were playing on the burning disaster, which was finally defeated. She was then a mass of flames from stem to stern. A large number of women and children were taken out of the water and from the steamer. Our photographs were supplied by A. Hinkley and by A. H. H. H.

THE TERRIBLE EXCURSION STEAMER DISASTER IN AMERICA

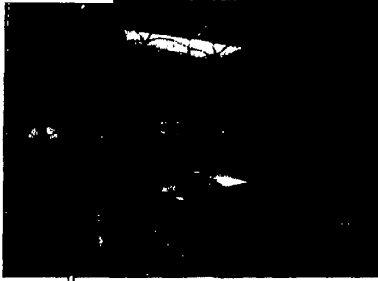


DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST FREDERIC WHITING

Our Artist writes: "The Japanese women are proud of their husbands going to the front, and do not weep at parting with them—at any rate not in public. Occasionally, however, they wipe their eyes with their sleeves when their feelings master them."

OFF TO JOIN THE COLOURS: JAPANESE RESERVISTS AT A RAILWAY STATION



THE FIRST GLASS SMOKE-ROOM



THE LIBRARY



THE GRAND SALOON

The Week in Parliament

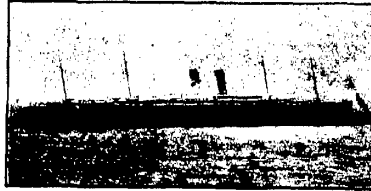
BY HENRY W. LUCY

As the Session goes by, matters do not improve in the Commons from the Ministerial point of view. In fact, the current week, as far as it has sped at the present time of writing, has been more disastrous than its predecessors.

It opened under peculiar circumstances. At the end of last week, the Premier, replying to a question placed on the paper by Sir John Leng, seized the opportunity to warn his following that if they were not in more constant attendance, a time would come when Ministers would find themselves relieved from a position they did not maintain for their own pleasure or convenience. The unprecedented character of this procedure testifies to the seriousness of the situation. There is nothing unusual in a Premier finding his men falling away in attendance, more or less privately dropping a hint that they must reform their ways. Here was one deliberately seizing an opportunity proffered by a political opponent publicly to lecture his men on their disloyalty.

The result of the movement was watched for with keen interest. It was taken for granted that it would be at least immediately effective. Possibly when, a week or ten days later, the sting had worn off there would be a relapse into old ways. But for a day or two Ministerialists would surely be sedulously in their places.

What happened on Monday was, that as soon as the House got into Committee on the Licensing Bill, the watchful Opposition, seized it by the hair, as the French say. Motion was forthwith made to report progress.



THE WHITE STAR LINER "DALTON"

The "Dalton" has been built for the White Star Line by Messrs. Harland and Wolff. Her dimensions are—length, 725 ft., breadth, 76 ft., depth, 40 ft., and 24,000 tons. Thus the vessel is larger than the historic "Great Eastern," which had a tonnage of 23,000 tons, and was 601 ft. long. The "Dalton" starts on Wednesday on her maiden voyage, and is expected to reach New York on July 7. The saloons, etc., are models of comfort, even the third class passengers being well provided for. Our photograph of the liner is by Primley and Sons, Liverpool.

THE LARGEST STEAMER Afloat

It was a quarter-past three, and a rapid counting of heads showed that the rival forces were dangerously even in number. The Government might just pull through; but it would only be by a discredibly small majority. In these familiar circumstances, it is usual for the faithful Bunbury, or other safe talker to say nothing through a full half hour, to be put up to talk whilst the Whips, by anxious efforts, bring in stragglers. Mr. Balfour, personally in charge of business at the moment, declined to stoop to that ancient strategy. He did not know what the result of a division, promptly taken, might be. The worst was feared. But he had done his part—had uttered grave warning. If it were disregarded, the consequences be upon the heads of faithless followers.

Amid breathless silence the tellers advanced to the table. The Clerk, scanning the figures on the paper handed to him, returned it to Sir A. Acland-Hood. The Government had won. But by how much? Quick came back the answer—thirty-eight, and a boisterous cheer went up from the delighted Opposition. The Ministry had for the moment escaped. But they had been sorely hustled, and the Premier had personally suffered disaster from this meagre response to urgent appeal.

On Tuesday things were worse still. The majority was all right, the Irish members, returning to heel on the Licensing Bill, voting with the Government, and sending their majority up to 123. But there was open revolt in the Ministerial camp. It arose upon an amendment moved from the Opposition side with the object of compelling licensed victualliers to provide reasonable food refreshment in supplement of drink. Failing compliance with the regulation, renewal of licenses might be refused.



A ball, attended by several of the Judges and law officers and a large number of the leaders of the Bar, was given last night at Gray's Inn Hall by the members of the Inn. The guests, who numbered about 400, were received by Mr. T. Terrell, B.C., the treasurer, and Mrs. Terrell. Dancing took place

in the hall, where an effective scheme of decoration, the main feature of which was festoons of roses, had been carried out. The band of the Scots Guards was in attendance. Bacon's Walk in the gardens was prettily illuminated. Supper was served in the Sherratt and "penance" saloons.

A LAWYERS' ENTERTAINMENT: THE BALL AT GRAY'S INN

DRAWN BY GEORGE ROPER



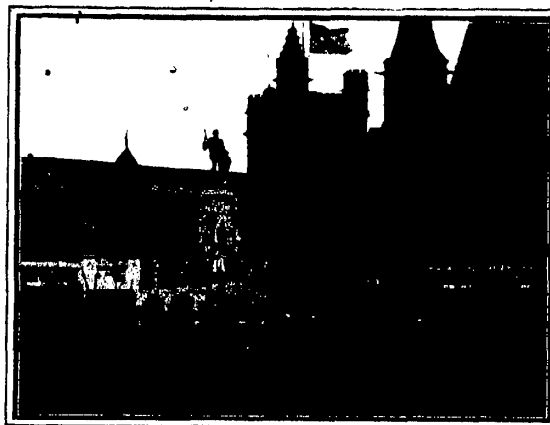
In the open space in the Strand made by the demolition of Holywell and Wyth Streets there has been erected an imposing hall built of wood and iron for the International Congress of the Salvation Army. It is capable of seating 6,000 people. There were upwards of 80 tons of steelwork used in its construction, 60 tons of painted sheeting, 200 tons of timber, 5,000 feet of glass, 50,000 feet of weather boarding, 500 tons of concrete, and not less than 80,000 bricks, while more than 600 electric lamps have been fitted up for the lighting of the hall. Our photograph is by J. H. Avery and Co., Strand.

THE SALVATION ARMY CONGRESS HALL.

The Under Secretary of the Home Department was promptly put up to declare *non assensus*. As the debate proceeded the Home Secretary and the Solicitor-General, who sat together in management of the Bill in Committee, saw occasion to modify their decision. Sir Edward Carson announced, on behalf of the Government, that whilst the amendment in its present form was unacceptable, he would see whether means might not be devised whereby its object might be effected. With that view, and still half an hour of the sitting in hand, it was agreed to report progress. A shout of "No!" burst from a majority of the Ministerialists. "Agreed! Agreed!" the Home Secretary cried. "No, no!"

Unionists pledged to carry the Bill in its entirety responded. A division being thus challenged, the bell rang, and members crowded in from the lobbies and the Terrace. Soon the House was densely crowded, and a scene approaching tumult followed, as those who had been present at development of the question attempted to explain it to newcomers. The sands in the glass running out, the Chairman rose finally to put the question. It was met by cries of "Agreed! Agreed!" and shouts of "No! No!" from the Ministerial benches. Mr. Lowther boldly met the difficulty by declaring "The Ayes have it," and strategically quitting the Chair. The Opposition, leaping to their feet, wildly

cheered, going off in high spirits to a well-earned dinner. The evening sitting, originally set apart for further discussion of the Licensing Bill, was, on successful demand to move the adjournment, appropriated for discussion of the state of affairs at the War Office, with special reference to delay in making the promised Ministerial statement about coming reforms. This would have been had enough had it been the work of the Opposition. It was a Unionist member, Mr. Ernest Beckett, who engineered the attack, which incidentally led to some disheartening admissions made by the Secretary of State for War with reference to the failure of Mr. St. John Brodrick's latest reform dealing with recruiting.



The Memorial unveiled on Saturday last at Clifton College by Lord Methuen is a striking and picturesque monument to the memory of Old Cliftonians who fell in the Boer War. The following inscription was written by Mr. Henry Newbolt, and like the side not appropriated for the names of those who fell:—"Clifton College South African Memorial, South Africa, 1899-1902. 'Clifton, remember those thy sons who fell fighting far overseas for they in a dark hour remembered well their warfare here at home.' The figure of St. George in bronze surrounding the pedestal, is by Messrs. J. W. Singer and Sons, Ltd., of France. The pedestal of Portland stone bearing the figure is richly carved and moulded.

UNVEILING THE WAR MEMORIAL AT CLIFTON COLLEGE



The grand iron building in the Strand, with its metallic medieval gateway, from the chanc battlements of which fly the banners of the Salvation Army, was filled on Saturday afternoon with one of the most remarkable assemblages in London. Men and women of various races and nationalities in quaint, red picturesque costumes, from Norway, from India, from Canada, from Japan, men in various military costumes were there gathered for the International Congress of the Salvation Army. In front of

them, over the platform, were the words, "The world for Christ;" behind them, "Christ for the World." The immense congregation burst into cheers now and again, as some foreign contingent marched in. The banners flying; but the great outburst came when the "General" stepped forward to open the proceedings—a long continued roar of welcome to which the bass drum thundered an accompaniment, a new, impressive Salvation Army general salute.

THE SALVATION ARMY CONGRESS: THE OPENING DAY AT THE "INTERNATIONAL HALL."

DRAWN BY F. G. DICKINSON

War Notes

THE situation in the Far East today has many points of resemblance with that of ten years ago, but in comparing the two campaigns we must not forget that the Japanese have now to contend with a much more formidable foe than that which was opposed to them in 1894. Ten years ago the Chinese allowed the Japanese to cross the Yalu without much opposition, and when Kinchau was stormed a little later—namely, on November 6, 1894—only fourteen days were allowed to elapse before Port Arthur was taken. In the present campaign Kinchau fell on May 26. Port Arthur of today is a very different place from Port Arthur of ten years ago. The present occupiers have made it a much more formidable fortress than it was; indeed, the Russians in St. Petersburg speak of it as impregnable. The Russian stronghold has been furnished by providence with defences. The formation of the ground between Kinchau and Talienwan is remarkable in its adaptability for defence purposes. Crossing the peninsula at its narrow part is a double row of hills, separated from each other by about two miles. Of this position the Russians have made the best. A new chain of forts has been erected, connecting the Etse Hill on the west with Lao-tichen, seven miles to the south. These defences were designed by General Vernander, and are described as being admirably constructed. From the distance they are not visible from the Japanese side, so well concealed are the works. Huge embankments of earth crown the crests of the hills, and from these steep slopes run down into deep ditches. Lines of ramparts lie behind the first works, and the guns and gunners are well protected. Lately the Russians have been busy strengthening these fortifications, and have been also making plentiful use of barbed-wire entanglements. Nothing has been neglected by the defenders of the fortress to ensure, as far as possible, its safety, or at least that it shall not fall without costing the attacking force a very heavy casualty list.



This snapshot (by J. F. J. Archibald) shows one of General Kurupatkin's advanced posts near Yung-hwang-cheng ordered to retire on the advance of the Japanese.

ORDERS TO RETREAT

But one of the characteristics of the Japanese soldier is absolute indifference to the sacrifice of life. Indeed, the Army of Japan has, in this war, won the admiration of the whole world, and even of the Russians themselves, who recognise in the Japanese soldiers courageous and chivalrous foes, at whom it is idle to sneer. Not even Russians now speak contemptuously of "little yellow men." Japanese officers and men have not only won the respect of all, but in matching themselves against Russia have shown themselves in every respect the equal of European troops. Indeed, it may be doubted whether any white troops are better trained than the Japanese. Not only is training very

efficient, but organisation in the Japanese Army is also admirable. There is no room in the Mikado's forces for the inefficient or the lazy officer. It is a boast of the Japanese Army that it is utterly impossible for an incapable officer to rise above the rank of captain. Officers are most carefully trained in cadet colleges, and they also bring to their profession an enthusiasm that counts for a great deal. The methods of the Japanese commanders show in what a determined and calm manner they conduct a war. Absolute secrecy is maintained as to their movements. Even in Tokio people know less than we do about the progress of the war. The mobilisation and transport of troops to Korea and Manchuria have been quickly carried out, and foreign military experts who have watched these operations have been full of praise for the perfect organisation shown. As to the troops themselves, not only are they highly trained, but they, too, answer the call to arms with the utmost eagerness.

One of the greatest advantages Japan has over her enemy lies in the fact that in this war she has the whole nation at her back. The young men of Japan clamour to be sent to the front, and deem it an honour to serve in the Army. In Russia the picture is very different. There we find the Government conducting a war for which the nation has no heart. Troops go unwillingly to the front, and there were said to be as many as three hundred desertions in one week a short time since when reserves were called out. Moreover, Russia has been found to be ill-prepared for war, and her Army is very far from what it appears to be on paper. Starting with a contempt for their enemy, the Russians have been learning a bitter lesson. After all the talk about the enormous Army Russia could put into the field, it is rather a shock to find her taking steps to enlist convicts. This measure, by the way, is to the Japanese, with their chivalrous ideas of the honour of fighting for the country, the most iniquitous of all the many sins of Russia. It is strange to find the "Yellow men" taking a European nation to task for what they regard as a gross breach of etiquette.



A party of Cossacks is here shown raiding a town in Manchuria to procure carts for transport. It is to be feared that the Cossacks do not always remember to pay for what they carry off.
WHAT THE WAR MEANS TO THE MANCHU: COSSACKS RAIDING A TOWN
FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH BY A CORRESPONDENT



The Japanese are most scrupulous in all that relates to the images of war. Russian wounded prisoners meet with the same treatment as do the Japanese. After the battle of the Yalu temporary hospitals were provided until the wounded could be sent back to the base. Our illustration is from a photograph sent by a Correspondent.

AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE YALU: RUSSIAN WOUNDED OUTSIDE A JAPANESE HOSPITAL



DRANK BY F. J. WADSWORTH. A Correspondent writes: "There have been busy scenes at Liao-yang lately. General Kuropatkin practically lives in the train. His arrival from Mukden is always the occasion of much stir among the military officials and others."

GENERAL KUROPATKIN'S ROLLING HEADQUARTERS: THE TRAIN AT LIAO-YANG



THE LAST COURT OF THE SEASON: DÉBUTANTES

DRAWN BY



IG FOR THEIR CARRIAGES AFTER PRESENTATION

ALMON

The Russian Royal Family

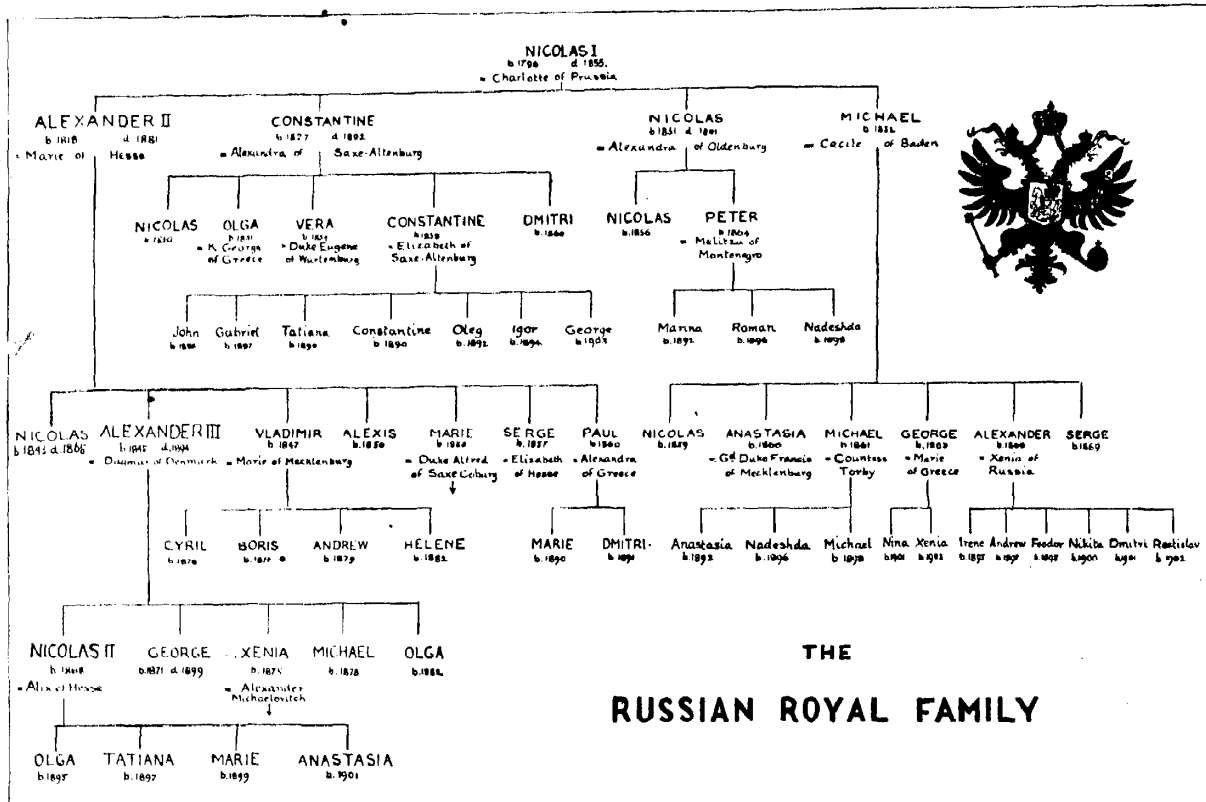
THE fact that Christian names in the Russian Royal Family are few and that they are repeated frequently makes it sometimes a little difficult to identify the particular Grand Duke to whom reference is made in a foreign telegram. But the difficulty is not really so serious when once we have mastered the subject. In the first place, it is customary, in naming a Grand Duke, to append his father's name; thus we speak of the Grand Duke Michael Nicolaevitch, the Grand Duke Michael Michaelovitch, and the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch. There are only a score of Grand Dukes, for it should be here stated that not every descendant of a Tsar is a Grand Duke. The title is limited to sons and grandsons of Sovereigns; the great-grandsons, who are not grandsons of a Tsar, are Princes of Russia. In the accompanying genealogical tree, descendants of the Tsar Nicolas I., who are of the rank of Grand Duke, are distinguished by having their names in capitals, while those of the rank of Prince are shown in small type. The Tsar Nicolas I. will always be remembered in this country as the Tsar of the Crimean War. He died suddenly, his death being hastened by the bitter disappointment and humiliation

is his brother Michael. The second son of the late Tsar, George, died in 1899. One Grand Duke of whom we have heard much lately, is Cyril, the son of the Tsar's uncle Vladimir. He and his brother Boris have both been at the seat of war. Cyril served in the Navy and Boris in the Army. Cyril, it will be remembered, was one of the survivors of the destruction of the *Petrofavlousk*. He is engaged, so rumour says, to his cousin, Princess Victoria Melita of Saxe-Coburg, who was formerly the wife of the Grand Duke of Hesse, from whom she was divorced on account of his incompatibility of temperament. Of the other Grand Dukes, the Tsar's uncle Alexis is constantly mentioned, being the Grand Admiral of Russia. Another uncle, Vladimir, the father of Cyril and Boris, is one of the leaders of the war party in the Russian Court.

The Russian Royal Family is connected with our own; in the first place because the Tsar's mother was Princess Dagmar of Denmark, a sister of our Queen; and secondly because his aunt Marie married the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg, or as he was then known, the Duke of Edinburgh. If the latter's daughter should marry the Grand Duke Cyril—and it is rumoured that the Tsar, who at first refused his consent, has, since his cousin was rescued from the *Petrofavlousk*, given his consent—there will be a third

Thus it comes about that the annual collection of studies and sketches at this annual exhibition, from which outsiders are for once, and for a good reason, excluded, is always looked forward to with considerable interest, and studied with exceptional care. It must be admitted that the collection is a very winning one; each artist has his own "panel" and shows his work in a group—a system, however, that not every man can bear without injury. And as we look around the handsome galleries, we are able to take stock of the water-colour art and those who produce it, far better than by gazing at walls on which all are mixed up, without a beginning and without an end.

Of course, every artist has not the sketching genius; some stop short at studies—a somewhat heavier form of working from nature; heavier but more thorough. How charming are the masterly pages sent in by Mr. Aumonier, souvenirs of Montreuil; how bright and cool and sympathetic the landscapes of Mr. Buttington; how loose—perhaps rather too loose and "rank"—the scholarly designs of Mr. Orrock; how broad and sound the transcripts of Mr. Stretton Ferrier! Mr. Yeend King, always strong and sometimes rather harsh, has entirely quitted his cruder greens and recorded with skilful hand and a refined eye for colour the scenes he depicts—



THE RUSSIAN ROYAL FAMILY

tion caused by the defeat of the Russian arms. He was succeeded by his eldest son, Alexander II., who in 1881 was killed by the explosion of a nihilist bomb. Alexander II.'s eldest son Nicolas had died in 1865 as the result of an accidental blow from his brother Alexander who thus came to the throne in his stead. Nicolas had been engaged to Princess Dagmar of Denmark, and on his deathbed assigned his intended bride to the care of his brother, bidding him marry the lady. Alexander carried out his brother's wish, and the eldest child of the marriage is the present Tsar, who succeeded to the throne in 1894.

The oldest Grand Duke is the Tsar's great-uncle, Michael Nicolaevitch, who is the sole surviving son of the Tsar Nicolas I. He has five sons, all of whom are in the Army except Alexander, who is in the Navy. His only daughter married the late Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, father of the Grand Duke who has just married Princess Alexandra of Cumberland. One of his sons, the Grand Duke Michael (Michaelovitch), who married the Countess Torby and was banished (thereof, has just been allowed to return to Russia. The youngest Grand Duke is Dmitri Iuliovitch, born in 1891, a first cousin of the Tsar. The Tsar has no sons, his four children being all girls, and the heir presumptive to the throne

link between the two Royal houses. The King of Greece is a brother of the present Tsar's mother, and two Grand Dukes have married Greek Princesses. A slight link between Russia and Italy is found in the fact that the Grand Duke Peter married Princess Melita of Montenegro, a younger sister of Queen Helena of Italy.

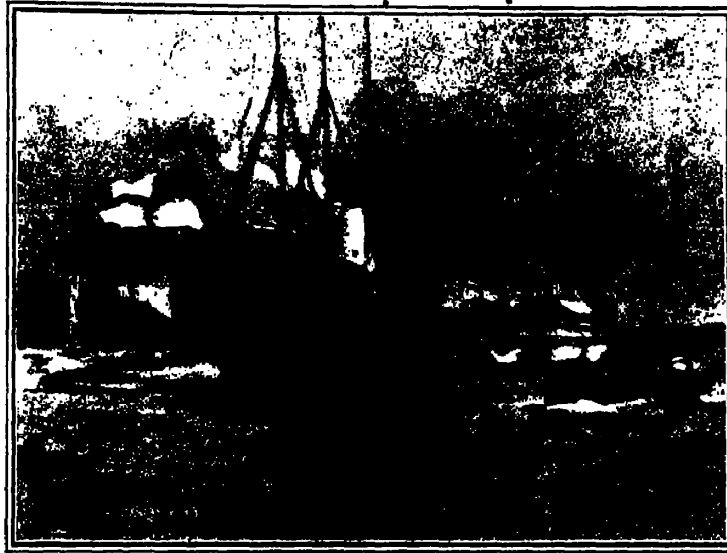
Studies and Sketches at the Royal Institute

THERE is always something more fascinating and attractive about a sketch than about a highly finished drawing or painting. It is less formal, more intimate, more unsophisticated; it is free from that effort and strenuousness which are necessarily betrayed by most artists, however accomplished they may be, when their sketches have been evolved into oil or water-colour paintings. Besides, the amateur visitor is here in his element; his own sketches, as he knows very well, may not infrequently be compared with those of artists of repute and yet not be put to shame, for it is when the development of a finished drawing is the business that the professional leaves the dilettante far behind.

notably, "A Sussex Common." Mr. John R. Reid, a true artist, who seems always to have missed the recognition which is his due, mainly through a tendency to over-force his colour and effects, is seen to excellent advantage in one or two Cornish sketches, and Mr. Claude Hayes, Mr. Nisbit, Mr. C. E. Johnson, and Mr. Weedon are all highly acceptable. The last-named, however, shows no spontaneity—it is the clever, restricted precision with which we are familiar in his pictures. The mantle of the Norwich School, or a corner of it, has fallen on Mr. F. G. Cotman—the lineal descendant of one of its leading members—and he has shown us a few studies of sky and land which, if not the equal of the best he has done, are nevertheless able and interesting. His work compares curiously with that of his neighbour, Mr. Bernard Evans, who carries aloft the banner of J. D. Harding and those who "saw nature" with him, and seeking little of the exquisite charm of surface and quality of the medium in which he works, he gives us the grandeur of the scene, its spaciousness and sweep, the noble height of trees, all composed in the grand and classic style of the golden age, Turnerque at first sight, but in spirit more like Copley Fielding. It is very attractive to see Fountains Abbey and other neighbouring spots so rendered:

THE KING'S VISIT TO KIEL

THE King's reception at Kiel was most brilliant and cordial. His Majesty had a very rough passage across from Port Victoria, whence he travelled in the *Victoria* and *Albert*, escorted by the cruisers *Bedford*, *Essex*, *Java*, and *Dido*, and a flotilla of seven torpedo-boat destroyers. The squadron reached Brunsbüttel, at the North Sea end of the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal, late on Friday night and anchored in the lock till early next morning, when they started through the canal on their voyage of sixty-one miles to Holtenau on the Baltic. The cruisers went first, the Royal yacht following with the torpedo flotilla. Unfortunately it was a most boisterous morning, with heavy rainstorms and violent wind. Nevertheless, a picturesque scene was preparing at Holtenau. Many spectators had come out to see the Royal meeting, and soldiers and sailors mustered strongly, notably the detachment from the famous regiment of Prussian Foot Guards, whose quaint sugar-loaf helmets are still retained to commemorate their founder, Frederick the Great. These formed the guard of honour for King Edward, and among their officers were four of the Emperor's sons, as the German Princes always enter this regiment on their tenth birthday. Presently the Emperor arrived, coming from his yacht with the Crown Prince in a small steamer. He greeted his brother, Prince Henry, and then filled up the period of waiting by inspecting the guard of honour. One by one the British cruisers appeared and passed through the lock, sailors and marines being drawn up in line on their decks. Last came the *Victoria* and *Albert*, flying the German flag as well as the British Royal Standard, and greeted by "God Save the King" from the



THE KING RETURNING FROM VISITING THE KAISER ON BOARD "THE HOHENZOLLERN"

bands, while the troops presented arms. The rain poured down, but the Emperor and Prince Henry put out to the English yacht and found the King waiting for them at the entrance to the lower deck. King Edward wore a German Admiral's uniform, while Emperor William returned the compliment by donning a British Admiral's

Schloss. Next day King Edward watched the yachting and exchanged many calls and farewells, his visit closing with a family dinner given by the Emperor on board his yacht. The British cruisers left that evening in advance, but King Edward stayed the night in harbour, and was to start off early on Thursday morning.

costume. Their Majesties kissed each other on both cheeks, and after the various suites had been presented to the respective monarchs the Royal party landed for the King to inspect the guard of honour. Then their Majesties returned to the *Victoria* and *Albert*, which passed on into Kiel Harbour. The *Victoria* and *Albert* was moored close to Emperor William's yacht, the *Hohenzollern*. In the evening the Emperor gave a State banquet on the yacht in honour of King Edward, and in the course of the evening the Sovereigns toasted each other in most affectionate terms.

Monday was a quiet day, for although the regatta was going on, neither Emperor nor King took part. Morning service was performed on board the *Victoria* and *Albert* before the King, who gave a family dinner party on his yacht in the evening, the Emperor and Empress, with their two elder sons, being the chief guests. On Monday the Emperor took the King round the Government dockyards and the Germania dockyards of Herr Krupp, and after witnessing races by the ships' boats' crews, the two Sovereigns dined at the Yacht Club. Tuesday was spent at Hamburg, where the King received a most rousing welcome and lunched with the Burgo-master and Senate; while in the evening the King dined with Prince Henry of Prussia at the Kiel



THE ROYAL YACHT PASSING THROUGH KIEL CANAL BELOW HOLTENAU

DRAWN BY CHEVALIER EUGENIO DE MARTINO, U.V.O., MARINE PAINTER IN ORDINARY TO THE KING



LEADS BY FRANK DADD, K.C.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. KARKELIS

When the "Victoria and Albert" arrived at the Holtenau Lock, the Kaiser went on board to welcome his royal uncle. After preliminary greetings and presentations, the two monarchs went ashore. The guard of honour, consisting of the 1st Regiment of the Guards, to which the Prince of Wales belonged, was then inspected by the King.

THE KING'S ARRIVAL AT KIEL: HIS MAJESTY INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR

[illegible]

THE ESCORT SALUTING ON THE KING'S BIRTHDAY IN THE NORTH SEA

DRAWN BY CHEVALIER EDUARDO DE MARINO, C.V.O. MARINE PAINTER IN ORDINARY TO THE KING



THE IMPERIAL COURT



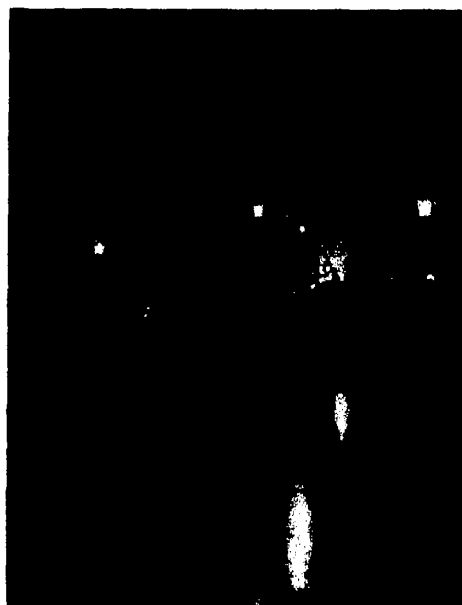
A PICTURESQUE CORNER



BY THE GRAND CANAL



THE BAND IN THE KIOSK OF THE WESTERN GARDEN



THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS

"VENICE BY NIGHT": SKETCHES AT THE EXHIBITION AT EARL'S COURT

From Photographs by T. C. Hepworth

Our Portraits

THE EARL OF CORK AND ORRERY was born in 1826, and succeeded to the title in 1856. He sat as Liberal M.P. for Frome from 1854 to 1856. He was hon. colonel of the North Somerset Imperial Yeomanry, and was formerly Yeomanry Aide-de-Camp to Queen Victoria. He had also held the posts of Master of the Buckhounds and Master of the Horse, and was a Deputy Speaker of the House of Lords.

THE HON. HENRY COPELAND, Agent-General for New South Wales, was born in Hull in 1836, and in 1857 settled in Australia. He was elected to the New South Wales Parliament in 1877, and became Minister for Works in 1883. Subsequently he twice occupied the post of Minister of Lands. He took an active part in connection with Australian Federation, but in 1900 retired from the political arena in New South Wales and became Agent-General for the Colony in London. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

SIR CHARLES ELIOT, British Commissioner for the East Africa Protectorate, has resigned his appointment, as he takes exception to a policy which, in his view, involves the granting of an enormous tract of land in East Africa to a syndicate, while refusing land to private persons. Sir Charles Norton Edgecumbe Eliot, K.C.M.G., is the son of the Rev. F. Eliot, of Norton Buxant, and was born in 1864. From 1888 to 1892 he was Third Secretary at the Embassy of St. Petersburg, and at Constantinople from the

Lewis Waller and daughter of Horatio Brandon, a well-known London solicitor. He retired from the War Office on a pension in 1877. He was the author of various books and recitations, and also, in partnership with Mr. B. C. Stephenson, of several successful adaptations, as, for instance, *Peril* and *Diplomacy*. He was an admirable judge of acting, but at late years he had grown out of touch with the modern drama, and, from being a pioneer, had become in the ordinary course of nature a reactionary. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

THE REV. ALEXANDER MACKENNAI, B.A., D.D., was one of the most prominent leaders of the Free Evangelical Churches. He was born at Truro in 1835, and educated there until his fourteenth year, when he came to London. In 1851 he entered Glasgow University, and three years later, for his theological training, Hackney College. While there he graduated at the London University. For many years he was a well-known figure on the platform of the Congregational Union. He was one of the leading spirits in establishing the National Free Church Congress, which developed into the National Council of the Evangelical Free Churches. For several years he acted as honorary secretary, and he was president of the council in 1899. He was secretary of the first international council of Congregationalists which met in London in 1891, and one of the vice-presidents of the second council, which met in 1899 at Boston, Mass. Two years later he was Carew Lecturer at Hartford Seminary, Conn., U.S. He was one of the oldest directors of the Colonial Missionary Society. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

ALBERT F. S. MUTHALL, by the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P., Prime Minister, on behalf of the Conservative party, in recognition of his indefatigable and successful labours as secretary to the National Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations for nearly twenty years. Westminster, June 24, 1904. There was a large attendance of members of Parliament and of agents of the Conservative party in the Grand Committee Room of the House of Commons when the Prime Minister made the presentation. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Colonel Blomfield Gough, late of the 9th Lancers, who has resided for some at Belchester, near Kelso, was killed by being thrown from his trap. Accompanied by Mrs. Gough, he had been in Kelso on business, and, having set out for home, had just reached the outskirts of the town when the horse which he was driving bolted at an awkward turn in the road. The colonel was pitched out, and, alighting on his head, was killed on the spot. Mrs. Gough afterwards leaped out and was uninjured. It may be remembered that Colonel Gough served in South Africa and had a difference with Lord Methuen, the result of which was that he was ordered home and his demand for a court-martial refused. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Lady Mildred Murray, the youngest of the five daughters of the Earl and Countess of Dunmore, was to be married to Mr. Gilbert Follett, of the Coldstream Guards, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, on Thursday. Our portraits are by Thomson, Grosvenor Street.



MR. GILBERT FOLLETT

Married on Thursday.



LADY MILDRED MURRAY



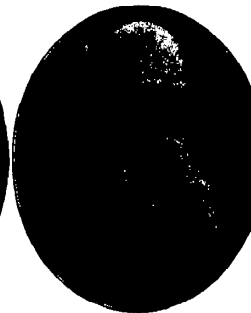
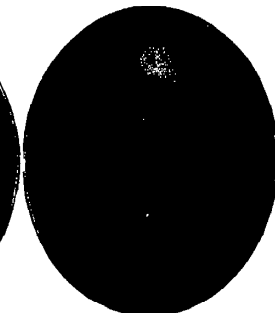
MR. CHARLES ELIOT

Commissioner for the British East Africa Protectorate, who has just resigned.



MR. A. F. MUTHALL

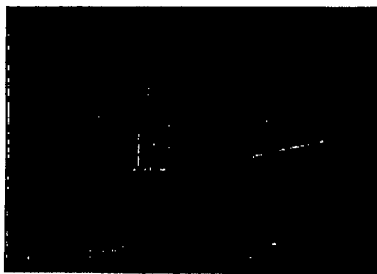
Secretary of National Union of Conservative Associations.

THE LATE COL. BLOMFIELD GOUGH
Killed in a Carriage AccidentTHE LATE MR. CLEMENT SCOTT
Author and Dramatic CriticTHE REV. ALEXANDER MACKENNAI, D.D.
Distinguished Congregationalist MinisterTHE LATE EARL OF CORK AND ORRERY
Late Master of the HorseTHE LATE HON. H. COPELAND
Agent-General for New South Wales.

following year till 1868. He was sent to Morocco as Charge d'Affaires in 1862, to Bulgaria in 1865, and in 1867 to Serbia. In 1868 he was appointed Secretary to the British Embassy at Washington, and High Commissioner at Samoa in 1890. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

*Mr. Clement Scott, the famous dramatic critic, was born in 1841, and was the son of the Rev. William Scott, perpetual curate of Christ Church, Hoxton, and subsequently vicar of St. Olave's, Jewry. In 1860 he was appointed a clerk in the War Office, and while there he contracted intimacies with actors and journalists, and succeeded James Fould in the early sixties as theatrical critic of the *Sunday Times*. He became, also, critic of the *London Figure* and the *Woolly Pigeon*. A year or two later, on a sudden emergency, he was called upon to fulfil the same duties for the *Observer*. His criticisms in this periodical attracted the notice of Mr. Joseph Moses Levy, who was appointed in 1873 collaborator in the *Daily Telegraph* with E. L. Blanchard, whom he soon replaced. After a long connection with the *Telegraph*, during which time his dramatic criticisms gave that journal, rightly or wrongly, an importance in the theatrical world which has not since been equalled, he resigned his post because he was not allowed to sign his contributions, and withdrew to America, where he was once more for a brief while critic to a daily newspaper. After his return to England he started the *Free Lance*. He married, first, Isabel Huxton Da Maurier, sister of the author of "Trilby," and secondly Constance Margaret Brandon, sister of Mrs.

Mr. Albert Southall, secretary of the National Union of Conservative Associations has been presented with a cheque, value £2,150, and a large and handsome silver salver bearing the following inscription:—"Presented, together with a testimonial in specie, to

TO THE MEMORY OF OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE KING'S OWN
(ROYAL LANCASTER) REGIMENT WHO FELL IN SOUTH AFRICA

An Unique War Memorial

THE OFFICERS of the 1st King's Own (Royal Lancaster) Regiment have erected a chapel to the memory of the heroes and comrades who fell in the South African War. It was built from designs by Messrs. Austin and Paley, and forms a handsome north wing to the old parish church at Lancaster. The length of the chapel is sixty-six feet, and it is divided from the nave of the church by an arcade of four massive arches and a carved oak screen. There is accommodation for 200 men of the Regimental Depot. A feature of the new chapel is the memorial window to the late Lieut.-Colonel John Moore Gawn, who was killed during a night attack on Vryheid by the Boers, on December 11, 1902. His widow has erected a richly united two-light window, representing King Alfred the Great and St. Oswald. The scheme was originally suggested by Colonel E. H. Fitzherbert, a friend of the "King's Own," at a regimental banquet, on June 18, 1902, in London. It was heartily supported by Lieut.-General Sir Archibald Hunter, K.C.B., whose soldier's life commenced with the regiment. The appeal for £3,500, the estimated cost, was responded to with cordial liberality, the Earl of Derby, who is the hon. colonel of the Lancaster Militia, and Lord Ashton each contributing the munificent donations of £500. The Countess of Derby laid the corner stone on August 7, 1903, and the dedicatory festival has been fixed for Friday, July 29, the Bishop of Manchester officiating.

The Theatres

MRS. ALFRED LYTTLETON'S play, *Warp and Woof*, after drawing packed houses in the suburbs, has been brought by Mrs. Patrick Campbell to the VAUDRIVILLE, so that Londoners may have a chance of seeing an "entertainment" which is, in point of fact, little more than a tract on the evils of overworking "strongmen's" assistants and the selfishness of fashionable women. In the autumn Mrs. Campbell will tour America again, under the auspices of Mr. Charles Frohman. The play she will appear in will be an adaptation of *La Sorcière*.

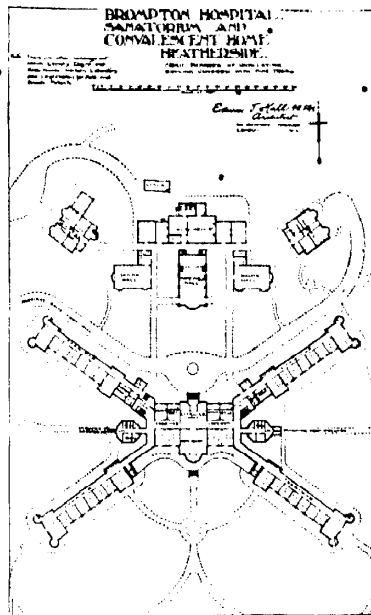
Perhaps the most notable of the French productions now with us have been the least advertised, and are to be seen at the AVENUE. Here an excellent French company have produced *Antoinette Sabrier*, by M. Romain Rolland, a play first seen at the VAUDRIVILLE last autumn, with Madame Réjane in the principal part. It is an undeniably clever though dreary play of a *ménage à trois*, in which the wife, who has been on the point of running away with her lover, relents when she finds her husband is ruined, and endeavours to effect a compromise by staying in her home and "compromising" herself. The great scene in the play comes when Germain Sabrier, the husband, asks his wife and her lover whether he can honourably accept the monetary advance which the lover is willing to make to save him from ruin. The lover swears that he may, the wife begins to protest, but fails, and the truth of the situation becomes apparent. M. Tarride, as the husband, gave what can only be described as a magnificent performance, and nothing could well have been finer than his treatment of the scene which leads up to his suicide.

By way of relief the AVENUE company have since produced *Le Bourgeois ou la Vie*, by M. Alfred Capus, the most modern, and perhaps the most brilliant, of the new French school of dramatists. The play is a wonderful sketch of Parisian manners. It presents a bourgeois household, that of the Herbauds, the mistress of which, Hélène, is an irresponsible creature without the slightest knowledge of the value of money, while her husband, Jacques, denies her nothing. Financial disaster is the natural consequence of this state of affairs, and Hélène appeals to Le Houssell, a rich friend, to pay the sum which will save her husband. Le Houssell is quite willing to do this, if the wife will be complaisant, and her difficulty in conceiving at what he is driving, her disappointment, and ultimately her manner of reducing him to a state of penitence, constitute a delicious piece of comedy, to which Mlle. Dorziat does ample justice.

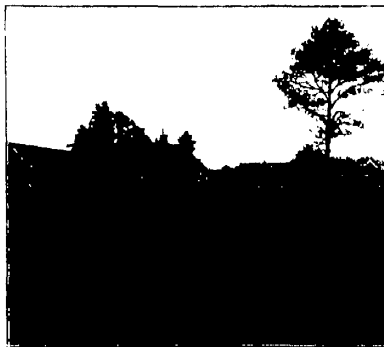
The Stage Society has given, at the COURT Theatre, three performances of a curious symbolical play, by Mr. W. B. Yeats, entitled *Where There is Nothing*. This play is one of its author's earliest and most important contributions to the Irish literary theatre, and deals with the soul life of Paul Rutledge, a curious combination of visionary and lunatic, who is perpetually in revolt against things as they are, and sacrifices his life in the end for the sake of some rather obscure idea. It is all very vague, formless, and enigmatical, and the only thing to be said is that if you like this kind of thing you will like *Where There is Nothing*, and if you do not like it, you had better stay away, and save yourself unnecessary irritation.

While Madame Sarah Bernhardt occupies the theatre in the evening Mr. Tree is giving a series of revivals at His Majesty's Theatre in the afternoons. On Tuesday and Thursday he appeared once more as Mark Antony in *Julius Cæsar*, the famous revival of which dates back to September 6, 1900. Many changes have been made in the cast, but few of the original members of which are now available. Mr. Oscar Asche thus replaces Mr. Lewis Waller as Brutus, Miss Constance Collier Miss Lena Ashwell as Portia, and Miss Margaret Halston Mrs. Tree as Calpurnia. Mr. Lynn Harding is Cassius, and Mr. Haviland Julius Cæsar.

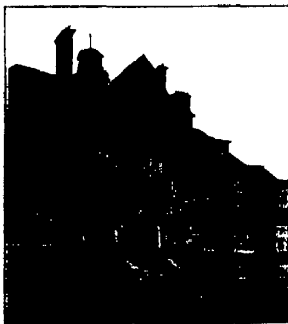
At the DUKE OF YORK'S, *The Edge of the Storm* has been withdrawn after a very brief run, and the always delightful *Mice and*



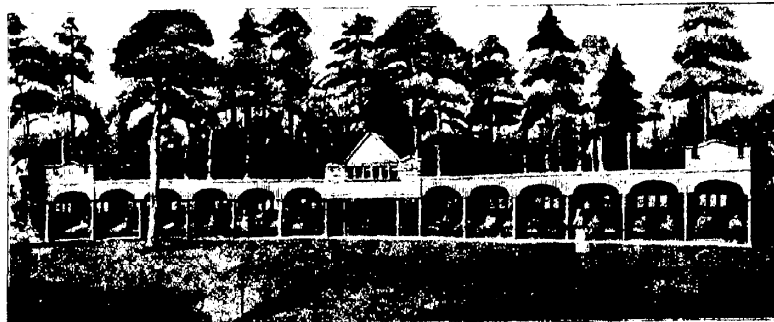
GROUND PLAN OF THE SANATORIUM



GENERAL VIEW OF THE SANATORIUM



THE MAIN ENTRANCE



ONE OF THE BEST SHELTERED, OR LIXIVIOUS, HALLS

On Saturday the Prince and Princess of Wales formally opened the new country extension of the Brompton Hospital for Consumption and Disease of the Chest, which has been built at Heathside, in Surrey. This most of an annex for the benefit of convalescent patients outside of London has long been recognised by the authorities of the hospital, and in 1897 it was decided to build one as a memorial of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. The new building serves a double purpose, namely to provide for physical patients in an early stage, who will probably be selected from the out-patient's room, and also for persons recovering from some of the other forms of illness treated at Brompton. One wing of the building will be reserved for these. Heathside is in the Aldershot district, near the Hampshire border of Surrey, and

at an elevation of 150 feet above sea level. It is a long, low building, with four long wings, each 100 feet long, and a central tower. The building is surrounded by a large area of ground, which is planted with trees and shrubs. The architecture is in the style of the late 19th century, with a mix of Gothic and Tudor influences. The building is a fine example of the work of the architect, Mr. John Lubbock.

THE BROMPTON SANATORIUM AND CONVALESCENT HOME AT HEATHSIDE

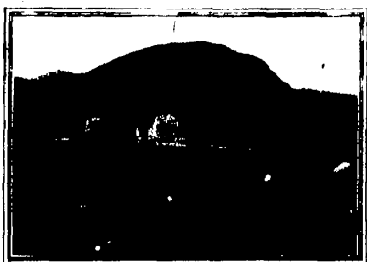
Now now holds its place. Mrs. Madeleine Lucette Ryley's pretty comedy had an enthusiastic reception when first produced, and a long run, and the present revival seems likely to be as popular as the first production. The part of Peggy is well within Miss Gertrude Elliott's powers, and she plays it charmingly, while Mr. Forbes Robertson is once more tender and distinguished as the grave student who brings up a workhouse girl to be a model wife and learns at the finish that youth likes to mate with youth.

The Court

THE QUEEN remained in town during the King's visit to Kiel, a full account of which appears in our supplement, and generally had with her either the Duchess of Fife with her daughters, or the Duchess Marie of Saxe-Coburg and Princess Beatrice. One afternoon, the child violinist, Franz von Vecsey, played before Her Majesty and several of the Princesses, while Queen Alexandra went to the Opera nearly every evening, being joined by various members of the Royal Family. The Queen's love of dogs is well known, so Her Majesty intended to visit the Show of the Ladies Kennel Association in the Botanical Gardens on Thursday. Queen Alexandra will accompany the King when he goes to Wales on the 21st to inaugurate the new water supply for Birmingham. After their visit to Liverpool on the 19th to lay the foundation-stone of the new Cathedral their Majesties will travel in the *Victoria and Albert* to Swansea, whence they take train to Rhayader and go straight to the Pool filter beds. Having received an address, the King will turn on the water and go by train round the valley.

London duly celebrated the King's birthday, and the Queen and the Prince of Wales represented His Majesty at the various official functions. Of course, the trooping of the colour of the Horse Guards was the great feature of the day. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught were on horseback during the ceremony, whilst the Queen, the Princess of Wales with some of her children, the Duchess of Connaught and daughters, and several other Princesses watched from the windows above as usual. In the evening there were the customary official dinners and illuminations, the Prince of Wales dining with Mr. Balfour, and the Duke of Connaught with the War Secretary. Nor was the celebration forgotten on board the *Victoria and Albert* and her escort, on their way to Kiel. The cruisers fired a salute at noon, the crews giving three cheers for the King, who, to mark the day, knighted Rear-Admiral Milne and gave him the Victorian Order, also bestowing it on the Hon. Victor Stanley, commanding the Royal yacht.

The Prince and Princess of Wales's visit to Camberley, Surrey, on Saturday, to open the new Convalescent Home and Sanatorium of the Brompton Hospital for Consumption, took place in very unpleasant weather. Nevertheless, crowds welcomed the Royal party, while guards of honour from the Surrey Imperial Yeomanry and the Royal Lancashire Regiment brightened up the gloomy day. The President of the Hospital, Lord Chesham, and the Governor, Lord Chesham, received the Royal guests, and, after some prayers and speeches, the Prince opened the new building with a gold key. The Prince and Princess inspected the whole building minutely before leaving, and the Princess planted a tree as a souvenir of the Royal visit. On Sunday the Prince and Princess accompanied the Queen to the Service in the private chapel at Buckingham Palace, and next day the Prince opened the Music Loan Exhibition in honour of the Tercentenary of the Worshipful Company of Musicians. He also received the President and two members of the International Association of the Olympian Games to present him with the Gold Medal commemorating the revival of the games. Later the Prince went down to Newmarket until Thursday. He was at the races on Tuesday, besides inspecting the King's horses in training, and in the evening dined with Mr. Leopold de Rothschild.



A TYPICAL STATION ON THE NEW GREEK RAILWAY



TYPE OF BRIDGE ON THE NEW GREEK RAILWAY

To Shorten the Route to India

In these days of rapid transit, when the journey from London to Bombay can be performed in a fortnight, every hour counts for more than did a day in the old days, before the age of steam, and any scheme to bring India half a day nearer would be sure to attract attention. The new Greek Railway, which is now being constructed, will, when finished, accomplish more than this, the precise saving in time in the journey to the East being calculated at eighteen hours. In addition to this, it will form the sole railway communication between Greece and the rest of Europe, for, strange as it may seem, Greece has not yet been connected with the European railway system, the few short lines she possesses stopping short of the Turkish frontier. The new railway, then, will be an important factor in the commercial development of Greece, and, with a direct service from Paris to Athens, an immense tourist traffic will be assured, and students of art and archaeology will flock to the cradle of European civilisation.

The scheme is chiefly due to Baron George de Reuter, the chairman of the Eastern Railway Construction Syndicate, Limited, who in 1900 signed a Convention with the Greek Government for the construction of a railway from the Piræus to the Turkish frontier. To Baron George de Reuter it is also due that English interests in the new line were safeguarded, the Construction Syndicate representing the English firms of Messrs. Emile Erlanger and Co., bankers, and the well-known contractors, Messrs. George Pauling and Co., as well as the French firm of contractors and engineers, La Société de Construction des Batignolles. The Convention was approved by the International Financial Commission which, since 1898, controls the service of the Greek Debt, and a 4 per cent. gold loan of £1,750,000 was created, which the concessionaires take up and issue to the public, the proceeds to form part payment of the line. In 1902 the Greek Railway Company was formed by the Eastern Railway Construction Syndicate, the English and French parties subscribing the capital in equal amounts, Monsieur Houré, former French Minister in Athens, being the President, and Baron George de Reuter the Vice-President. Half the loan was immediately issued, and work was at once begun; the balance of the loan was issued a few days ago.

The line is of the ordinary European gauge (1 metre 44), and is to go from the Piræus to Larissa, in Thessaly, *via* Athens, Skimatari, Thebes, Livadia, Dadi, Lamin, and Demirly, with branches from Skimatari to Chalcis and from Lamin to Styli. The question of the junction with the Ottoman system is at present the subject of negotiations with the Turkish Government, and in all likelihood no great difficulty will be raised by the Porte to prevent the realisation of a scheme in which all Europe is interested. The extension from Larissa would cross the Turkish frontier at Karadik Derwent, on the sea-coast, and follow the coast-line until near Gida, where it would join the existing railway from

Monastir to Salonika. There is indeed a line already in operation between Demirly and Kalabaka, near the Turkish frontier, and it is theoretically possible to make junctions with the Turkish system in this and other directions, but the physical difficulties are so great that in practice only the above route is available. The total length of the line from the Piræus to Larissa is 217 miles, and the branches to Chalcis and Styli are respectively 13 and 12 miles long, while the extension from Larissa to Gida will be 84 miles, the total distance from the Piræus to Salonika being 328 miles.

The first part of the line from the Piræus to Thebes, tapping the fertile plains of Boeotia, and the branch from Skimatari to Chalcis, were inaugurated by King George on March 19 of this year, and within the last few days another section—Thebes to Livadia—has been opened to traffic, thus completing 100 miles of railway. On this portion of the line is Lake Copais, which was drained by an English company, the land so reclaimed being exceptionally fertile and capable of growing anything. Work is being actively pushed forward on the line beyond Livadia to Dadi and Lamin, and the branch to Styli, on the sea, is nearly complete. In the mountainous country between Livadia and Lamin there are great engineering difficulties, including seventeen tunnels (one 14 mile long already bored) and several viaducts over 300 yards long and nearly 200 feet high. Nevertheless, this section will be finished next year. A large amount of tunnel work is also necessary between Lamin and Demirly, but the difficulties are not so great as on the previous section, whilst from Demirly to Larissa the work is quite easy. When the line is completed, the journey from the Piræus to Larissa will occupy ten hours, and in four more hours the traveller will reach Salonika, whence an improved service of trains will convey him to Nisch on the through route between Paris and Constantinople. By those who have seriously studied the question, it is firmly believed that the line, even if it go no further than Larissa, would pay; but, of course, the real objective is a junction with the Turkish system of railways, so as to place the Piræus in direct railway communication with the various capitals of Europe. The main route for passengers and mails to the East would then lie through the Piræus, which is 375 miles nearer to Port Said than is Brindisi.

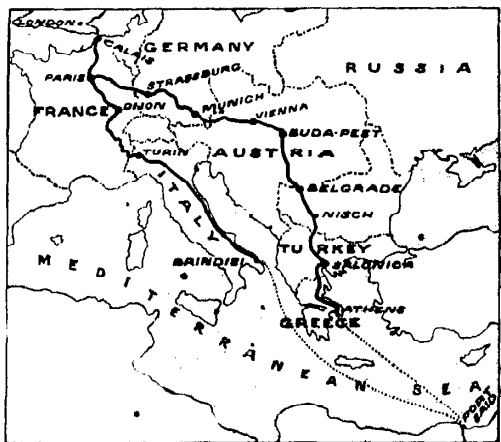
"New Sayings of Jesus"

Ever since November last, when Dr. Grenfell, at the General Meeting of the Egypt Exploration Fund, mentioned his and Dr. Hunt's great discovery, we have awaited with impatience the publication of the "New Sayings of Jesus." The papyrus containing these Sayings was discovered in the winter of 1902-3 at the site of the ancient Oxyrhynchus, which is situated about 120 miles south of Cairo. In THE GRAPHIC of July 17, 1897, a short account of the "New Sayings of Jesus," Edited by Bernard P. Grenfell and Arthur S. Hunt, and published for the Egypt Exploration Fund by Henry Frowde.

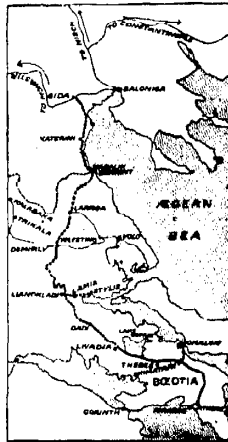
Discovery and publication of the so-called *Logia*, or "Sayings of Our Lord," appeared, and now we have before us the reproduction and translation of a papyrus discovered six years later on the same site by the same explorers. The first MS. was a leaf from a papyrus-book with the "Sayings" on both sides, and dated early in the third century A.D., in the opinion of the discoverers. The papyrus now published, though of the same century, differs in form from the previous document. This MS. is written on the back of a roll, the original document being a survey-list of various pieces of land. It is not, however, unusual to find valuable literary fragments on the back of legal or business rolls. Although this papyrus is more fragmentary and contains fewer Sayings than the other, it is in one respect more satisfactory, the Sayings being introduced by the following words:—"These are the (wonderful?) words which Jesus, the living (Lord) spoke to . . . and Thomas, and he said unto (them), 'Everyone that hearkens to these words shall never taste of death.'" This introduction is important, as it shows us that Jesus was speaking to St. Thomas, and, probably, to another disciple, whom we are unable to identify owing to the state of the MS. There are only portions of five Sayings besides the introductory clause, the first four of which are all concerned with the Kingdom of Heaven. Each



A PORTION OF "THE NEW SAYINGS OF JESUS," FROM THE PAPYRUS DISCOVERED AT OXYRHYNCHUS IN 1903
Reproduced by permission of the Egypt Exploration Fund and of the publisher, Mr. Henry Frowde.



THE LARGER MAP ILLUSTRATES THE RIVAL ROUTES TO THE EAST WHEN THE GREEK RAILWAY IS COMPLETED. THE SMALLER MAP SHOWS THE LINE OF THE NEW RAILWAY WHICH IS ALREADY WORKING FROM THE PIRÆUS AS FAR AS LIVADIA
THE NEW GREEK RAILWAY: AN ALTERNATIVE ROUTE TO THE EAST

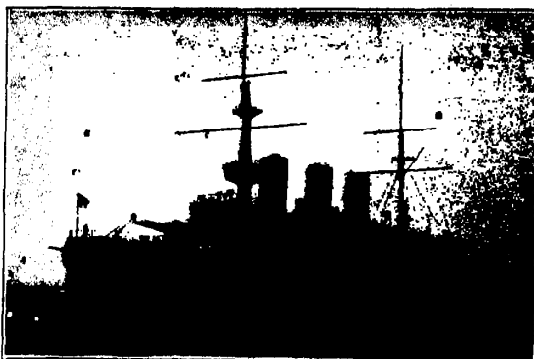


Saying commences with "Jesus saith," as in the *Logia*. As Dr. Grenfell pointed out, there are three important features in these New Sayings:—(1) The connection with St. Thomas, as shown in the introduction; (2) the first Saying, "Jesus saith, Let not him who seeks . . . cease until he finds, and when he finds he shall be astonished; astonished he shall reach the kingdom; and having reached the kingdom he shall rest," being found in almost the same words in the Gospel according to the Hebrews; and (3) the second Saying, giving the question, as well as Jesus's answer to the same, is of special interest.

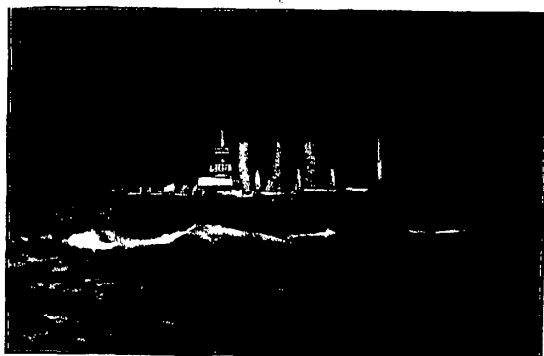
The little pamphlet before us not only contains these "New Sayings of Jesus," but also includes the Sayings, or *Logia*, found in 1897, and, besides, a fragment of a lost Gospel. This latter fragment may be compared with similar passages from St. Matthew's and St. Luke's Gospels—"Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink," etc. (Matt. vi. 25, etc.); "Take no thought) from morning until even nor from evening until morning, either for your food what ye shall eat or for your raiment what ye shall put on. Ye are far better than the lilies, which grow but spin not. Having one garment, what do ye (lack?) . . . Who could add to your stature? He himself will give you your garment. His disciples say unto him, When wilt thou be manifest to us, and when shall we see thee? He saith, When ye shall be stripped and not ashamed." . . . He said, the key of knowledge ye had; ye entered not in yourselves, and to them that were entering in ye opened not."

Works of Professor Legros

There is much to admire in the exhibition of pictures, drawings, and etchings, by Professor Legros, which is now open at the Ryder Gallery, in Albemarle Street. The collection includes many admirable drawings in chalk, and gold point, which shows excellently his wonderful subtlety of line and his masterly power of suggesting with firm but delicate touches refinements of form and beauties of modelling. The etchings are specially interesting as they prove how much he is changing as years go on from a robust and forcible etcher into one who delights in the most exquisite tenderness; they are charming in their daintiness, and yet they are fully impressive in their power. Most impressive, too, is his large oil-painting of a deserted farm, a monumental design in low tones; and his water-colour landscapes are not less persuasive in sentiment and able in treatment. The exhibition consists chiefly of quite recent works, and, therefore, there is in it a considerable proportion of things which will be new to his admirers.



THE BATTLESHIP "PERESVIET" (12,700 TONS) SUNK AT PORT ARTHUR
From a Photograph by S. Orloff, Southern.



THE CRUISER "DIANA" (6,000 TONS), DAMAGED AT PORT ARTHUR

The Russian Squadron, consisting of six battleships, five cruisers, and ten torpedo-boats, managed to leave the harbour at Port Arthur, the entrance to which had previously been cleared. Outside in the roadstead



THE BATTLESHIP "SEVASTOPOL" (10,000 TONS), DAMAGED AT PORT ARTHUR

the squadron was attacked by Admiral Togo's fleet. The battleship "Peresviet" was sunk, while the battleship "Sevastopol" and the cruiser "Diana" were badly damaged.

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PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON*

The first point which must inevitably strike the reader of this interesting work, is the remarkable clearness of memory possessed by the author, who compiled it in his ninetieth year, "when his amily hoped he was quietly resting in his room." The intimate connection of Mr. Gleig with the great Duke is known from his previously published "Life of Wellington," and the present memoir, dealt almost exclusively with the political and social side of the Duke's life.

The volume is divided into several "books," one of which deals with the celebrities whom the author met at one or other of the Duke's seats. Of these the most interesting sketch given is that of John Wilson Croker, an incessant talker both in and out of season. One anecdote relates how "during a dinner at Carlton House, Croker sat next to the Duke of Clarence. They were conversing together, when the King, who could not overhear what was said, called out suddenly 'Croker, what are you two talking about?' 'Nothing very particular, sir,' was Croker's reply. 'His Royal Highness is only telling me what he means to do when he becomes King.'"

Of the Duke himself there are many anecdotes, which illustrate principally his intolerance of interference, his excellence as a host, and his kindheartedness. The author claims to explain for the first time the true reason why the Duke removed his two sons from Oxford and sent them to Cambridge to finish their education. It appears that the authorities had ridiculed Lord Douro, the elder, for some more or less harmless escapade in which he had not taken actual part, but which had supervened upon a supper party given in his rooms. The Duke wrote in protest, and received the following reply from the Dean of Christ Church:—"The Dean begged to assure His Grace that though he might be master of the art of commanding armies, he was no judge of how discipline must be maintained in a college." This answer, "as unbecoming as it was ill-considered," so annoyed the Duke that he removed both his sons from the University. The book is undoubtedly interesting, and is well written; one excellent little picture of a *à-la-carte* dinner with the Duke—too long to quote—is especially worthy of mention; but the reader who does not take a keen interest in politics may find the first part, which deals principally with the Reform Bill and the Roman Catholic Relief Act, somewhat dull reading.

As an appendix is given a "Memorandum on the War in Russia in 1812," from Wellington's own Memoirs. By way of illustration, there are two portraits, one of the author, and the other of Wellington.

"A LOST EDEN"

Miss M. F. Boulton, in this pronouncedly Early-Victorian novel, makes no concealment of her obligations to "Clarissa," of which "A Lost Eden" (Hutchinson and Co.) is a judiciously pale and ladylike reflection. Lovelace is represented by a high-born artist, Edward Verulam, afterwards Lord Whorlston, who, unable to induce the beautiful young governess, Marian Sandford, to dispense with matrimony, carries her off by force—happily with no worse consequences than a terrible fright, and a temporary estrangement from an excellent shipowner, to whom she was engaged, and

* Personal Reminiscences of the Duke of Wellington. By the late G. R. Gleig. Edited by his daughter, Mary E. Gleig. (London: Blackwood, 1904.)

did not believe in an unwilling abduction. The part of Belton is not forgotten in that of the confidential correspondent whom Verulam keeps informed by letter of his designs. The *dispossession*, however, is more in accordance with the taste and manners of its later epoch. Instead of falling, like that stupendous blackguard his prototype, in a duel, Verulam, now a peer of the realm, becomes an excellent husband to another woman, a model landlord, and a good sportsman, till, worn out with "various sports and pleasures," he fell into premature senile decay and died in his fortieth year; while Marion, her virtue made clear as day, married her shipowner, and grew to be even handsomer as a matron than she had been as a girl. The many stronger points of the novel, considered apart from its story, are mostly to be found among its subordinate portraiture, especially in the portion taken from a semi-suburban delatible land, between the shop and the stage, as found about the Elephant and Castle, circa 1852. The interest of the story may not be great; but the novel will certainly amuse.

"OLIVE LATHAM"

The same kind of power, hard, grim, almost cruel in its delineation of suffering, unsoftened by pathos and unrelieved by humour, that distinguished E. L. Voynich's "Gadfly," also characterises the same author's "Olive Latham" (William Heinemann). There is no such intensely dramatic climax in the latter as in the former novel; but the study of an originally exceptional temperament



Verus Alexander. Hadrian.
The German Emperor, while visiting the Mallburg for the Gordon Bennett Cup Race, unveiled two statues of Roman Emperors at the old Roman Castle.

STATUES OF ROMAN EMPERORS UNVEILED BY THE KAISER AT THE MALLBURG

rendered tragically morbid by circumstances is no less painfully and scarcely less excitingly thorough. Olive, incomprehensible even to those nearest to her, because of her own seemingly irresponsible nature, is unhappy enough to find an outlet for her real self in an all-absorbing devotion to a Russian Nihilist dying of phthisis caused by two years of prison, and in imminent peril of another sentence that will be practically one of death—as, indeed, it proves. The harshest features of the Russian treatment of political offenders, actual or suspected, certainly lose nothing at E. L. Voynich's hand, but, none the less, the interest of her novel depends less upon such incidents than upon the effect of a crushing sorrow upon what may be called a passionately secretive character balked in its solitary attempt at expansion. How a prospect of happiness closes such a story is a complete *tour de force*, and even this has to be led up to by a formidable menace of apical paralysis (not to Olive) and of other gruesome matters. But whatever else may be thought of it, "Olive Latham" is unquestionably a strong and sincere piece of work of marked distinction, such as could have come from no other pen.

"NYRIA"

Mrs. Campbell Praed has, on the whole, made a conspicuous success of so courageous an enterprise as a historical romance of the period of Domitian (T. Fisher Unwin). The perils, trials and martyrdom in the arena of a Christian slave girl from the north challenge a comparison with similar narratives from which Mrs. Praed's novel must inevitably suffer, but it would have been entirely satisfactory on its merits had it been the first in the field. The Rome of Domitian was not appreciably different from the Rome of Nero, and was still within the Apostolic age. Mrs. Praed has set her history in the right way; that is to say, for giving the right colour and atmosphere to incidents, which it is not allowed to overload. The interest is purely personal; indeed, apart from higher topics, "Nyria," in many of its principal aspects, might almost be described as a "Society" novel of eighteen hundred years ago. And from this point of view the least archaeologically disposed of readers will be entertained by the resemblance as well as the difference between Then and Now. Nyria herself, the ideal virgin-martyr, is, nevertheless, not idealised beyond ordinary sympathy. A special mark of praise is due to the close of the concluding scene with the simple sentence, "But Nyria passed on." Description would spoil what cannot possibly be appreciated unless the climax that leads to it be followed step by step. And so the only comment must be that Mrs. Praed has achieved perfect pathos by the method, as rare as it is certain, of stopping as soon as the climax is completed, and leaving the stimulated imagination of her reader to feel what is left untold.

"THE HUNCHBACK OF WESTMINSTER"

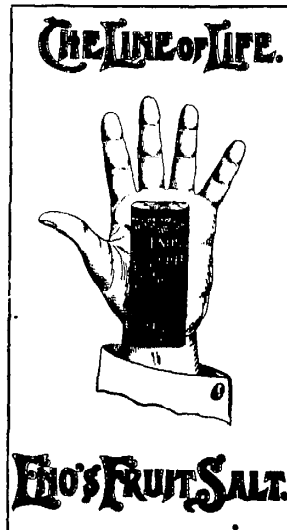
Mr. William Le Queux is great on treasure. His new story (Methuen and Co.) narrates a tremendous struggle between the Secretary for Foreign Affairs and a certain Lord Fotheringay of the first part, a fanatical Spanish patriot (the Hunchback of the title); of the second part, a secret society of British Imperialists called the Order of St. Bruno of the third part, and, as is supposed—though, as it turns out, erroneously—the Jesuits of the fourth part, for the possession of Lake Tangikano, in which the aboriginal Mexicans were believed to have submerged incalculable treasure in jewels and gold. The struggle takes the form—or formlessness—of a sensational chaos of intrigue and counter-intrigue for the possession of certain documents in cipher in which the secret

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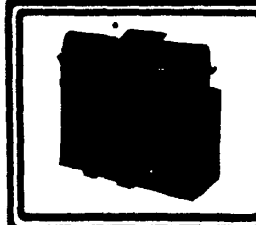
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of the Lake of Sacred Treasure has been recorded; and includes a mysterious murder in Whitehall Court, two still more mysterious disappearances, the implication of the Foreign Secretary in an attempt at illegal arrest by means of an atrocious fraud, a wild adventure in a flying machine, personations, disguises—indeed, merely to classify the heads of Mr. Le Queux's incidents would make the pen reel. All is supposed to be told by a private detective employed by the Order of St. Bruno, and, in spite of his display of himself as an unsung hero, is peopled into it as a valued brother by a formidable process of initiation which, despite his solemn promise to the contrary, he now betrays. It seems that England is ere long to be startled by the recovery of a treasure that "will bring joy and solid relief to the heart of every taxpayer and Englishman." As they say in another secret society, "So mote it be." Meanwhile, here is the story of it to amuse us while we wait.

"THE LIFE OF MAJOR-GENERAL WAUCHOPE"

The above, by Sir George Douglas, is a thoroughly sympathetic and appreciative sketch of one who, though no one "would think of ranking him alongside of a Colin Campbell, a Hugh Rose, or a Hope Grant," was nevertheless possessed of all the finest qualities which go to the making of a soldier and a gentleman. The outline of Major-General Wauchope's life is too fresh in the memories of all to need recapitulation here: his short service in

"The Life of Major-General Wauchope." By Sir George Douglas. (London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1904.)

the Navy, his transfer to the Army, his service in Ashanti, Cyprus, the Sudan, and South Africa, are known to all who read the many obituary notices which his lamented death at Magersfontein called forth. Sir George Douglas's work is valuable chiefly on the ground that it gives us a sketch of Wauchope's own character as exemplified in his life. Reserved and shy with strangers in his later years, he was possessed, nevertheless, of an inexhaustible fund of high spirits, which in his younger days occasionally brought him into trouble. Thus we hear that at a private school, whither the youthful "Andy" was sent, the boys, feeling the monotony of school life, "one day agreed to draw lots as to who should break it by running away from school. . . . The lot fell upon Andy, who, true to his word, shod by the terms of the agreement, and left the school, arriving in due course at Paris (where his family then was) with no luggage save a monkey, which he had bought from an Italian organ-grinder at Boulogne." But responsibility soon had a chastening effect, and though promotion came tardily, yet there are few officers who have taken their profession more seriously, or devoted more time to the study of tactics. His enthusiasm, indeed, led him to visit the chief battlefields on which the Franco-Prussian War had been fought. As the author says:—"It was as a plain regimental officer, then, not as a 'hero' or commander, that Wauchope's military reputation was made;" and as a regimental officer he was very near perfection. His consideration for his men was a striking characteristic. "During the hardships endured at the siege of Tel-el-Kebir, he would actually rise from sleep an hour and a half before his men

and go forth to collect wood to light the fires for their breakfast." This consideration, which was not confined to his military career, stood him in good stead when he came forward as a candidate for Parliament against Gladstone. Even those who were not on his side loved and admired him. "Man, we wisna vote for ye, but for a' that we'll aye cheer ye!" was a cry which frequently greeted him on his electoral campaign. Perhaps the most fitting comment which could be made on his own sad death would be an extract from one of his own letters concerning the loss of Admiral Tryon in the Victoria. "Death we all hate; but I think I'd almost face it with a cheer in my heart if I saw the old Union Jack flying over my head, whether in the day of battle or the loneliness of a sinking ship." The book contains two excellent portraits.

"A WISE AND A FOOLISH VIRGIN"

Miss Gertrude Warden tells the story (F. V. White and Co.) of a good and innocent young woman who, despite a host of heart-breaking troubles, nevertheless drifts into safety which promises to be entire happiness in due time; and, by way of contrast, of a clever coquette, with an irreducible minimum of morals, who, achieving all her aims, is left munching the apples of the Dead Sea. Which is the wise virgin and which the foolish is not a question that will give the reader much trouble to decide. The good old definition of the "best policy" is freshened up by Miss Warden with a profusion of lively incidents and strongly labelled characters, so as to render the process of learning it over again as entertaining as if there were no lesson at all.

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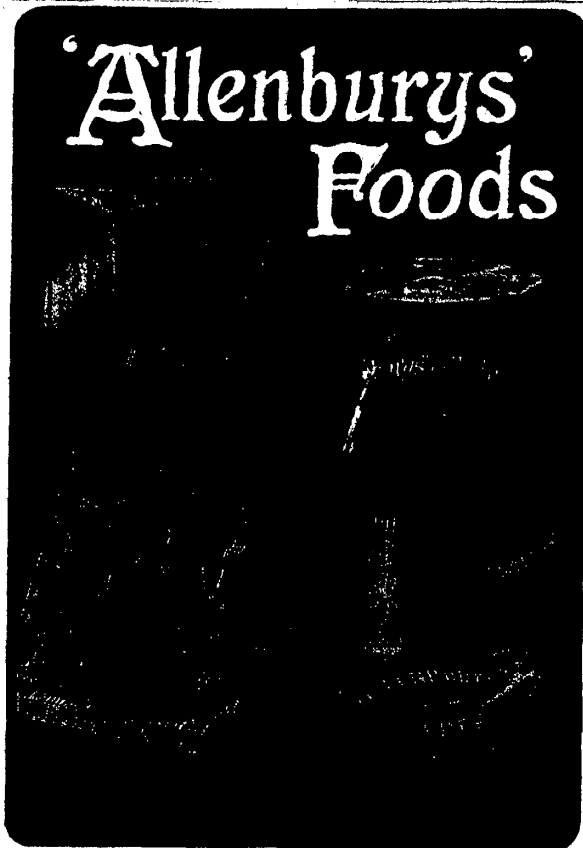
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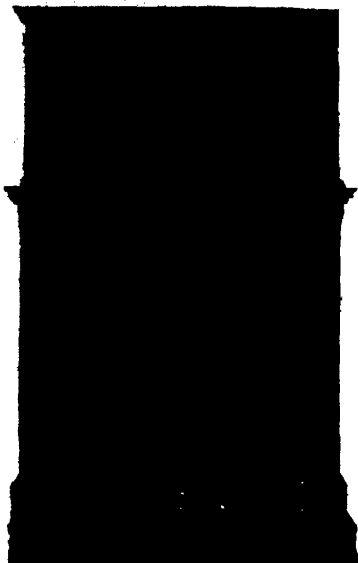
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Music

MUSICIANS' COMPANY'S TRECENTENARY

THE Musicians' Company, one of the old City Guilds, really dates back to the second half of the fifteenth century, when the "Guild of Minstrels" was granted a charter by Edward IV., authorising the Marshal and Wardens to license minstrels throughout England (the fee was 3s. 4d. for life), and ordering them to silence "Pretenders to Minstrelrie." The Guild, with its Livery of sixty-six members and its annual income of £400, now has more modest aspirations. But it is still exercised its powers, we might be spared the barrel-organs, German bands, and peripatetic minstrels generally. Moreover, if the old Guild still survived it would be an extremely popular City company, for it originally included a "Sisterhood," which nowadays would certainly admit favourite *prima donnas* and the stars of musical comedy, and might also comprise lady violinists and many of those excellent musicians whom the late Dr. von Bülow so contemptuously dubbed "petitiot pianists." The old "Guild of Minstrels" had their chapel of the Virgin at St. Paul's, and in the sixteenth century none but their members were allowed to play "under windows" or "at weddings or dances." A new and much restricted charter was, however, granted by James I. in 1604 and it is the trecentenary of that event which the Musicians' Company

celebrated by a Musical Exhibition, opened by the Prince of Wales at Fishmongers' Hall on Monday.

The company, which for a long time was almost moribund, has of late years been re-energised by a number of eminent and other musicians who are doing their best to make the present Exhibition a success. Lectures are being given day by day until the 16th inst. by various experts, and among the most interesting will probably be that announced for next Monday, by Sir Frederick Bridge, who will then revive the original music recently discovered at Oxford to Shakespeare's "O Mistress Mine," performed upon such old instruments as the lute, the cittern, the pandora, viola, and recorder. On the 11th inst., too, the Rev. F. W. Galpin will read a paper on the water organ mentioned in the Talmud, and he has constructed a small working model of the Roman hydraulis.

The Exhibition itself comprises all sorts of musical instruments, portraits, prints, music, and manuscripts, to illustrate British music during the past three centuries. The King has placed the whole of the collection at Buckingham Palace at the disposal of the committee, of which Sir Rowland Crawford is chairman. In Hanseatic relics the collection is extremely rich, while the manuscripts include the Music Book of Anne Cromwell (cousin of the Protector); the Nevill Virginal Book ("My Ladye Nevell's Booke," dated 1591, and containing forty-two works which "William Byrd, organist of Her Majesty's chapel," wrote for a predecessor of the Marquis of Abergavenny); a number of manuscripts from Lambeth Palace, including

one dated as far back as 1500, and a musical psalm by the fifteenth century contrabass, John Dunstable, a riddle which, although it is now nearly five centuries old, has never yet been solved. To organists a collection of organ pipes by the leading makers (of course, including "Father" Smith) of the past three hundred years, collected by Messrs. Hill and Sons, will be of exceptional interest, while to others a collection by Mr. A. H. Littleton, of Novello's, of three centuries of music printing will be an equal delight. The Exhibition is altogether one of the best of its sort that has ever been brought together, and it will be open for three weeks at an almost nominal charge for admission.

THE OPERA

Madame Calvé made her *résumé* on Saturday in her famous part of Carmen, and before our next issue appears she will be heard in M. Massenet's *Salomé*, which will be one of the principal novelties of the season. *Salomé* is a version made for the English stage by M. Milliet (one of the librettists of the original opera) of *Herodias*, which was produced at Brussels as far back as 1881, but which has hitherto been banished from the British stage owing to the fact that some of its characters bear biblical names. Indeed, a love duet between Salomé and St. John the Baptist would scarcely be tolerated here, although as a duet between a pair of lovers it has no religious significance. It has, in fact, been discovered that only the names are biblical, and that the story is otherwise that of an ordinary French opera.

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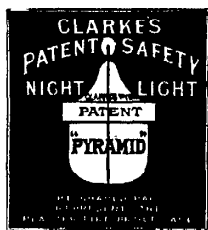
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[illegible]

THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 186 Vol. XX
Registered as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1901

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT
ON THE RUSSIAN WAR

Price 10s. 6d.



FROM A SKETCH BY STEPHEN EDWARD CARTER, R.C.A., FOR THE GRAPHIC.

One day Admiral Hasegawa sent a gunboat to examine the river, and the captain of this gunboat despatched a launch with half a dozen men to a Korean junk to get as far up the river as possible. They met another junk full of Chinese soldiers, and had an encounter of it was the most curious in the history of the river. The Japanese eventually forced the Chinese to leave the river.

THE JUNK MEETS JUNK: A CURIOUS ENGAGEMENT AT THE MOUTH OF THE YALE

Topics of the Week

WITHOUT wishing in the slightest degree to cavil at our recent agreements with France, we venture to think that the establishment of French Customs officials and a French police force at Tangier was not generally expected to be the first step in the policy of "pacific penetration" in Morocco, to which we gave our assent under those instruments.

There was a general impression that the French "penetration" would begin somewhere behind the Atlas mountains, and that it would not travel much further northward than Fez. It is true that no definite stipulations to this effect were made, but it was anticipated that this would be the result of the negotiations with Spain, and this impression was fortified by Article VII. of the first Agreement, which provided that the coast between Melilla and the right bank of the River Sebou should not be fortified. Nor was this anticipation confined to the general public, for Lord Lansdowne, in his despatch to Sir E. Monson of April 8, interpreted the article we have quoted as meaning "that no power should be allowed to establish itself upon the portion of the Moroccan littoral therein specified." This view has, however, proved illusory. France is now, or will shortly be, established at Tangier as firmly as we are established at Alexandria. The difference between a Financial Adviser and a Resident General, between Customs officials and a comprehensive Civil Service, and between a police force and an army of occupation, are not essential, and we may be certain that it will not be long before even these differences are obliterated. To grumble at France for taking this step would be ungracious, for in the first place she is acting strictly within her rights as laid down in the Anglo-French Agreement, and in the second place it is not her fault if intervention has been forced upon her at Tangier instead of in the Southern oases. The danger to foreign interests and the security of foreign subjects at Tangier revealed by the Raisuli incident left her no alternative but to assert her right of police intervention, while her control of the Customs, granted under the contract for the new loan, became imperative when it was found that the Moorish Government was unable to pay the coupon of its last loan. We can only hope that, in any further steps France may be called upon to take, she will scrupulously observe the letter and spirit of the Anglo-French Agreement in regard to the freedom of the Straits of Gibraltar. To pretend that the outlook is altogether reassuring would, however, be a very transparent affectation. The situation in Morocco at this moment is very similar to that which existed in Egypt on the eve of the bombardment of Alexandria. The Sultan at Fez is not less helpless than was the Khedive Tefik at Cairo, Raisuli bears a close resemblance to Arabi Pasha, and Tangier is certainly the Moorish Alexandria. Here are all the elements of one of those "stricken fields" which, as we know, give a very strange and sometimes sensational interpretation to international obligations.

THE Admiralty, none too soon, are devoting their attention to trying to stimulate increased zeal on the part of naval officers for the study of foreign languages. Englishmen as a race rarely distinguish themselves in speaking foreign tongues, and naval officers are not any better in this respect than the rest of their countrymen. Naval officers, however, have much greater need for a conversational knowledge of foreign languages than has the ordinary stay-at-home Englishman. It is therefore in the first degree important that there should be on every one of His Majesty's ships at least some officers who among them can speak with ease the principal foreign languages of the world. In order to secure this desirable result, naval officers are to be encouraged to go to foreign countries to study the language on the spot. While engaged in such study they will receive full pay, to be followed after examination by certain substantial gratuities. They will also be eligible for appointment as teachers of foreign languages on board ship, or as interpreters. Prizes are also to be given to midshipmen who distinguish themselves in foreign languages. It is interesting to note that special arrangements are to be made for encouraging the study of Japanese, by allowing naval officers who volunteer for this language a much longer period of foreign service than in the case of other languages. The Admiralty, in issuing these new regulations, call attention in emphatic language to the importance of the subject with which they deal. They point out that grave disadvantages have hitherto attended the want of familiarity with foreign languages shown by officers in His Majesty's Navy, and they insist upon the importance of promoting among British officers "a knowledge of the languages spoken by officers of

foreign fleets, with whom friendly intercourse is of frequent occurrence." There is good reason to believe that naval officers will readily accept the very satisfactory terms now offered, and by so doing they will certainly increase the efficiency of His Majesty's Navy in time of war, as well as the amenities of naval life in time of peace.

It certainly demonstrated considerable supineness among Naval authorities that the glorious service to which they belong was suffered to continue until quite recently without any auxiliary force drawn from the civilian population as a supplement. Happily, that is no longer the case, and it may be reckoned on as a certainty that the newly constituted Naval Volunteers will, before long, equal the Army Volunteers in efficiency. Those who have already joined the London division— they number about 1,000 — are said to display remarkable aptitude in acquiring the elements of naval education on board the *Buzzard*, the c-wardship now moored off the Victoria Embankment near Blackfriars Bridge. Their training is most properly restricted to drills with great guns, rifles, cutlasses, boats, and manoeuvring of a simple kind, together with some tuition in seamanship. It is neither desired nor is it sought to make them as professionally accomplished as the "handy man" becomes after completing his training. All that the promoters of the thoroughly patriotic movement aim at is to provide our first Line of Defence with a reserve of strength only to be turned to account in some grave national emergency. That was the original scheme of organisation for the Army Volunteers, and some old members of the force deeply regret that the programme of work and duty ever received ambitious enlargements, apparently conceived on the supposition that men who can only devote a little of their time to soldiering may be made to equal the Regulars in proficiency.

THE British taxpayer will have found little to rejoice in the news that the Mullah, at the head of a considerable force, has re-appeared in Somaliland. Happily, even if the report be corroborated, it does not in the least follow that this country will have to organise another costly hunt for a Prophet who proves his prophethood by quickly placing his sacred person beyond rifle range. So long as he remains in the interior, beyond British territory, and is content with the very limited loot to be obtained from that inhospitable region, there will be no occasion to try to bring him to book. Twice we have fruitlessly essayed that endeavour, on the pretext that the Mullah's depredations ruined our commerce with the hinterland. But the late prolonged campaign effected one valuable object at all events; it afforded convincing proof that, until sand, stones and fierce fanatics become valuable commercial assets, any trade with the Somaliland interior may be ungrudgingly left to the Italians and the Abyssinians. Should the Mullah be so impolitic as to raid across the British frontier in search of finer plunder than is obtainable in the South, he will, of course, have to be dealt with. After his recent experience, however, this is hardly likely. The burnt child dreads the fire.

IT has long been a reproach to the population of these teeming isles that, despite the opportunities for learning swimming presented by the encircling sea, only a comparatively few ever acquire the easy art. That it is easily learned was proved the other day when a one-legged swimmer won the King's Cup at Highgate Ponds, under "rescue" conditions of a fairly stringent kind. Yet there are still large numbers of British A.B.'s who, if they fall overboard at sea, are almost certain to drown by reason of their inability to keep their bodies afloat until help arrives. With the improved apparatus for lowering boats from the davits help is now provided much more quickly and easily than when more cumbersome tackle was employed, while in most steamers of any pretensions, the crews are regularly practised in the work; but all this expertness and zeal count for very little towards rescue when the "man overboard" cannot keep his head above water for more than half a dozen strokes or so. He is equally unable to reach the lifebuoys that are hurled into the sea as soon as that mournful cry makes itself heard. It is greatly to be hoped, therefore, that the encouragement given by King Edward to swimming as a life-saving accomplishment will have the desired effect. Yacht-owners could afford valuable help by refusing to engage any sailor not capable of keeping himself afloat in the sea, either by swimming or by floating, for a reasonable time, and the Royal Lifeboat Society should certainly enact a similar rule for its fleet.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS.

COOK'S EXCURSIONS FROM ST. PANCRAS (With bookings from City, Greenwich, and Woolwich Stations).

Destination.	Date.	1 s. 6d.
Dublin and South of Ireland	Fortnightly, from Tuesday, July 14	16 days.
Belfast, London, and the North of Ireland	Fortnightly, from Friday, July 16	16 days.
Belfast only, all Routes	Fortnightly from Thursday, July 14	16 days.
Dublin only, via Liverpool	Tuesday, August 16	16 days.
Londonderry, via Liverpool	Tuesday, August 16	16 days.
Londonderry, via Morecambe	Thursday, July 14, Aug. 11 and 25	16 days.
North of England, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other parts of Scotland	Saturdays, July 9 and 30, August 13 and 27	16 days.
Leicester, Loughborough, Nottingham, Manchester, Ipswich, Warrington, Chester, Bury, Sheffield, Leeds, and Bradford	Fortnightly, from Friday, July 15, to Sept. 23 inclusive	7 or 16 days.
All parts of the Midlands, Lancashire, Yorkshire, &c.	Friday nights, July 9 and 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and 31	1, 2, 3, or 8 days.
	Saturdays, July 9 and 23	8, 8, or 8 days.
	Saturdays, July 16, Aug. 13 and 27, Sept. 10 and 24 (For particulars of Excursions on July 30, see Bank Holiday Pamphlet)	3, 6 or 8 days.

WEEKLY EXCURSIONS.

Destination.	Date.	Period.
Isle of Man	Every Friday Midnight and Every Saturday Morning until Sept. 31	3, 8, 10, 15 or 17 days.
Lancashire and Yorkshire Coast, Liverpool, Southport, Morecambe, Lancaster, Lake Urry, and Peak of Derbyshire	Every Saturday until Sept. 24 inclusive	3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days.
Blackpool, Lytham, St. Annes, and Fleetwood	Every Wednesday until Sept. 23 inclusive	6, 8, 15, or 17 days.

For Season Excursions to AMPHILL, TURVEY, REDFORD, OLNEY, WELLINGBORO, and KETTERING on Saturdays; and to ST. ALBANS, HARPENDEN, REDBOURN, and HEMEL HEMPSTEAD on Thursdays and Saturdays, see programmes.

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Monthly Programme of Excursions from ST. PANCRAS gratis. July Pamphlet now ready.

Derby, July, 1904. JOHN MATHIESON General Manager.

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ADDITIONAL AND ACCELERATED TRAINS JULY, AUGUST, AND SEPTEMBER, 1904.

London (Euston)	8 a.m.	9 a.m.	10 a.m.	11 a.m.	12 noon	1 p.m.	2 p.m.	3 p.m.	4 p.m.	5 p.m.	6 p.m.	7 p.m.	8 p.m.	9 p.m.	10 p.m.	11 p.m.	12 midnight
Edinburgh	8.15	12.10	0.10	5.11	9.0	2.0	7.45	8.0	8.50	9.0	11.50						
Glasgow (Cent.)	8.15	12.10	0.10	5.11	9.0	2.0	7.45	8.0	8.50	9.0	11.50						
Greenock	8.22	12.17	0.17	5.18	9.07	2.07	7.52	8.07	8.57	9.07	11.57						
Glasgow	8.22	12.17	0.17	5.18	9.07	2.07	7.52	8.07	8.57	9.07	11.57						
Oban	8.30	12.25	0.25	5.26	9.15	2.15	8.00	8.15	9.05	9.15	12.05						
Inverness	8.30	12.25	0.25	5.26	9.15	2.15	8.00	8.15	9.05	9.15	12.05						
Dundee	8.30	12.25	0.25	5.26	9.15	2.15	8.00	8.15	9.05	9.15	12.05						
Aberdeen	8.30	12.25	0.25	5.26	9.15	2.15	8.00	8.15	9.05	9.15	12.05						
Belfast	8.30	12.25	0.25	5.26	9.15	2.15	8.00	8.15	9.05	9.15	12.05						
Inverness	8.30	12.25	0.25	5.26	9.15	2.15	8.00	8.15	9.05	9.15	12.05						
via Aberdeen	8.30	12.25	0.25	5.26	9.15	2.15	8.00	8.15	9.05	9.15	12.05						

* On Saturday nights the 8.30 and 11.00 p.m. trains from Euston do not convey passengers to stations marked * (Sunday mornings in Scotland).
B-Cm Saturdays passengers by the 4.0 p.m. train from London are not conveyed beyond Perth by the Highland Railway, and only as far as Aberdeen by the Caledonian Railway.

C—Passengers by the 7.45 p.m. from Euston will arrive at Inverness at 8.55 a.m. from July 18th to August 18th. This train does not run on Saturday nights. It will run specially on Sunday, August 7th.

D—Arrives Perth at 8.40 a.m., Dundee 8.15 a.m., and Aberdeen at 11.00 a.m. on Sundays.

E—The Night Express leaving Euston at 8.0 p.m. will run every night (except Saturdays).

F—From the 1st to the 15th July (Saturdays excepted).

G—Arrives Perth at 8.15 a.m. on Sundays, i.e., Saturday night from London (Euston).

H—Arrives Dundee (West) at 8.50 p.m. on Wednesdays and Fridays.

A Special Train will leave Euston at 8.30 p.m. from July 11th to August 8th, Saturday and Sunday nights excepted, for the conveyance of horses and private carriages to all parts of Scotland. A special carriage for the conveyance of dogs will be attached to this train.

For further particulars see the Companies' Time Tables, Guides, and Notices.

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R. MILLAR, General Manager Caledonian Railway.

July, 1904.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "GRAPHIC"
are as follows:—To any part of the United Kingdom 4d. per copy
irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be
6d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Car charges, therefore, be taken to
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The casket containing the remains of the late King Humbert of Italy, which was first deposited in a temporary resting-place in the crypt of the Pantheon at Rome, has now been removed to the new tomb. The ceremony was attended by King Victor Emmanuel, the Ministers, the Knights of the Order of the Annunziata, the Presidents of the Senate and Chamber and the high dignitaries of the Court and Church. King Victor Emmanuel remained until the end of the ceremony, which was very impressive.

REMOVING THE COFFIN OF KING HUMBERT OF ITALY FROM THE CRYPT TO THE NEW TOMB IN THE PANTHEON, ROME
DRAWN BY A. BIANCHINI



The portrait of the Dowager Empress of China, painted by the American artist, Miss Carl, is now on its way to St. Louis, and it is here shown packed and in transit from Peking to Tientsin. It was covered by coolies, as the empress would not allow it to be carried by coolies. The soldiers on guard at the various stations through which the train passed went on their knees and wrapped in a yellow satin covering bearing strange devices. A special line was constructed to carry it covered their heads. From a photograph by Lieutenant E. F. Hopkinson, U.S. Army.

THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF CHINA'S PORTRAIT ON ITS WAY TO THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION



Japanese Advancing

Japanese Retreating

Japanese Advancing

Japanese Retreating

FROM A REPORT BY A CORRESPONDENT

It was also the scene of an engagement on May 30. The Japanese had three battalions of infantry, with four machine guns, and were opposed to three battalions of Russian infantry, with four machine guns. The Japanese were defeated, and retreated about two miles, and ended by the Russians retreating to the north. The group in the foreground are Japanese soldiers, and the group in the background are Russian soldiers.

THE ACTION AT WA-FANG-KAU: THE RETREAT OF THE RUSSIANS BEFORE THE JAPANESE.

MADE BY T. DE BUREAU

WANG-KAU, Tientsin

George F. Watts, R.A.

THE art of the world is in mourning to-day, for one of the greatest figures in our country has gone to his rest—a man great as a painter, greater as a sculptor, a true patriot and philanthropist, noble in his nature, munificent in his generosity, as simple in his modesty, as venerable in his dignity. He had risen to the highest place from the lowly, in the face of every disadvantage; at birth he was uncrowned with anything but his splendid gifts, lacking influence, money, or health; and yet without any apparent effort, without elbowing his way, he found himself raised year by year on the merit of his achievement and nothing else, to the moral leadership of British art, the friend of princes and of the great ones of the earth, revered in every company, and beloved by the people, to whom, by his art, he had brought consolation and delight.

The story of his life is so well known that the merest sketch is wanted to remind the reader of the main facts of this glorious career. Watts was born on February 23, 1817. He was so afflicted with headache that he was unable to read for any but the shortest time, and as he grew found himself, relatively speaking, uneducated. But not for long; for his mental powers made the most of small opportunities, and if he could not read, he could think, and his ponderings laid the groundwork of his simple, yet profound, philosophy, and enabled him to come to so firm a



THE LATE G. F. WATTS, R.A.

REPRODUCED, BY PERMISSION, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. NOLLYER, PEMBROKE SQUARE

decision as to the shaping of his artistic life, that when he once determined upon it, he never deviated from its main line, either to the right or to the left. He was yet an infant when it was discovered that he was an artist—his knowledge of anatomy, which he never studied, came by instinct; his child paintings are extraordinary instances, not in any way precocious in its offensive sense, of early power and knowledge; and his composition was born with him. The very first time he took a paint-brush into his hands and sought to paint in oil—for that purpose copying a head of a lady by Sir Peter Lely—it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the copy is as good as the original. As Mr. Watts remarked, quite simply, as we were looking at and criticising some of his earliest work, "I don't see how it could be better." Some little portraits he painted a short while after are of extraordinary technical excellence in colour, drawing, and handling—pure, transparent, and direct. He attended the Royal Academy Schools, but in those days there was practically no teaching there, and he learnt nothing; yet he was only just beaten for the prize in painting, and Hilton, the sour-tempered Keeper, told him not to mind, as he had deserved to win it. Thence he went to Behnes, the sculptor, and received permission to haunt the studio and talk with the brother, a serious, philosophically minded man, who did young Watts one great and lasting service: he taught him to study and understand the Elgin Marbles, of which plaster-models were in the studio. This adoration of the Phidian school remained with Watts to the end, who every day would quietly



On Sunday, June 20, the King and the Empress sailed out of Kiel Harbour on the German Empress's yacht "Iduna," formerly called "Meteor III." Returning to the Markwer, the King stayed on board and lunched with the Empress and Empress.

THE GERMAN EMPRESS'S YACHT "IDUNA" GOING OUT OF KIEL HARBOUR

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH BY THE CHEVALIER E. DE MARTINO, O.V.O., MARINE PAINTER IN ORDINARY TO THE KING

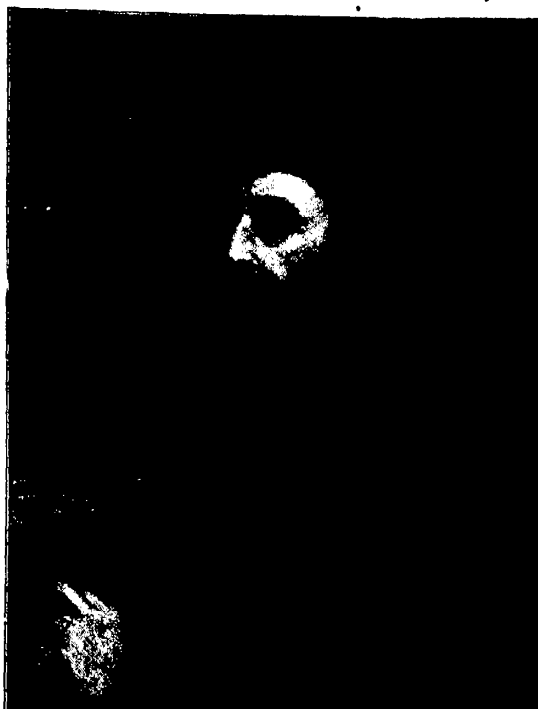
gaze at his own reduced costs of the masterpieces, in order that he might maintain his sense of dignity of art and of the human form.

In 1837, when he was twenty years of age, he sent his first picture to the Royal Academy. It was "The Wounded Heron" which, now familiar to every student of Watts's work, brought him notice and friends. In 1843 he won with "Caractacus" one of the first prizes for cartoons in the competition for the Westminster Palace decoration, and with the money so obtained he went to Italy to pass some time on the classic soil, not to copy the Old Masters, but to look at them. He had secured a letter of introduction to Lord Holland, the British Minister there; but he was too shy to present it—until Lord Holland sent for him through a common friend. And then began a life-long friendship which ceased only with the Minister's death—for he took Watts into his household; had him paint all the great men and women who visited at the Embassy; and as Mr. Watts himself told me, "insisted on being his banker whenever and however he chose;" and in all respects was the kind and generous Mæcenas to whom the artist, and through him England and the world, owes so much. There was begun the great series of portraits, of which so many are now in the National Portrait Gallery.

He was now working out romantic subjects, and perfecting a technique already masterly; and in 1847 he again won a first prize in the new Westminster Cartoon Competition. He was now addicted to subjects such as would be naturally suggested by Italian surroundings—drawn from Boccaccio and the like—including "Fata Morgana," one of the four actual illustrations of poets' work he ever painted; and several were painted on fresco plan.

But in 1853, by favour of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, he joined the celebrated expedition in search of the site of Halicarnassus, along with Mr. Val Prinsep and one or two more; and that visit, like his subsequent trip to Egypt, enlarged the horizon of Watts's outlook in a wonderful degree. His thought now took a wider range; he looked farther back into antiquity, and he began to develop a contempt for mere technical accomplishment, and a greater love, even more and more pronounced, for Humanity, its pathos, its passion, its duty, its destiny.

His effort throughout life, so far as lay in his own power, was to make English Art worthy of English Literature—not that he believed his work important enough to achieve that end—



THE LATE G. F. WATTS, R.A., PAINTED BY HIMSELF
REPRODUCED, BY PERMISSION, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. HOLLTER, PEMBROKE SQUARE

but, as he told me, "I should like to be a standard-bearer." He believed—a conviction much out of fashion now—that art was but a means to an end, and that end the ennobling of mankind, not alone by touching the beholder by æsthetic beauty, but by pointing a moral: in short by being frankly didactic. He agreed that painting should be in colour, composition, expression, individuality, sentiment, all that the most advanced art-thinkers of to-day demand for it; but that, he declared, was only the beginning, the means. It should then be applied to a purpose, and that purpose, an appeal to the inner, the better man within us, if painting is to carry forth its highest potential message. "I have always endeavoured to oppose the idea that 'art for art' is the only principle or even the best. Art practising for art alone may produce excellent results, but certainly not the greatest nor the most valuable." This view of his, as he pointed out to me one day, was admirably translated by Tennyson, after the two men had discussed it, in the following lines, which the poet entitled, "Art for Art's Sake (Instead of Art for Art-and-Man's Sake)."

Art for Art's sake!—Hail, truest Lord of Hell!
Hail, Genius, Master of the Moral Will!
"The fibres of all paintings painted well
Is finer than the purest painted ill."
Yes, mightier than the poorest painted well,
So prone are we toward the broad way to Hell."

"Art for art," insisted Watts, "is a false cry. I have always felt that the art of England is not worthy of her literature, for while our artists have been busying themselves with acquiring the command of their language, and in many cases, too, only with the juggling of words, they have not aimed at cultivating great ideas and intellectual qualities which alone can make art truly great." Not that Watts claimed these qualities for his own work; "I only claim to point the direction," he said, "so that a vein of practical and intellectual suggestion may be struck that may be worked with more effect by those who will come after."

With this elevated view he pushed his ideas home. In his pictures, "The Messenger of Death," "Death Crowning Innocence," "Time, Death, and Judgment," he aimed at substituting for "the horrible skull-and-cross-bones medieval idea of death," as he called it, an angel, a messenger, irresistible, but not unkind; and so, he said, if he could but allay the terror of death which racks the minds of most with premonitory anguish, he would have done a service well worthy of the dignity of art.

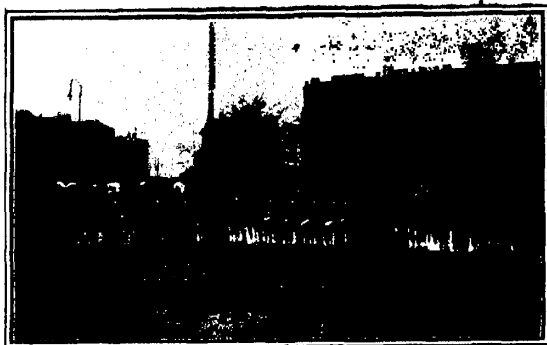
M. H. SPIELMANN.



The "Hohenzollern" was beautifully fitted out for the festivities at Kiel. The entire deck was transformed into a garden, with choice flowers, rare plants, and fountains, which were further set off with an imitation of the Capri grates. These decorations were carried out at a cost of £1,300.

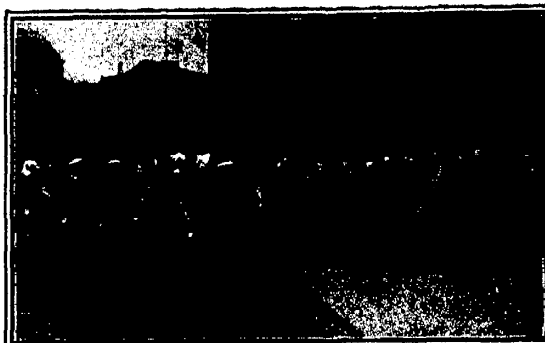
REMOVING THE DECORATIONS ON THE "HOHENZOLLERN" AFTER THE KING'S VISIT TO KIEL

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH BY THE CHEVALIER E. DE MARTINO, C.V.O., MARINE PAINTER IN ORDINARY TO THE KING



HIS MAJESTY INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR IN FRONT OF THE RATHHAUS

Before leaving Kiel the King, accompanied by Prince Louis of Battenberg, visited the City of Hamburg. His Majesty, who was received at the Railway station by Their Magnificences the Burgomasters and the High Senate of Hamburg, inspected the Harbour and visited the Exchange, and was afterwards entertained to



HIS MAJESTY AND HIS SUITE ARRIVING AT THE RATHHAUS

luncheon in the Rathaus, where the Burgomaster read an address on behalf of the Senate and City of Hamburg, thanking the King for his visit. In the afternoon His Majesty drove round the Alster, and subsequently returned on board the Royal yacht. From photographs by Otto Reisch, Hamburg.

KING EDWARD VISITING THE HANSEATIC FREE CITY OF HAMBURG



On the evening of June 27 a banquet was given in the Imperial Yacht Club. The gold cup presented to the club by King Edward was prominent among the table decorations. King Edward was at the chief table, seated between the Emperor and the Crown Prince. After dinner the Sovereigns held a reception in the club grounds.

KING EDWARD GOING TO DINE AT THE IMPERIAL YACHT CLUB, KIEL

DRAWN BY THE CHEVALIER E. DE MARTINO, C.V.O.



THE KING'S RETURN FROM KIEL: THE CRUISER ESCORT SALUTING HIS MAJESTY BEFORE DISSEMBLING OFF THE PIER

DRAWN BY THE CHEVALIER E. DE MARTINO, C.V.O.

Club Comments

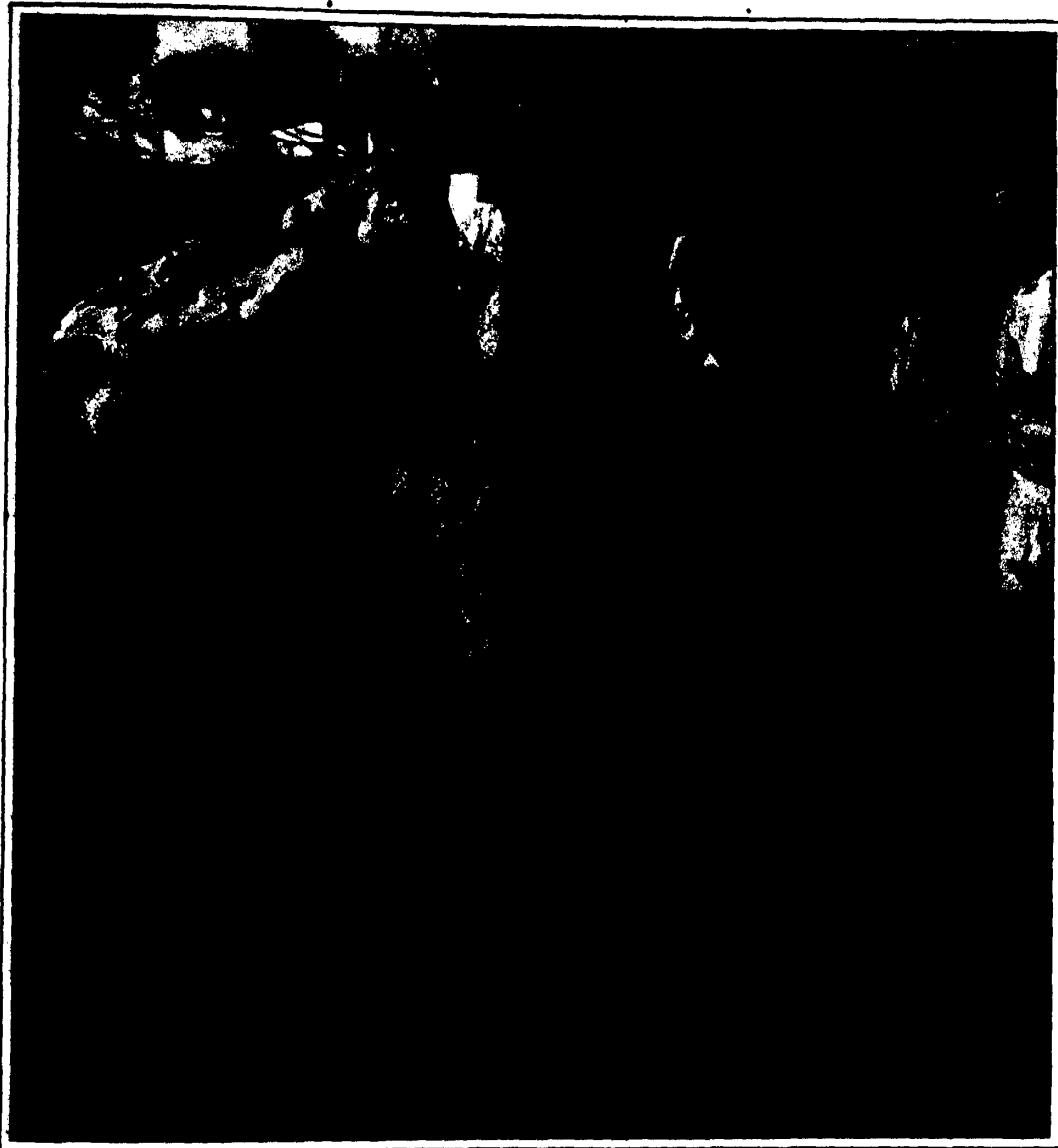
BY "MARMADUKE"

THE Russian Republic! The two last words of that sentence have probably never before been printed in this combination, and the idea they convey thus is almost scandalising. If this combination of the two words causes a shock, how much more painful to the statesmen of Europe must be the possibility of such a transformation occurring in Russia! It is a possibility, though scarcely a probability; but, nevertheless, most of the prominent politicians and diplomats are now discussing the situation with that possibility in their mind. A private letter, written by an Englishman in Russia to a friend in London, contains this passage:—"The Russians know that the officials are corrupt, but it appears to them now that they are also traitors. When the governed and the Army continually mutter the word 'traitors' in connection with their chiefs, history has shown, time after time, that there is danger at hand. Peace now should bring reform; a long-continued, and continually unsuccessful struggle, may bring revolution."

It is generally said by those who are in more or less close touch with the Government, that Lord Kitchener will soon be transferred from India to England to deal with the scheme for Army reform. The troubles of Russia have greatly eased the situation in India, and Lord Kitchener has done the work which it is necessary for him to do in the latter country. Others can complete that which he may leave unfinished. His co-operation with the authorities at home in the work of re-organising the War Office and the Army would give confidence to the nation, and, if only to obtain that object, it is probable that Lord Kitchener will be recalled. The most serious difficulties of his life will then occur, for how is the British Army to be reformed without affecting the convenience of the officer who virtually says: "I am prepared to die for my country, but I cannot live for her."

"I could not afford to bring my family to town for the season this year," "We are too poor to entertain," "I had to let my London house for the summer," are sentences which have been uttered a hundred times a day during the last three months. Money has never been so scarce in the West End, but, nevertheless, money is comparatively plentiful in other directions. The favourite suburbs are alive with gaiety; motor-cars rush past in surprising numbers; there are hundreds of pony-carts with yellow or red wheels; there are new carriages filled with women in new dresses; in this field they are playing croquet or tennis, in the next cricket; further they are playing golf; there are hundreds of launches on the river; the most expensive restaurants have not a table vacant! The money is in the suburbs; it has not left the country, but it has changed hands. The imposing mansions in the West-End are deserted, but the picturesque villas in the suburbs are flourishing.

The West End tradesman says:—"That may be, but those men and women are not my customers. They do not buy in so expensive a market; for them are not the extravagant costumes, the choicest wines and cigars, and the boxes at the opera." Wait a while; many of them are coming your way. These suburban rich men and women are timid, and often think they would be out of place in West End life, notwithstanding that those who have been less nervous have soon settled there comfortably. There will be ten applicants for a box at the opera ten years hence to every one there is now; there will be fifty purchasers of expensive costumes, of rare wines, and of choice cigars then to every one there is to-day—unless the flow of money into the country is seriously and unexpectedly checked. Every week we read in the newspapers the wills of men and women who, having lived their lives in obscurity, have left hundreds of thousands of pounds. They could have come into the West End market and made as much of their money as nine-tenths of those who are established in the district: for one reason or another they did otherwise, but all their successors will not follow in their footsteps. This is the period of transition, and it is trying undoubtedly, but the money is in the country, and eventually it will find its way to the district in which it is spent with the most display. How many will live to regret their happy suburban days!



"Well, sirrah, back you go to this unnamed barbarous squire, and say that Sir Piers Blakiston of Bone presents his compliments to him, and would beg for the loan of a chaise for two hours at sunset, to carry him and a wounded friend to Brockenhurst."



CHAPTER II.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

IN his own circle in town Sir Piers Blakiston had the reputation of a wit, generally pleasant and not infrequently caustic. It was said of him by those of his own kind, who were jealous of his progress in the Royal favour, that he had too wide a world, and knew

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too many people. Certainly he was less austere in his social attitude than most of his contemporaries, but he was none the less barbed. His effrontery was vast, as in the celebrated story of the Earl of Fleetwood, but at the same time he was at once (so declared his enemies) too easy and too accessible. Sir John McMahon said of him that he would be familiar with his butler, which not only was ridiculous, but also, when it came to the ears of Sir Piers, called forth the smiling reply, "I'm afraid we have all of us been forced to be that," which, uttered with a tiny sigh, was at once

appreciated by those who heard it and knew McMahon's history and origin. Yet affability, undoubtedly, was a feature of Sir Piers's character, affability no less than the most good and barren selfishness. It is to be doubted if he cared one pin for the feelings of any other than himself, so that his friendliness, or even his familiarity, when he chose to indulge it, passed for very little in reality. Mr. Sheridan, who was a man of heart and amiability, was an admirer of this man of amiability and no heart, but was accustomed to criticize him frankly.

"Blackston," said he, "neither games nor drinks for me is always a point or two the right side of me," which, after all, was not saying very much.

But the affair of Lord Fleetwood, to which reference has been made, sheds perhaps the best light upon the man and his inoffensive to scruples, provided his "form" was correct. For, being, in flagrant offence with respect of the Countess, he was challenged by Fleetwood whom he did not know and the two met in the usual way at Chalk Farm. Blackston, having himself received a fall in his shoulder, walked up to where his adversary was, and with his teeth over a broken wine

"I regret you are hurt, my lord," said he, amiably, "and I shall always be greatly indebted to this little incident for my acquaintance," which came very near to causing a serious quarrel. "You were the first," yet it must be admitted by the impartial historian that he was a person of better quality than many others of the rank that surrounded his Royal Highness. Here were wit and a sense of duty, and a nobility in manner, if of no particular degree of morals, whereas the M. Mahons and George Hangers and others of that kind had nothing in the world to commend them save an extraordinary illness or a mercenary facility. That the Prince had exchanged George Hanger for Beau Blackston, having himself his improvement with the advance of years. Thus at eight and thirty Sir Piers found himself a well-known lack of town a handsomely fellow with a pretty face and in the society of the aristocracy. He came of an important family but had managed to carry his fortune through successfully by various expedients. The disposal of a maternal uncle had recently improved there, and it was from a necessary visit to the property he had inherited in the Isle of Wight that he was returning when the packet was obliged to seek the shelter of Lynton Harbour.

Sir Piers boasted that he had never been out of London or Brighton, which, of course, was not strictly true, but served nicely to emphasize the point that no one save a Londoner was worth consideration. You may be sure that the annoyance with which he learned that he must put up in a paltry place like Lynton added to this that he was indeed not a little queasy in his stomach, and you might find some excuses for a man of his position and temper, if he showed kindly in the circumstances. Sir Piers's moods, in fact, indeed, surprised his faithful but unworldly friend, Miles, whose devotion was in part admiration for a superior mind and in part the habit of long acquaintance. Sir Piers seemed in quite a good humour and was still complacent on the morrow when he decided, very late and very faintly attired, to a breakfast. The prospect of seeing townsfolk after his dismal experiences at sea, was stimulating him, so he smiled in his nostrils the fragrance of London streets, already he mused the steps of Carlton House in imagination, and he saw himself in his special chair even now at Brooks's. In the country the green fields were preparing to break into the gold of daffodillies, and the trees were budding in silence, the cherry and the shrub were preparing in the late equinox. But Sir Piers had no eyes or ears for them, he was only, for any other country would or might as he took him out of Lynton in the evening on his way to Winchester.

He was by now in a bad temper, for which there were some excuses. For the innkeeper had met the Captain's request for a dinner and breakfast with apologies and regrets and a statement that he had no horses fit to carry a party. It was market day, and every animal in the neighbourhood was in use. If the gentleman would wait until later in the day he would see what he could arrange. Attempts to find the animals elsewhere proving of no avail, the two were obliged to fall back on the landlady's offer. Consequently it was late in the afternoon they were dining in fact, when they started, and they were forced to make Winchester their object, instead of travelling, as they had intended, to Basingstoke. Sir Piers's anger displayed itself not so much in an open fit of temper as in silence and sarcasm, directed chiefly at the head of his companion, never pierced that pallid oval's skin.

"It is a bad bed but go to sleep," Blackston, said he bluntly, "you would not find the way so long."

"My dear Miles," said Sir Piers sharply, "we are not all bugs, or—well, but you will oblige me by closing that window tight, as the wind is ruffling my cravat."

Miles laughed good humouredly and turned to obey. The chaise lurched over the uneven road, and began to go down hill, they had been slowly mounting, and on their left lay the broad expanse of Setty Heath lying heavily into the night. The carriage rocked worst than ever in the wind, which had got up towards dark, a wild March wind, the fellow of that which had beaten them off from Southampton, whilst it and groaned about the windows. Sir Piers shivered and cursed softly.

"If I get to town, Harry," he said plaintively, "I vow never to lodge beyond Windsor. But I don't suppose I shall get there," he added in a melancholy voice.

His friend went to a jest, but was conscious as he did so that Sir Piers had grasped his arm. He stared. "What is it?"

"We're hanging over," said Blackston. "The chaise goes over." Miles thrust his head out swiftly. "Our axle's broken," he cried loudly, and straight at the handle of the door, shouting to the postilion. "Sir Piers lay back against the cushion."

"It is tilting your way, Harry," he murmured. "Thank Heaven I shall tell you—"

and at that they fell. The chaise tipped over and went with a crash. Sir Piers was flung, as he had anticipated upon his companion, whose arm went through the window in the time of tilting glass, yet the shock seemed less than they had looked for, and the reason was clear, so soon as the baronet had withdrawn himself from the entanglement of the wreck and surveyed the scene. The chaise had fallen upwards against a rising bank and had by this fortunate accident saved them broken limbs. As it was, Captain Miles did not stir. But lay where he had fallen half in and half out of the window. Sir Piers, who had put no heed to him until after his unexpected fall, now directed the postilion and his valet to exit, and the injured man. This they at last succeeded in doing without any assistance from Blackston, who, meanwhile, had made a search among his effects and brought forth a small flask of cognac. He

put a hand on the unconscious man, and turned up his head to the fading light bravely.

"A blow on the head," he said dispassionately, "and may be an artery opened in the wrist. He bleeds abominably. Pour a little of this down his throat," and he put the flask in his valet's hands. The strong liquor revived the Captain, who opened his eyes, and damned very curtly and very faintly.

"Better, Harry?" asked Blackston critically, and indicated his arm. "Band that up," he said, "or he'll go off again in a swoon. Dimme, Captain Harry Miles, you are likely to lose more blood here on this mucky accident than in all the French wars."

Miles grinned feebly, and drank from the flask again. The valet, Horner, had bound up the wrist. The Captain rose unsteadily to his feet.

"Where are we?" he asked. "This is not Winchester."

Sir Piers regarded the remains of the chaise with a face of impenetrable disgust. "No," says he, "I said, sir, it looks like Lynton again," and then with an outbreak of petulance, "I will be jinked if I go back to that hole," and he demanded of the postilion where they were. The man explained. They were hard by Boldre, it seemed, and not more than a few miles from Brockenhurst. Here, they claimed from the fellow, was a decent inn, and thither Sir Piers resolved to proceed, having taken a bit of dislike for Lynton, which was in keeping with his avowed character. Yet the problem confronted them how they were to reach Brockenhurst on foot and with an injured man. Sir Piers settled the question in his peremptory way.

"What light's that?" he asked. "There is some house there. They must find us a carriage and horses too if it need be. Go at once," he commanded the postilion, "and see that you are quick about it. We can afford no waste of time."

The man looked as if he would demur at first or, at least, make some remonstrance, but Sir Piers's imperious gesture waved him away. He disappeared into the darkness and the valet conducted Captain Miles to the shelter of a hedge, upon the lee of the harsh wind. The horses which had been let loose had apparently come off lightly, and stood smoking by the roadside. Sir Piers walked up and down changing and fuming inwardly, but saying no word. At length steps were heard upon the road and the postilion approached.

"Well," says Sir Piers sharply, "where's your carriage?"

"They will give none, sir," said he. "The Squire, he will lend nothing to nobility, says he. He says he will be hanged if he will trust his coach and horses to any fly by night, he says."

"But you fool," broke out Sir Piers impatiently, "you told him who I was."

"Not knowing, your honour, I couldn't say," responded the postilion civilly.

"That's true," observed Sir Piers and cackled faintly. "Well, did you not tell him of the injured gentleman?"

"Aye, for sure," said the postilion, "and he said, says he, he might as break his neck for all he cared."

"Damn, but a savage," said Sir Piers frowning. "Well, sirrah, but you go to this unnamed barbarous squire, and say that Sir Piers Blackston of Hone presents his compliments to him, and I would beg for the loan of a chaise for two hours at most, to carry him and a wounded friend to Brockenhurst."

He watched the postilion go and then resumed his pacing of the turf, now and then throwing a word to poor Captain Miles, who was lying with his back against the thorny hedge, a frown on his face which witnessed to pain. Sir Piers spoke equally enough, even with a deliberate assumption of philosophy, and now found time and wit to put a hand on his friend's arm and say pleasantly, "How now, Harry? Cheer up, my friend. If we must die at least we shall die as Englishmen and I thoughtfully, as he snatched his cravat, "Deuce take me, if I would not sooner be storming trenches under Sir Arthur Wellesley than be at the mercy of this inclement night and boor."

At this juncture the postilion returned, looking lumpy, but with difficulty veiling a grin.

"The Squire says," said he, in answer to Sir Piers's interrogation, "that Sir Piers Blackston of Hone may go to anywhither else he can think of, for his shay and osses."

Sir Piers rapped out an oath, and then stopped very short. His manner stiffened, as it were, and grew sterner at the same time, a light flashed in his cold eye. He bowed instinctively towards the insult and rearranged his ruffles.

"Horner," says he, coolly, "you will go to this person who lives with the light yonder, and pay him five guineas for the hire of his chaise. James will guide you."

The Captain ventured on a faint guffaw. "This is not London, Blackston," he said. "You're not known here."

"Known!" answered Sir Piers with metallic clearness. "I will wager you fifty, Harry, that this lot but to in a row shall know me and know no more. To employ a figure from Kitty's profession—the curian has lived for the last time. I am paying five guineas for the privilege. Only if James be right in describing him as a gentleman, of course."

"Who's James?" demanded Miles wearily.

"Why, the postilion," said Blackston, in a tone of gentle reproach. "Surely, you knew that. Miles. All postilions are James. In my twentieth year I had a coachman called James; since which all postilions are James. And here comes James with Horner," he ended.

Horner saluted his master, while James, as he was thus christened, stood by with a broad smile in the dark, as of one aloof from this amusing affair.

"The gentleman, sir," said Horner, mechanical in voice and gesture, "regrets that he cannot entertain your proposal."

"Ah, he regrets he must decline it, eh?" said Sir Piers nodding. While the postilion, "James," looked with astonishment on Horner.

"I must regret to have to trouble the gentleman once more," said Sir Piers politely. "And you will go back, Horner, and express as much on my behalf. But also say that Sir Piers Blackston of Hone, having heard of his admirable and world-wide hospitality, being by accident in these parts, determines to give himself the

privilege of waiting on the—Squire, in the full hope and confidence of carrying back to town a pleasing memento of his visit."

Horner turned without comment, and on his "Yes, sir" had vanished; the postilion appeared to be bewildered by this scene, and had lost his grin and grown uncomfortable. But at a word from the baronet he assisted Miles to his feet.

"If you can walk so far, Harry, I will promise you shelter," said the Beau easily. "The rain is driving up, and this is no place for a wounded hero."

He himself stalked on in front, leaving the Captain to limp on the man's arm, and near to the house, which showed now in an opening in the wood, he met Horner returning.

"You gave my message?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said the placid Horner.

"What did the gentleman say?" asked Sir Piers.

"I did not wait, sir. I thought you must not want me to wait, sir."

"You should always wait for an answer, sirrah," said Sir Piers in rebuke. "But as I am here, maybe there is no harm done," and with his cane in his hand, he went forward without haste or excitement visible in his gait.

Arrived before the house, which was of no great size but clearly of ancient design, Sir Piers rapped gently with his stick and waited. Within there rose the baying of a bound, and from somewhere in the rear other sounds of other dogs joined in a chorus of menace. A low light streamed from the small front windows to one side, but there was no other sign of life. Once more he rapped his stick and knocked, this time louder. The baying broke out again, but was immediately stopped by a human voice on the other side of the door. Upon that there was a silence for a few seconds, and then the shuffling and breathing of a dog's nose exploring through the cracks of the door. There was also, he thought, a whisper, and after what seemed a long time, a bolt was shot back, and the door slid open, disclosing an aperture.

"Please go away," whispered a voice in the darkness; "you can do no good here. Go away, my man. Mr. Garraway is in a fit of the gout, and I know not what he will do."

"Thank you, my dear," said Sir Piers, stepping through the slit into the twilight of the hall. "That is exactly what I am anxious to know and am come to find out." He put the door to behind him and turned to her. "I wonder very greatly what he will do, don't you?" and then he stopped abruptly, an expression of surprise transiency on his face—for the girl before him was no maid servant, as he had supposed, but she whom he had seen at the Angel. On her part the girl was astonished to see him, and uttered a small cry.

"Are you—you the gentleman who wants the chaise?" she asked in embarrassment.

"Indeed, my dear young lady, I am," replied Sir Piers, examining her keenly.

It was his boast (if indeed he could be said ever to have boasted who merely made statements) that never in his life had he been at a loss for a decision. The man's success was in large part due to this world quality that he made up his mind swiftly and acted at once. Here, then, had he come—with a blazing fury at his heart, and a cold resolute purpose, to make arrangements for blowing out the brains of this country bumpkin who had so insolently defied him and endeavoured to belittle him in his servants' eyes. Nothing on earth could have turned him from that purpose except the sight of this girl, and the reflections which she stimulated, reflections which had wandered through his mind on the previous evening at the inn, and which now came back to him with increased force. In an instant his decision was taken. From the incarnation of a grim polite Nemesis, he fell at once into the charming stranger.

"I had hoped, madam," he said in his suave voice, "that I might have succeeded in persuading Mr. Garraway by my personal attentions in this matter where I have unhappily failed by deputation. No doubt something coarse and inept to such tastes as his. I venture to think that some misunderstanding has stepped between Mr. Garraway and myself, and I can promise to break my rascal's heads if that is so."

The girl was overcome during this speech by confusion, and displayed her embarrassment in her colour, she also cast uneasy glances through the hall towards a door that stood open and emitted a fan of light.

"I think, sir—I hope," she began, looking very pretty in her distress, when out of the doorway she was watching, stepped an older woman, who advanced some distance down the hall and stopped, gazing at the stranger. Sir Piers made a most profound bow, for he made a second discovery, which was that he had seen this lady also before. He recalled the woman who had been with the young man and whose appearance had attracted him.

"Madam," he said, turning the channel of his talk without effort, "I have been apologising to your daughter, as I must assume from an amazing likeness, for trespassing upon your uninited. But, indeed, I have no choice. My friend is injured by an accident, and I had hoped that by private application, I might beg a chaise of your kindness to carry him to Brockenhurst."

The newcomer seemed to be astonished. She dipped a courtesy to the stranger, but addressed her daughter.

"Barbara, what is this?" she demanded in a brisk voice. "Why d'ye start then and keep the gentleman waiting? Sir, I beg you will come in at once, out of the cold."

Ere she could go farther, Barbara had met her and spoken with her. The lady's voice and manner changed.

"Sir Piers Blackston!" she cried. "Are you Sir Piers Blackston, sir?"

"Madam, that is my name," he answered. "I thought you had known, as I sent it by my man."

"Sent it!" she cried indignantly. "Indeed, I know where it went to. I will not have it. He is too gross, and knows not how to respect us. Our honour is at stake. Sir Piers, I beg you will come in at once, and with your friend. You must be cold; in, you must. You shall drink a glass of port or eau-de-vie. You shall do. The poor gentleman's wounds shall be looked to. I'll have it done. He shall not behave so brutish to a gentleman of good quality. You must excuse my husband, sir—he is in a fit of gout and loses his temper. He cannot have known who you were."

"No doubt, madam; no doubt," murmured Sir Piers sympathetically; "and with the gout, too. Mr. Garraway has my sympathy. In my friend's name as well as in my own, I thank you," and opening the door again, he called into the night.

"Harry, here is heaven at last—madam, had I said heaven," he added gallantly to the ladies by him. The younger of these continued to show signs of uneasiness for all her mother's air of authority. It was only too plain to the observant eyes of Sir Piers that she was in fear of an outbreak from the Squire. And, indeed, Horner, with Captain Miles on his arm, had scarce crossed the threshold, when the grey-haired, ruddy-faced man they had encountered at the inn hobbled into the hall and raised a harsh voice in outburst.

"Lucy," he cried. "Spit me quick, what's this?" "Fudge!" murmured Sir Piers to the Captain. "Here is the hog-pen and the hog. Did I not tell you so?" and he flicked his perturbed handkerchief before his nose as if he would arrest the passage of an odour.

"These gentlemen, Mr. Garraway—" began his wife, but was not suffered to go further. The Squire swore deeper than ever. "Did I not tell you I would not have 'em?" he demanded in a fury. "Did I not send 'em—"

"Sir," said Sir Piers, in his finest manner, "you did indeed send a word of a civil regret that you were unable to loan me a carriage for the conveyance of my unfortunate friend. But, being forewarned of your courtesy, and supposing, therefore, that my petition must have been open to some misinterpretation, owing, doubtless, to the stupidity of my messengers, I have made bold to come myself with Captain Miles to ask your aid in an unlooked-for predicament."

This suave and deliberate speech had various effects upon the audience. Mrs. Garraway beamed pleasantly on the speaker, who with a wave of his white hand had included her gracefully in the address; Barbara stared with interest at him; and as for the Squire, his face was the field of many changes. At the mere tone he was astonished, having expected to be met in quite another spirit, by one as furious as himself; the references to his "civil regrets" made him open his mouth; and finally at the name Captain Miles he started.

"Any relation of Lord Beverley?" he asked, pointing a finger at the Captain.

"I have reason to believe that Captain Miles is the eldest son of Lord Beverley," replied Sir Piers somewhat stiffly, being unable to understand how any mere nobleman should be of more importance than the most notable butch in town.

"The Honorable Harry Miles?" queried the Squire, still looking at the Captain and paying Sir Piers no heed.

"That is my name, sir," said the Captain, breaking into a grin. "Tis lucky it's you. Lord Beverley's son, Harry! Why, Lord Beverley was at school with me, and I kicked 'em forty years since. I'm glad I did not fly out. I was just in time, eh, Lucy? Come in, gentlemen; stop me, come in. And see you, Barbara, fetch a brace of goblets and some real *sau-de-vie*. We shall drink to this meeting, Captain; so we shall, gentlemen. Come in, come in."

"Papa," said Barbara, "the gentleman is wounded." "Wounded, Harry?" murmured Sir Piers. "You get sympathy on false pretences. I shall have to explain, if you have not the honesty to do so yourself."

"Tis a blow and a kick only," said the Captain with blunt politeness. "In overturning, the chaise struck my head and I was twisted an ankle. There is no harm done. I regret to put you to inconvenience," and his eyes lingered on Barbara.

"Tis lucky, 'tis lucky," said the Squire. "Come in and welcome," and he limped towards the inner door from which he had emerged, followed by the strangers. Sir Piers in affable talk with Mrs. Garraway. But ere they reached the door of the room, and when they were under the light of the swinging lamp in that black-coat hall, Miss Barbara uttered a little cry of dismay and alarm.

"What is it?" asked her mother impatiently.

"Blood," she said indistinctly. "It is all red—the Captain's arm." Captain Harry Miles turned red of face also, and uncomfortably shifted his arm, making an effort to hide it behind him, away from prying feminine eyes. He looked very bluff and awkward, and grew still more so when Mrs. Garraway pounced upon him in a fuss, crying that she would have a physician out of Lynton.

"Oh, pish, madam," said he stiffly. "Tis no harm. A little letting of blood will do me good."

"Captain Miles is practising for the war," observed Sir Piers, "which you will admit is very natural, madam."

Mrs. Garraway looked at him, as if uncertain of his meaning, for these were new ways of talk to her; but she had read of Sir Piers Blakiston, and there was no doubt that he was a very clever gentleman as well as the prime favourite of Royalty. So she broke into a laugh, but insisted on tending the wounded wrist all the same. She despatched Barbara for a basin of warm water and a linen bandage, and when she was come back, and the gentlemen were seated at ease in the large chairs of the Squire's room with glasses before them, and Barbara's pretty head was bent near her mother's over the poor arm, it must be said that Sir Piers's annoyances had some justification. It was, for one thing, ridiculous that the Hon. Harry Miles should usurp a position which belonged of right to Sir Piers Blakiston, namely, that of pre-eminence in the public eye. Between his injury and his relation to some God-forgotten peer, it seemed that the Captain must take up the attentions of all three—the Squire, his wife, and her daughter. Yet he surveyed the scene with benign indifference, sipped of his *sau-de-vie*, and complimented his host upon its admirable bouquet and flavor.

"Aye, a main good liquor," says the Squire, knowingly.

"Wonderful, wonderful!" said Sir Piers, and added thoughtfully, "I have tasted none so good since I had the honour of receiving a dross from the Duke of York. His Royal Highness has infamous taste in most things, but he is a judge of wine and brandy. This is, maybe, contraband, Mr. Garraway?"

"Sir!" called out the Squire, choleric at once. "What d'ye mean? This is good honest spirit that has paid the King's duty and comes from London to Lynton by schooner."

"Indeed," said Sir Piers coolly, "I had fancied that you must have some excellent stuff from the same place as the Duke, and his, as we all know, is smuggled."

The Squire regarded him suspiciously. "I would not drink of your French brandies," he said sullenly.

"An excellent resolve, my friend," said Blakiston. "Stick to your London brandy, if it be as good as this. For my part, when I take a pint of Burgundy I feel as if it would choke me. To so patriotic a pitch are we all come, including my dear friend, Harry Miles here, who is to bleed for his country, where he now bleeds for an abominable innkeeper. And now, sir, if you would be so good," he continued, observing still the two women about the Captain. "Perhaps I may borrow of you a chaise in which to return."

"Shay!" said Squire Garraway. "Why, and welcome to Lord Beverley's son; but not yet, sir, not yet. Have some more *sau-de-vie*. I'll warrant you can stand it this chill night. It is as good as the Duke of York's, say you. I am glad. I never clapped an eye on him. But if what they say is true, he's got a number of pretty tastes, so he has. Ha! ha!" and he winked at Sir Piers with prodigious unctious.

"I regret, sir, that His Royal Highness has not always been—discreet, shall I say?" remarked the Baronet. "I will, if I may, drink another glass of this fine spirit. To the hospitality of Hampshire," he said, looking about him, "and to the beauty of its women."

"I will drink that myself," said the Squire, in good humour. "You're right, sir. There's some rare good looks in the country; what say you, Lucy, eh?"

Mrs. Garraway, who had completed her ministrations to the abashed Captain, tossed her head with gentle archness, and Barbara's eyes were now full upon Sir Piers, as if she were arrested by his magnificent air.

"Come, sir, sit down," pursued the Squire, and pulled his own chair nearer the fire, turning his back, thereby, on his wife and daughter. "Fetch the Captain's chair forward, Barbara. Lucy, help the Captain to brandy, and then get ye gone both." He waited impatiently while his instructions were being obeyed, though it was the Captain who pushed his own chair forward; and then, as if eager to begin, broke out, "You're from town, gentlemen, lately. What is't I hear of the Duke and Mrs. Clarke, hey?"

"Quite the first, Barbara—these be London manners, hey?" he said irritably, and Sir Piers for the instant bit his lip, for it appeared as if he must be exposed to the ignorance and rusticity of this common fellow without compensation. The Squire had been seized of an appetite for spiced gossip. His eyes twinkled at the suggestion, in his mind.

"There was that about Mrs. Clarke," he said, and grinned. "Faith, sir," responded Sir Piers negligently. "I see you are better posted in town talk than myself. Who is Mrs. Clarke?"

The Squire's jaw dropped as his gaze hardened. "Why," he says, "the Duke's—pink me, you're quailing," and to his daughter murmured, "But the first, Barbara—these be London manners, hey?"

He smothered in silence now, and Sir Piers, remembering his purpose, and also recovering his sense of humour, made haste to parry the irascible gentleman.

"You will pardon me, Mr. Garraway," he said in his full tones, as soon as mother and daughter were gone. "But I took leave to draw a herring across the scent. There are things very grave hanging on Mrs. Clarke."

"Why, is that so?" said the Squire, looking very important. "I'm sorry to hear it. I'm against no man amusing himself. The—"

"—that, they tell me, sir," he has his privileges as well as his responsibilities."

"It's getting on in years, is His Highness," pursued the Squire, his tongue now loose and wagging. "Why, I don't overtop him by more than ten years, eh? He's no cockerel, is the Prince. 'Stap me, I recall 'em in eighty-four, I do, when there was a wager with George Hanger about a gyrene race and turkeys. I was laid at Epsom with a lame leg; that a bluff of cattle went over, and 'twas the laugh of the town, when the news came that George Hanger's turkeys were all roosting in the trees, and were beaten by Berkeley's geese!"

The Squire roared at the recollection, and Sir Piers joined him in a gentle laughter. His host was in an excellent temper, but he was anxious to get away. Miss Barbara had gone, and he was in no mood to endure the Squire's company for long. He said a yaw and rose.

"And now, sir, if I may so far trespass on your indulgence—the chaise," he said.

The Squire pulled up in the middle of his enjoyment, looked at him stupidly. "Oh, the shay!" he said, and, stumbling to the wall, rang a bell, the sound of which brought in a maid. To her he gave instructions.

"I can loan you a vinney mare," he said to Sir Piers. "I thank you, sir, but our horses are still sound, I believe," he answered, "and I shall hope to return the carriage this night."

"Oh, fiddle-de-dee," said the Squire good-naturedly. "Well, to-morrow, sir," said Blakiston, niggly civil, "and perhaps I may be allowed simultaneously to bring my thanks for courtesy and kindness extended to me."

"Oh, hang courtesy and kindness," said the Squire blithely. "Ye're welcome if only for Lord Beverley's sake."

Out in the road, as the chaise left the lights of the house behind, Sir Piers stared out at the falling rain in mollification.

"What think you of Miss, Harry?" he asked, noting himself back in his chamber.

"Why, a mighty pretty girl," said the Captain heartily. "Pretty!" said Sir Piers. "Egad, 'tis a true sound. She has eyes that would bore holes in London Town. She needs but a course under some cunning hand to dress herself. Faith, she carries herself well enough. Pretty! She is a fine beauty in the egg."

(To be continued)

The Gostander

"Stand by" CAPTAIN COFFEE.

BY L. ASHBY-STERRY.

Is it in consequence of the revival of Victorian fashions that pink frocks are once more coming in? When I was a very small boy I recollect they were very popular, but it must be twenty years ago when they were revived with considerable success, when one of the *Chancery* barlets became eloquent on the subject, and accurately defined the exact tint such a costume should be. He fortuitously said:—

This frock, when it's made with most exquisite taste,
And fits like a glove on the slenderer,
With robe and full pleats and a band at the waist,
Will gladden the passing beholder!
With lace and with buttons of mother-of-pearl—
You'll say on matured reflection,
The best of all garbs for a pretty young girl,
No doubt, is the Pink of Perfection!

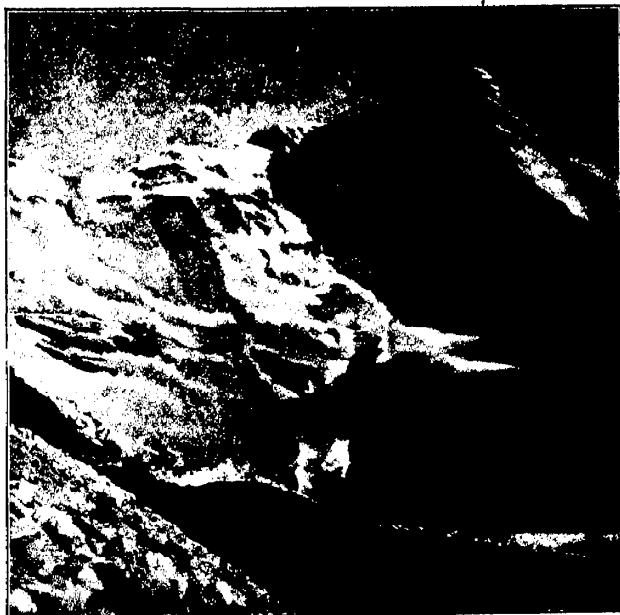
Judging from one or two choice specimens that I saw in the Park recently, I am inclined to think this particular kind of frock is very bad to beat for annoying work, and I am delighted to know that the Pink of Perfection is likely to be again fashionable with the maidens of the present day.

A considerable time ago a proposition was made in this column that omnibuses in London should have certain spots at which they should stop to pick up passengers, and that they should stop nowhere else; that passengers should wait the arrival of the buses at these places just as they do at a station for a train. It is daily becoming more and more important. For nowadays it is not so easy to become of more importance. For nowadays it is not so easy to be put down at the exact spot you desire. The fact is, the agility of the modern patrons of London has somewhat interfered with the usual attention of its officials. They are so used to everyone—ladies as well as men—jumping on or hopping off when the vehicle is going at full speed that they scarcely think it worth while to pause for anyone who is not an athlete, may be suffering from gout, or thinks it beneath his dignity to pursue a bus the length of the street. If the County Council would only establish these omnibus stations, it would be a great advantage to everybody, and an untold comfort to the houses.

It is satisfactory to me to find that a subject that I aired in this column some five years ago is again claiming public attention. That subject is the folly and I had taste of using violent language. That subject has recently been introduced by the *Daily Express*, and in the course of many opposite remarks on this matter, said "It ought to be stopped, and I think a sharp campaign, with a line of £1 for every offence, would strike the imagination of the working man, and induce him to leave out the bad words. The strongest feature of the phenomenon is the meanness of many of the expressions used. Someone might draw up a new list of forcible but harmless expressions. This is entirely in harmony with the views expressed in my paragraph referred to. Only I carried the matter somewhat further. I proposed that the use of forcible language should be commercially injured, and that new and I believe can be combined a safety-valve for the temper, along with bold advertisement. Cannot you fancy 'Chloro-line'?" "Spies and Ponds!" "Sazondit!" "Stap me, Pears!" "Well, I'm Kosked!" "Hieratic!" "Wincarnia!" "Pellian Pen it!" "Holloo Sauce it!" "By the Planto!" "I'll see you Harlequined!" "Good Ol'!" and many other kindred expressions would be perfectly harmless and very effective, if only given to pay emphasis. Tradesmen would I address find it advantageous to pay people to only use expressions that combined an advertisement of their special wares.

The drivers of motor-cars seem to be under the impression that foot-passengers should keep a sharp look out, and get out of their way, whereas they ought to keep a sharp look out for foot-passengers and keep out of their way. Many of the chauffeurs do not sound their horns in time. The other day I was crossing a street and a motor came upon me noiselessly. The horn was only sounded when the machine was within a yard of me. Fortunately I jumped backwards. If I had jumped forwards I should probably have been knocked down and the vehicle would have passed over me. It would be well, too, that the pace of motors should be reduced at that long crossing, without any bridge, from Hyde Park Corner to the Row. They come sweeping round this curve at far too rapid a pace. The other day, in jumping out of the way of a motor at this particular spot, I was very nearly juggernauted by another coming in the opposite direction. As this happens to be a crossing often crowded with ladies and children the pace of motors coming round this curve should be very much reduced.

How little consideration the foot-passenger receives nowadays! Recently I saw, where a building was being erected in a busy thoroughfare, a staging that had been erected in front of it as a pathway. This pathway was blocked because an artist was painting advertisements on the building, below the pathway was a crowd of people busily engaged in watching the artist, so anybody who was in a hurry to catch a train, or had business of importance to transact—anyone, in fact, who was something beyond a street trader or a bazy lounge had to walk in the middle of the road. Had he been knocked down by an omnibus, juggernauted by a motor-car, converted into a cycle track for the time being, or impaled on the shafts of a hansom cab, I suppose he would have received no compensation whatever. And yet we pay taxes that we may have a safe and convenient footway to walk on!



This mountain is 24,300 feet above the sea level
THE GLACIER ON CHUMOLHARI



THE GOLDEN ORNAMENT ON THE ROOF OF THE GYANGTSE MONASTERY



A Correspondent writes: "Three detached houses of the village have been occupied, and then have been entrenched by a wall of sods and stones, and fortified." Our illustration is from a photograph by a British officer.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE TIBETAN MISSION CAMP AT TUNA



This lady is a relative of the Dapon who was killed at Guru.
THE TIBETAN WIFE OF THE SON OF THE RAJA OF SIKKIM



A GROUP OF OFFICERS OF THE EXPEDITION

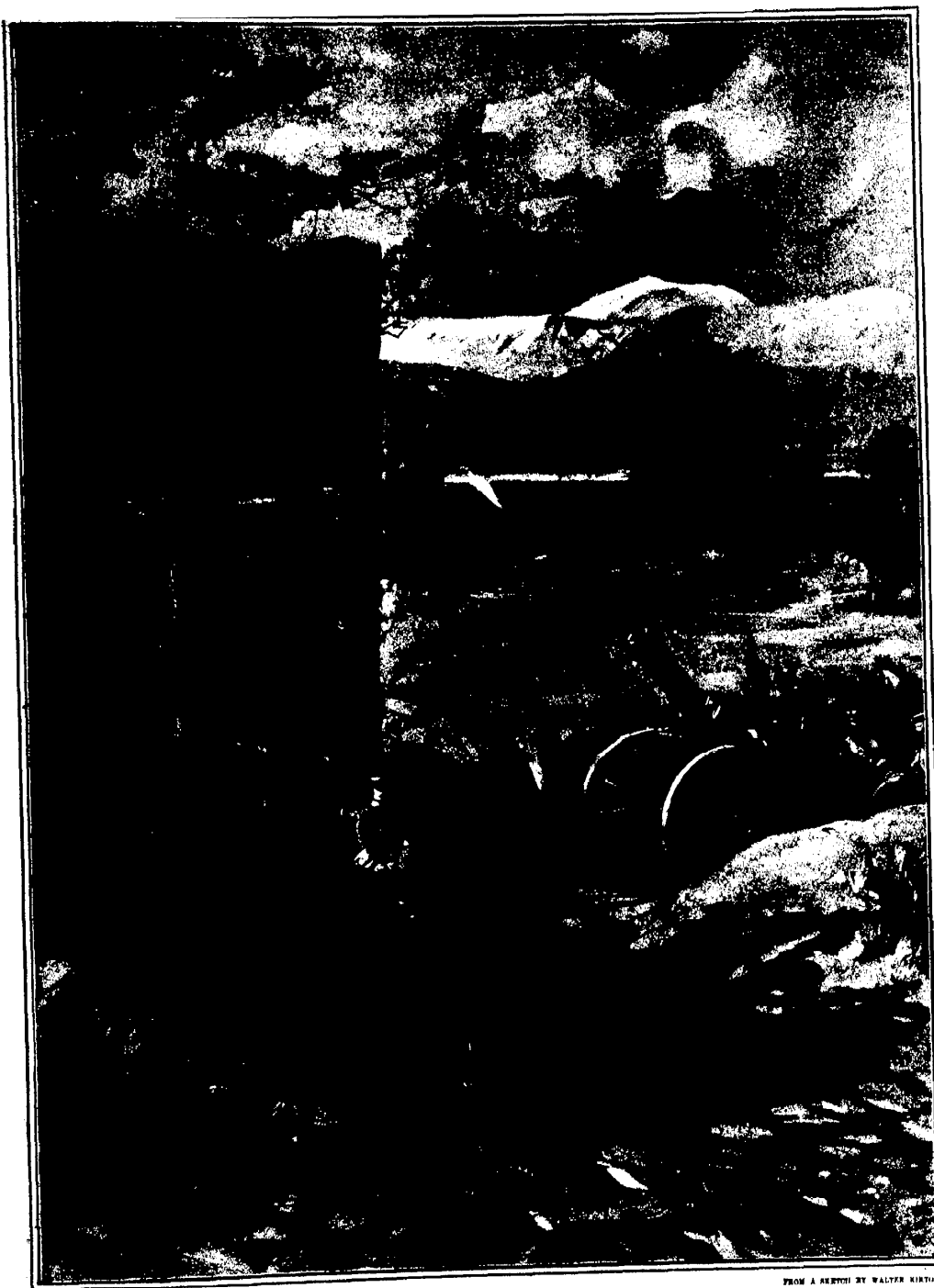


Having married a Tibetan wife, he settled at Gyantse. He was disinherited because he would not return to Sikkim, and his younger brother has been made heir to the throne.

THE ELDEST SON OF THE RAJA OF SIKKIM

WITH THE TIBETAN EXPEDITION AT TUNA AND GYANGTSE

From Photographs by a British Officer.



DRAWN BY H. C. MEYER

"The genius of the Japanese for preserving secrecy in all that pertains to military operations is exemplified by the manner in which they mask all their positions, both for guns and men. The howitzers, which furnished such a terrible surprise in the Russian during the battle of the Passage of the Yalu were situated on Kintato Island, and were enfolded in pits dug in the sand, in front of which enormous bunks of timber had been stuck upright in the ground and covered with boughs of trees and scrub lashed to the timber by grass ropes. At a very slight distance these structures could not be distinguished from the surrounding trees, and the high angle of the position hid the flash of the guns—being, moreover, powder from being observed by the enemy."

FROM A SKETCH BY WALTER NORTON

▲ CLEVER JAPANESE RUSE: MASKED HOWITZERS ON KINTATO ISLAND DURING THE PASSAGE OF THE YALU



MR. JOHN SHAKI HINGHAM
Mayor of the Borough of Accrington



MR. JOHN Khard HINGHAM
New M.P. for the Bowdley Division



THE LATE SIR WILLIAM H. RATTIGAN
Killed in a Motor Car Accident



THE LATE ADMIRAL G. L. SULLIVAN
Naval Hero



THE LATE DR. THEODOR HERZL
The 'Modern Moses'

Our Portraits

MR. JOHN SHAKI HINGHAM, M.P. for the new Liberal member for the Bowdley Division, has for seventeen years represented the South-west Ward of Accrington on the Town Council, and in 1895 he served the office of Mayor of the borough, which he was elected to the following municipal year. Our portrait is by Mollitt, Accrington.

SIR WILLIAM H. RATTIGAN, M.P. for North-East Lancashire, was killed in a motor car accident near Bingley. He was in a car with Lady Rattigan and a chauffeur when the spokes of one of the wheels gave way, and the car overturned. Some volunteers working near by at once put him in a car. Lady Rattigan was killed. Sir William Rattigan (created a Knight Bachelor in 1893) was formerly a Judge in the Punjab. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

DR. THEODOR HERZL, the founder and leader of the Jewish Zionist movement who has just died at Tel-Aviv, in Bohemia, was only forty

four years old. He first came before the public as a protagonist of Zionism eight years ago. The growth of Anti-Semitism in Austria had convinced him that the only solution of the Jewish question was the revival of the Jewish State in Palestine. In spite of great difficulties and the opposition of the most cultured and the wealthiest sections in Jewry he succeeded in establishing the movement on a firm democratic basis, and his following soon grew to about a quarter of a million souls, distributed all over the world. In the prosecution of his scheme he was indefatigable, but in spite of his energy and his success he made little actual progress towards the end he had in view. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

ADMIRAL GEORGE LYDARD SULLIVAN was a son of the late Admiral T. B. Sullivan, C.B., and a brother of the late Admiral Sir Bartholomew Sullivan, K.C.B. In May, 1852, while serving as a midshipman on board the *Hesperus*, he performed an act of great daring which gained for him the Royal Humane Society's silver medal. Four days after the departure of the ship from St. Vincent, and when the vessel was going at seven knots, the captain of the foretop fell overboard from the mainyard. Mr. Sullivan, with all his clothes on, immediately jumped from the foretop — a height of 20ft. —

into the sea, and succeeded in saving the man and keeping him above water until they were both secured by the ship's boat. He served throughout the Russian War in the Black Sea and Sea of Azoff, being present at the battle of the Alma, the attacks on Sebastopol, and many other engagements. During the Abyssinian War of 1868 he commanded the *Daphne*, and later was chosen as captain of the *London*, and senior officer employed in the attack on and capture of the fort of Mombassa. Retiring as vice admiral in 1892, he became full admiral in September, 1897. Our portrait is by Russell and Son, Baker Street.

TOM FEMMETT, the famous Yorkshire cricketer, was sixty years of age, and his debut in first class cricket dates back to 1866. In his first county match he distinguished himself by taking six Nottingham wickets for fifty-five runs. At that time he was a left hand bowler of terrific speed, but he afterwards turned "to medium." His effectiveness will be understood when it is said that he took 1,269 wickets for Yorkshire at an average of 12.68. He was a very popular figure, and when he retired about sixteen years ago he received a pension from the Yorkshire County Cricket Club, and recently an allowance from the Cricketers' Fund. Our portrait is by Hawkins and Co., Brighton.

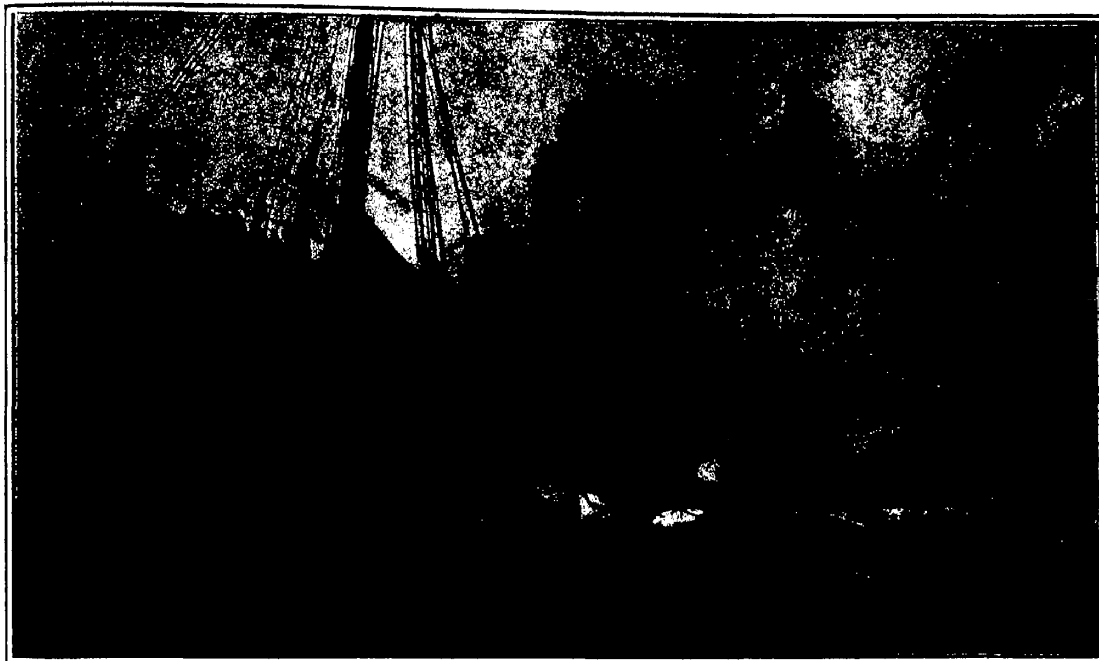
Miss Spencer



At the Queen's Hall last Saturday evening an interesting vocal and orchestral concert was given by the Port Sunlight Village Choir. The principal artists were Miss Kathleen Macdonald and Miss J. H. Spencer.

who both hold the Lever Scholarship for Singing, and Messrs. Fred and John Cheshire. The programme contained views on every page of Messrs. Lever Brothers' model village at Port Sunlight.

THE PORT SUNLIGHT VILLAGE CHOIR AT QUEEN'S HALL



DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON, R.A.

Peter Nielsen, one of the survivors brought into Grimsby by the trawler "Salvia" in describing the catastrophe, said:—"We who have been saved are all either Swedes or Danes: six women, nineteen men and a young girl. There were twenty-seven of us at first, but the other gave up his life rather than endanger the crowded boat. He was one of the ship's officers. . . . All the long night we stared through the dark, hoping against hope for a sail, but one never came, and day dawned on us in a worse

plight than ever, our stock of provisions being almost finished. About eight o'clock on Wednesday morning, however, we saw a steamer steaming in our direction. We were nearly frantic with delight. We waved our clothes, shouted until we were hoarse, and almost spent our last in our endeavours to attract attention. We were quite exhausted when at last an answering signal was run up the mast, and at length the vessel came alongside and picked us up."

SURVIVORS OF THE DISASTER BEING RESCUED BY THE GRIMSBY STRAM TRAWLER "SALVIA"



DRAWN BY P. J. WADSWORTH

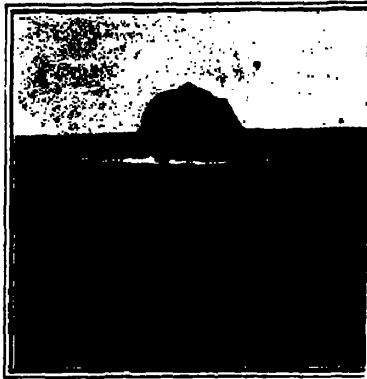
Captain Miles of the "Salvia" stands high in the opinion of the survivors. One of the little rescued company says before he "satisfied his curiosity as to what and who we were, or how we came to be there, we were served out with dry, warm clothing and hot coffee. It was hard to provide for the women folk, but the fishermen gave up their cables and some of us and the women managed to dry themselves. We took our tale to the skipper, who trusted us splendidly, giving up everything for our comfort." Captain Miles himself said:—"After we got the survivors aboard, I drifted about in every conceivable direction for five hours, but it was useless. I hope I never have to witness such a scene again. How the "Norge" got out of her course and struck the reef I cannot possibly explain. It is utterly beyond me

It certainly must have been very foggy. The "Salvia" was on a fortnight's odd fishing voyage off Iceland. At seven o'clock on the fatal morning she passed close to Rockhall. About twenty-four hours afterwards a small boat was seen on the horizon, and its occupants were waving a coat on an oar. I at once bore down on them, and found seventeen men, two youths six women, and a young girl in a ship's blanket. The exhaustion, anxiety, and cold, and the ten tent hilling had made the women and many of the men quite hysterical, but after being taken aboard, fed, and supplied with as much dry clothing as the crew's wardrobe allowed, they told their harrowing tale."

FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY CAPT. F. MILES OF THE "SALVIA"

HELPING SURVIVORS ON BOARD THE GRIMSBY STRAM TRAWLER "SALVIA"

THE WRECK OF THE DANISH EMIGRANT SHIP "NORGE" OFF ROCKHALL



Rockhall is in the North Atlantic, 124 miles west of St. Kilda, an isle from the nearest point of the Scottish mainland, and 200 miles the north of Ireland. It is a granite rock, rising 70 feet above the sea. The peak, which stands upon a sandbank fifty miles long and twenty miles broad, is almost a greater distance from the nearest any other rock of the same size in any part of the world. Any ship that attempts to approach it is in jeopardy. It is the reason for the loss of the "Korok" from Denmark to sight Rockhall in order to alter their course. THE WRECK OF THE "KOROK"; ROCKHALL, WHERE THE VESSEL STRUCK.

The Week in Parliament

BY HENRY W. LUCY

By a majority of fifty-five Mr. Balfour carried the resolution whereby discussion of the remaining stages of the Licensing Bill will be limited to six days. Considering Ministers still a majority of ninety-five the figure is not encouraging. Nor was the process of carrying the motion equal to expectation. It was on Friday last with intention of carrying it at the current. Before the afternoon had sped far, Mr. Balfour was convinced attempt to hasten decision by closure would lead to what of scenes of warfare are known as regrettable incidents.



The Lord Mayor. On last Saturday H.M.S. "Hornet" gave a successful reception and an inspection. First there was an inspection by the Hon. Rupert Guinness, the officer in command of the gunboat. Unofficial inspections were made of the quick naval drill was given by Naval Volunteers and

NAVAL VOLUNTEERS ON



Mr. Brown,
Wireless Operator. Mr. D. Fraser, Capt. L. James.



Ship's Officer. Captain Colquhoun. Mr. Jack London.
Interpreter. Naval Correspondent.

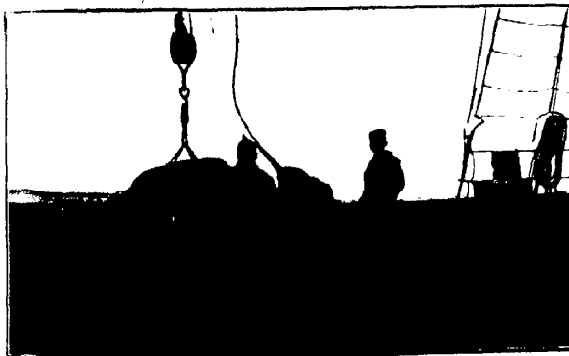
CORRESPONDENTS ON BOARD



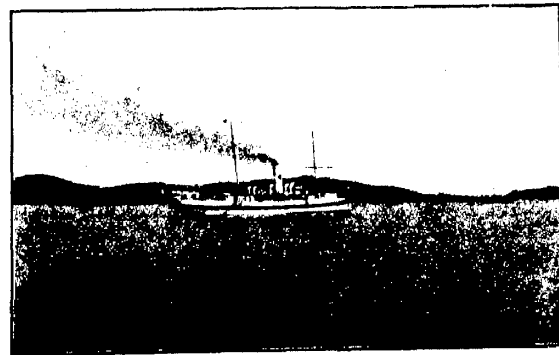
AT WORK ON THE WIRELESS: THE OPERATOR ELONGATING HIS WIRE



CHENAMPO HARBOUR, WITH JAPANESE TRANSPORTS ARRIVING



SHIPPING PONTOES OFF INTO RAMPAW TO GO TO THE FRONT WITH "TIMES"
CORRESPONDENTS



THE JAPANESE HOSPITAL SHIP COMING INTO CHENAMPO AFTER AN ACTION AT
PORT ARTHUR

SNAPSHOTS ON BOARD THE "TIMES" STEAMER "HAIMUN" IN THE YELLOW SEA

It is nearly fifty years ago since Sir W. H. Russell, the veteran war correspondent, sent his thrilling letters from the Crimea to the *Times*. There was no telegraph in those days, and the newspaper "specials" had to despatch their news as best they could. But times have altered since then. Today letters from the front, interesting as they always are, are secondary in importance to the telegraphic despatches. And this was will be remembered in the scientific world as the first in which wireless telegraphy has played a part. Not only is this interesting invention used by the Japanese Fleet, but the *Times* has chartered a steamship, the *Haimun*, for its correspondents, which is fitted with De Forrest wireless telegraphy apparatus, from which messages are sent to Wei-hai-wei. The accompanying photographs were sent to me by a lady, who went for a short voyage on the *Haimun*. The steamship has more than once occupied the attention of the Russian authorities, who have no liking for such modern methods of disseminating news, especially when they happen to be manipulated by Englishmen. Early in April the *Haimun* was stopped about thirty-five miles from Port Arthur by the Russian cruiser *Bayan*, which

fired a shot across her bows, and, having made her stop, set about to board her. The *Haimun*, seeing she was about to be boarded, sent a wireless message to Wei-hai-wei to that effect, but the *Bayan* seems to have caught the message. At any rate it was then that the signal to stop was given to the *Haimun*. Papers and log were examined, and the *Haimun* was allowed to go. But the Russian Government did not let the matter drop. A notice was issued a few days afterwards to the effect that newspaper correspondents using wireless telegraphy would be treated as spies and shot, and that neutral vessels provided with such apparatus "in the zone of operations of the Russian fleet" would be seized as lawful prizes. The phrase "the zone of operations of the Russian fleet" caused America to ask whether the Russians had any sense of humour, for the control of the Eastern seas was even at that early stage of the war considered to be in Japanese and not in Russian hands. The Russian threat provoked much discussion in America and on the Continent, the fact being that international law does not provide for wireless telegraphy. However, the correspondents on the *Haimun* do not at

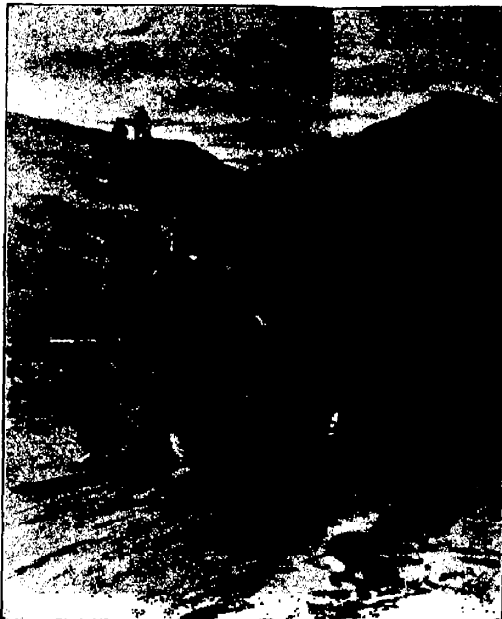
present need to fear being captured and shot as spies, with the Russian fleet safely bottled up in Port Arthur. And should such an unlikely event occur as their capture, it is quite beyond the range of possibility that Russia would have the temerity to carry out her threat. The Japanese Government has issued no threats, but at the same time it is careful not to reveal the movements of its ships and arms, and it has requested the *Haimun* not to proceed north of the Chifu-Chemulpo line until further notice. One of the accompanying photographs should have special interest for readers of *THE GRAPHIC*. In the group of correspondents aboard the *Haimun* is Captain Lionel Davies, whose name is well known to our readers as having supplied *THE GRAPHIC* with sketches, not only of incidents in this war, but from the north-west frontier of India, the Sudan, and South Africa. Another photograph shows us a Japanese hospital ship at Chenampo. The vessel was admirably appointed and had on board twelve nurses. Indeed it is said by our correspondent that better and more practical arrangements for the care of the victims of the war were never made by any country.

THE WAR IN THE FAR EAST

FROM THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPHS AND SKETCHES

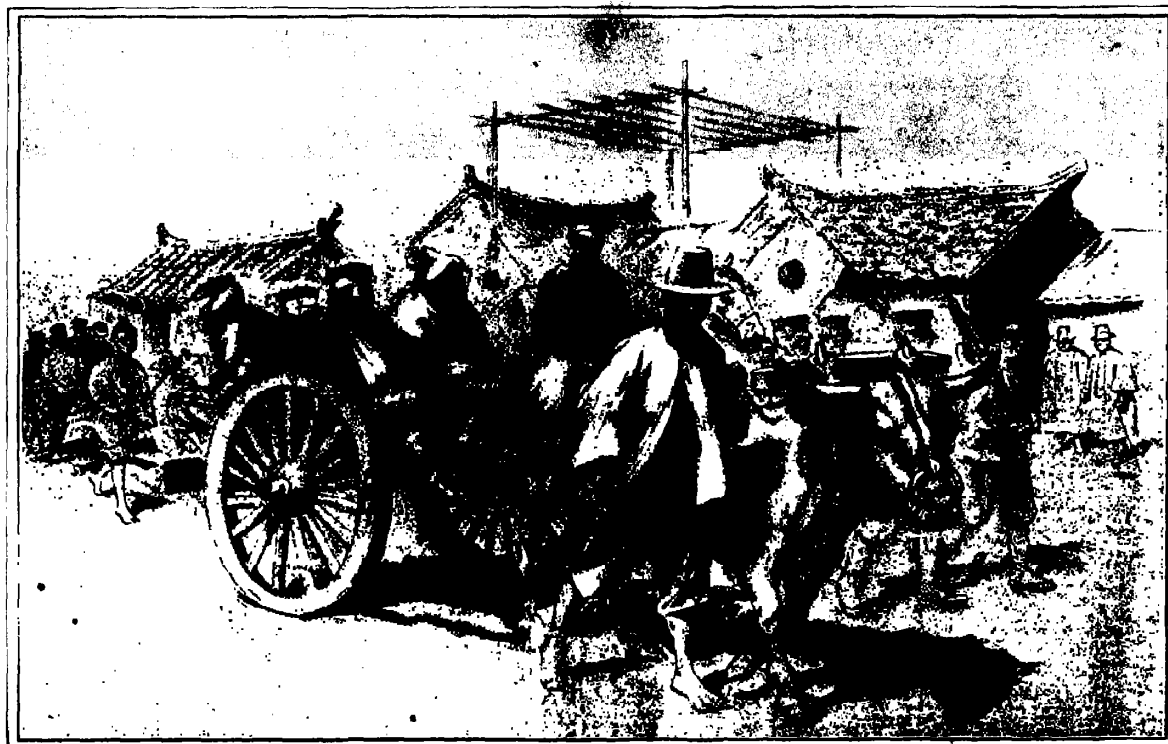
In all modern armies there is a section of the Engineers whose business it is to lay the telegraph wires which keep an army in the field in communication with its base. We were the first nation to use the telegraph in the theatre of war, a wire having been run down to our trenches before Sebastopol. During the Indian Mutiny, the wire uniting the army operating against the rebels, with Calcutta, followed the progress of the army closely. The telegraph section carry with them the poles, wire, and all apparatus necessary. On level ground about sixteen poles per mile are necessary for two wires, but when many wires are used, thirty or forty poles are used. The Telegraph Section of the Engineers have not only to establish and maintain telegraphic communication with the base of their own army, but it is also their duty to destroy the enemy's wires whenever possible. One method of doing this is to pull down the poles and cut them into pieces. But this damage can be easily repaired by the enemy. An admirable plan for destroying communication is by means of non-conducting wire, which has the outward appearance of the ordinary wire in use. If the section is provided, before starting on a destroying expedition, with some of this wire, an experienced man is sent up a pole to cut the wire close to it, and to unite it with non-conducting wire spliced on in the usual manner. This should be done at several places along the line, and always at a pole. The result will be that all electric communication will be cut, and that, to the ordinary eye, there will be nothing visible to account for the breakdown. To discover the damage, a man would have to go from post to post with an instrument to test each intervening portion of the wire. Another plan is to unite several wires together by a thin platinum wire thread. If this is done close to a pole, the wire is imperceptible from the ground, and it diverts the current, acting as a leak, and as a confusing medium. If there is only one wire, the thread may be brought to the ground to cause a leak.

In the matter of telegraphy used in warfare,



DRAWN BY GEORGE MEYER FROM A PHOTOGRAPH
A JAPANESE FIELD TELEGRAPH CORPS ON THEIR WAY TO THE FRONT

the Japanese are as much up to date as any European Army. If we can boast of being the first to use telegraphy in the theatre of war, the Japanese can proudly claim to be the first to use wireless telegraphy, and they have used it on their battleships more than once to very good purpose. But though the Japanese Navy is admirable, the Army is quite as worthy of respect. Mr. Dicosy, who is a recognised authority on things Japanese, said the other day—and said it before a battle had been fought on land:—"The Japanese Army is an army. There is no mistake about that. In it nothing is left to chance. Everything is provided for and prepared for." Mr. Dicosy went on to describe how he visited various regiments. "I can assure you," he said, "that I have no words in which to express my admiration. It is not only the drill I am thinking of, though in that the Japanese soldiers are simply perfect. Their infantry drill is just like a piece of machine work, and their artillery drill perfectly wonderful. I had the privilege of having a battery of mounted artillery delivered over unto me to work my wicked will on for a whole morning, a very hot morning, on a big plain outside Tokio, and I tried to make them do very difficult things. They did them simply admirably. If you had seen how close guns were laid, you would have been astonished. I took care to look along the sights of every gun after it was laid, and I am perfectly certain that if the targets had been living men instead of dummies, there would not have been any left to tell the tale. That, of course, is all very well, but it is not the sole criterion of the efficiency of an Army. But I was shown things which are a criterion. I was shown the regimental, battalion, and company storehouses, where every man's war kit lay ready prepared for him, with his number ticketed on it, which was only to be used in time of war. The Japanese soldier goes to war with everything about him new, and everything has been prepared for him, and he knows where to find it. Not only that, but for every man in the reserves there was a reserve kit on the shelf."



Many of the Japanese troops who were wounded at the battle of the Yalu passed through Chemulpo in Korean bullock-carts. These carts are destitute of springs, and must be anything but comfortable. They were, however, only used for men who were able to sit up.

ROUGH TRAVELLING FOR SICK AND WOUNDED: A SCENE AT CHEMULPO

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FREDERICK WHITING



FROM BATTLEFIELD RETURNED BY MR. POLAKOFF, ONE OF THE RESERVISTS OF THE FRONTIER PIONEERS, who happened in, fighting for life. The "Kaiser" sacrificed a life for the service of his country, and the Kaiser himself, in the same way, sacrificed a life for the service of his country. The Kaiser himself, in the same way, sacrificed a life for the service of his country. The Kaiser himself, in the same way, sacrificed a life for the service of his country.

several days before daybreak and produced Rockfall inevitable. About 7:30 the "Kerge" was towed by the Heima reef off to the south, and then re-embarked into deep water. The depth may be ascertained from the fact that around Rockfall most of whom were 1,500 fathoms deep. The chain occurred. Almost the panic which was feared materialized on deck as the boat was lowered extremely difficult. One way or another, however, the boat was lowered safely and the second and third were hoisted parallel to the first. It reached the water's edge and a second and third were hoisted and it reached the water's edge and a second and third were hoisted and

P O W N H A L L : E A
C O V E R P O W N H A L L : E A

Reaction on which the "Norge" was wrecked is situated in the North Atlantic. It is a place where the ice is so thick that it is impossible to sail in. It is a place where the ice is so thick that it is impossible to sail in. It is a place where the ice is so thick that it is impossible to sail in.



Among the most popular attractions of the Italian Exhibition is Sir Hiram Maxim's captive flying machines. A trip in the evening in one of these aerial boats is a novel experience. The illuminated grounds and the lake below assume a curious lopsided appearance, while the Great Wheel stands out against the sky at an angle, anything but upright.

"ALL THE WORLD AWRY" AN IMPRESSION OF A VOYAGE IN AN AIRSHIP AN EARL'S COURT

DRAWN FROM ONE OF THE SHIPS BY F. DE HAREN

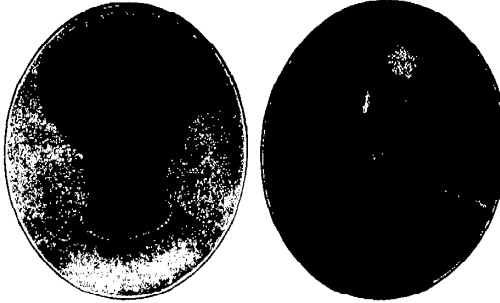
"Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

WHILE one entirely sympathises with the Duchess of Sutherland's efforts to help the little crippled children of the Potteries district, and is glad that her charming entertainment at Stafford House proved a success, one cannot help wishing that the causes of all this suffering might be removed. Prevention is better than cure, and the conditions of life which render such scenes possible as those described at Bolton, when an array of afflicted, maimed, and crippled people turned the town into a replica of Lourdes, in their eagerness to be cured by the bone-setter, ought not to exist. The work of children in factories, the poverty, the hot air and sordid surroundings are, after all, man's own doing and the result of civilisation. "East made the country, man made the town," is a truth which comes home vividly to most of us, when we hear of all this disease and sickness and misery. The suffering of little children whose life ought to be one unbroken day of sunshine is an anomaly against which every woman in the United Kingdom ought to rise and protest.

The Stafford House *fete*, which was attended by Royalty and comprised a dance and illuminations in the garden, possessed one feature of great novelty—a short comedy played by Mr. Lewis Waller and Mme. Réjane in French. On the same afternoon Mrs. Patrick Campbell also essayed her powers with Mme. Sarah Bernhardt in French. These *toiles de force* are not common; they are very difficult, and only possible to actors who, like Mr. Waller and Mrs. Campbell, have some foreign blood in their veins. Perhaps the most notable instance of talent was when Mr. Charles Wyndham played in German before the Emperor at Berlin. The correct accent and intonation of a foreign language are so rarely acquired that the successful feat is the more praiseworthy. The English seldom speak a foreign language perfectly. Lord Dufferin, with all his diplomatic experience, could not speak French. Most of our statesmen are unequal to the delivery of a speech in French or German; but the Germans and the French frequently converse fluently in English.

The idea of the penny-in-the-slot savings bank appears to be a very good one. Nobody misses a penny, yet pennies mount up quickly, and the habit once acquired of dropping a coin into a money-box rapidly expands into new practices of economy. We are not nearly as thrifty as other nations; we waste and spend a great deal more than we need, especially in the lower classes, which accounts for the wastefulness of the British cook, who throws away as much as she uses. Children should be taught to save, and the habit gained in youth is never lost. Nearly every class live absolutely up to their income, allowing nothing for the good old-fashioned "margin" instilled into one by one's parents. The girls' allowance is generally forestalled, the married woman's money runs out before pay day, and nobody has a next-day laid by for a rainy day, or a case of unexpected illness. Women are the worst offenders; they invariably spend all they have, which accounts for the sad cases of extreme distress one constantly hears of. A balance at one's bank is a fact only millionaires and misers attach importance to. A woman would think it waste of good money.



MISS VIOLET MONKTON

Photo by Lillie Charles, Titchfield Road.

CAPTAIN GREGORY MONKTON-SMITH, D.R.O.

Photo by Ladyette, Dublin.

* Captain Gregory Monkton-Smith, D.R.O., of the 9th Lancers, and Miss Violet Monkton, daughter of Lord Galway, were married, on Thursday, at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster.

The Ladies' Kennel Club held its exhibition last week at the Botanic Gardens. Sounds of canine life were to be heard around in the yelping and barking of dogs, while the buzz and hum of happy female voices filled the air. The entries amounted to over 2,000. The Queen gained a first prize for each of the two dogs she exhibited, a Basset hound and a Samoyede, both rare in quality. Pomeranians were plentiful, so were the fashionable Japanese and Chinese spaniels, who continue to keep their hold on public favour. The quality of decided will and determination is as marked in the Japanese dog as it is in the man; they are obstinate little creatures, full of character, and invariably get their own way with their mistresses. Poodles, collies, and bulldogs all have their admirers. One handsome collie was valued by his master at £1,500, no doubt intended as a prohibitive price.

The Court

As the Season draws to its close, the King and Queen have but little leisure from public and social engagements. No sooner had King Edward returned home, than he began giving audiences, the first to a deputation from the Paris Municipality—MM. Deville and Bellan, President and Syndic of the Council, who brought a souvenir of the King's late visit to Paris. This consists of a magnificent album, containing pictures of the King's visit, portraits, and a reproduction of the visitors' book in which His Majesty and President Loubet signed their names. Next followed the Duke of Connaught and a special Envoy from the new Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, while the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Fife, with their two daughters, and Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck lunched with their Majesties. Afterwards the King left for Eastwell Park, to stay with Lord and Lady Gerard. Arriving at Ashford, he found the streets crowded as he motored through the town and past Wye—

a little village near Eastwell, which in the evening illuminated in His Majesty's house, outdining with lamps a huge crown cut out on the chalk hill at the time of the Coronation. Eastwell Park was for many years the Kentish home of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, their eldest and youngest daughters being born there. Eastwell has lovely gardens, the rose garden being Lady Gerard's special hobby, while the deer park is one of the finest in England. The King's rooms were decorated with pale blue, and were on the ground floor. On Sunday His Majesty attended the morning Service at Eastwell parish church, where the Rector preached, and next day the King returned to London. During his absence the Queen had been going out a great deal in town. One day Her Majesty was at the East End to see the London Docks and some of the dock warehouses. She was intensely interested in the ivory department of one warehouse, where an acre of huge tanks covered the floor, and at another house the Queen saw Turkish and Persian carpets, ostrich feathers, and a comprehensive exhibit of skins and feathers, including plumage of almost every known bird used for decorative purposes. Silks from the East and Japanese and Chinese curios were also displayed, while, before leaving, Queen Alexandra looked in at one of the large tea-rooms. Another afternoon Her Majesty went to the annual show of the Ladies' Kennel Association at the Botanical Gardens and presented a cup for the best Basset, the Duchess of Newcastle's hound being the winner. On Saturday afternoon the Queen went to young Von Vecsey's concert, and the Duchess Marie of Saxe-Coburg, with her daughter, Princess Beatrice, and Princess Ena of Battenberg, came to see Her Majesty. Next day the Queen attended Service in the private chapel, accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Wales with their two eldest boys. On Monday the King and Queen went to the Royal Academy to receive the gift of the fine picture by Mr. Tom Roberts, of Melbourne, representing the Prince of Wales opening the first Parliament of the Australian Commonwealth. On Tuesday the King held an Investiture of various Orders at Buckingham Palace, and on Wednesday the King and Queen visited the City to lay the foundation-stone of the new buildings for St. Bartholomew's Hospital. The State Ball last (Friday) night would close a very full week. So far as their Majesties are concerned, next week is the last week of their London season, for on the following Tuesday they leave for various provincial engagements. First will come the visit to Liverpool to lay the foundation-stone of the new Cathedral, followed by the trip to Swansea to inaugurate the new water supply for Birmingham, their Majesties staying with Mr. and Mrs. Graham Vivian at Park in Brecon, Gower. Goodwood stands next on the programme, and then Cowes for the yachting, when the King may probably spend a week end with Mr. and Mrs. George Cavendish-Bentinck, at Highcliffe Castle on the Solent, near Christchurch. Later the Queen goes to Denmark and the King to Marienbad, where he will stay, as last year, at the Hotel Weimar. The hotel is prettily situated among woods at the edge of the town, and the King takes some thirty or forty rooms for himself and suite. All the rooms are on the first floor, the King's sitting and reception rooms being those used by Goethe. His Majesty will be back in England by September for a stay at Balmoral, while he will also be present at Doncaster races, staying with Lord Savile at Rufford Abbey.

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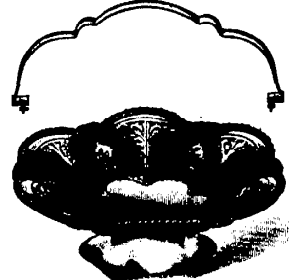


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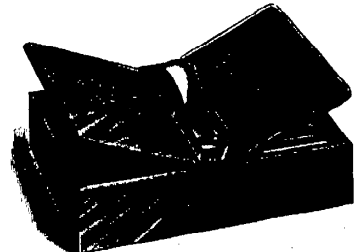
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THE RACING WORLD.*

THIS is a collection of essays, under the editorship of Mr. Alfred E. T. Watson, dealing with the various "departments" into which the racing world may be divided, each from the pen of a member of that class to which it refers. Thus there is a chapter on "Trainers and Training," by a trainer; "Jockeys and Jockeyship," by a jockey; "Bookmakers and Bookmaking," by a bookmaker; and so on down to the "Trot" and the "Tipster." The result is an excellent *pot pourri* of information and anecdotes, full of the breeziness associated with the Turf. Here the uninitiated will find unveiled the mysteries of making a book, of laying odds, of handicapping, and the like; while the confirmed racegoer will be interested to compare the various opinions *à propos* of such vexed questions as the American seat and the starting gate. The anecdotes are all good, and the chapter contributed by the judge is especially rich in this respect; but one of the best is told by the starter. It deals with "the characteristic idiot who, knowing nothing of horses, assumes an exhaustive knowledge of them." In this instance, that worthy had been enlarging to an equally ignorant audience upon the defects of the various horses, some of them the best in training, on the course: "At last he found a horse that came up to his estimate of what a thoroughbred should be. 'Now that,' he said 'is a creature that does credit to his breed! He has strength as well as symmetry, good bone, and admirably developed muscle. That is the sort of horse that it really does one good to see. What animal is that, my boy?' he inquired of the lad who was walking round with his ideal. 'Starter's hack, sir!' the boy replied. It was a fat old animal that wheezily and laboriously took me to and from the post." It may not be generally known that the flag which decorates the winning post at Newmarket, where there are several courses, was instituted in 1804, to prevent jockeys from finishing at the wrong place. "It was the year of the wedding of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and Mr. Clark chose the colours of the Danish flag, an act of devotion to the Princess. The red and white fluttered for many seasons, but a couple of years ago the little banner needed renewal. The lady who kindly set herself to provide the new flag had, as it happened, no red and white silk by her at the moment; she took what she chanced to have. Visitors at Newmarket were astonished, and by no means pleased, to find the Boer colours hoisted over the judge's box. . . . the silk was promptly repaired, and now the Danish colours wave again." There are several illustrations, some in colour.

"SOCIETY IN THE NEW REIGN"†

This book is intended as a sequel to the author's previously published work, which dealt with English Society in the early eighties. During the time that has elapsed since then, many radical changes in its constitution, so the author avers, have taken place. *Chief among these would seem to be the growth of a certain "Provincialism," a term which is explained as an "universal pre-occupation with the infinitely little," and a complete dependence upon the money-bags of Israel and America. The conclusion at which the author arrives is as follows:—*

* "The Racing World and its Inhabitants." Edited by Alfred E. T. Watson. (London: Macmillan, 1904).

† "Society in the New Reign." By "A Foreign Resident." (London: John Lane, 1904).

ideas and the perplexity of persons depicted in the preceding pages (an excellent description of the book, by the way) one fact clearly stands out. It is this: The traditional framework of Society in London has fallen to pieces, and no substitute for it has been found." There is a good deal of insight into the follies of Society shown in the book, and many of the strictures are justifiable; but the author's system of illustrating his remarks by saying would-be smart things about the prominent men and women of the country leads to a series of impertinent personalities which are in the worst of bad taste. Most of the time he is quarrelling with Society for being "smart" and brainless, but he naively deprives his indictment of all its force in the following passage:—"Languor, listlessness, or it may be vice, are what these people wear on their sleeves. Suddenly the situation changes. An unforeseen crisis brings new responsibilities and incitements. In a moment the whole man is transformed. So it is to-day. Smartness is Society's masquerade suit, not its daily dress,

the veil rather than the revelation of its true self. Society, in fact, has plenty of brains and a moral sense unimpaired." After all, it really does not matter much to Society what an anonymous and splenetic foreign resident writes about it, but it is an insult to literature to mistake rudeness for wit.

"SALLY OF MISSOURI"

The state of Missouri, so far as we are aware, has hitherto remained unclaimed by the plot proprietor. To judge from Mr R. E. Young's pages (William Heinemann), this immunity has certainly not been owing to any lack of richness in the soil, of colour in the atmosphere, or of raciness in the Missourian character and speech—especially in the latter, which seems to be to conventional American what conventional American is to English as ordinarily spoken. Mr. Young is, therefore, to be congratulated on having found so fresh and open a subject; and, in return, the



This photograph (by Ryed Hassan) shows the loyalty of the Kibojas to their religious chief, the Aga Khan of Boulay. On the day of the Feast of the Idul-Hadji (down as Bakr-Id in India), the Kibojas of Mombasa assembled together for a holiday in their shambas, or garden, and had their photographs taken, with a life-size portrait of the Highness in the centre of the group. The Kibojas hold a good portion of the trade of the East African Protectorate, and this photograph shows some of the leading Kibojas merchants who do business in Mombasa and the interior.

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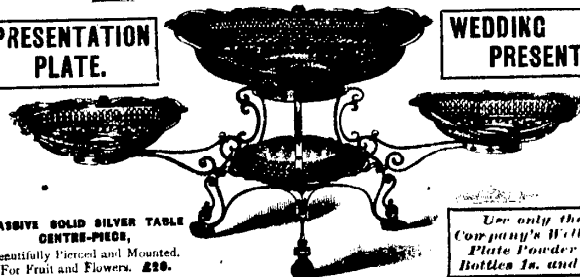


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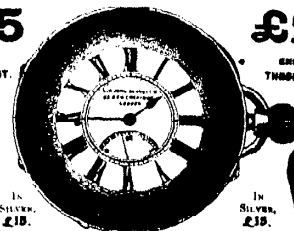
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The Opera

MASSENET'S "SALOME"

CONTINENTAL composers are strangely prone to use biblical names and stories for their operas, although the idea is by no means popular with foreign audiences, and it is in England very properly forbidden by the Lord Chamberlain. Moreover, Bible names are often introduced quite unnecessarily, to give fictitious importance to a conventional operatic story, a fact exemplified by Gounod's *Queen of Sheba* (which in London became *Tréne*), by Saint-Saëns' *Samson et Dalila*, and now by M. Massenet's *Hérodiade*, which at Covent Garden becomes *Salome*. The work has a curious history. Produced in its original form at the Monnaie, in Brussels, as far back as 1881, its first introduction to Paris (for which production the whole libretto was revised and altered) was in Italian in 1884, shortly after it had been given at Milan; while it has not until this week been heard in England. Mr. Ernest Gye, it is true, projected a performance during the season of 1882, with Madame Alloni and M. Mierowski in the chief parts, but, owing to strong letters to the newspapers protesting against the caricature of St. John the Baptist, the scheme was abandoned, although the Lord Chamberlain of the period was at that time chairman of the Covent Garden Company.

The Royal Opera Syndicate have now removed the objectionable features of the story by simply changing the names of the characters, and by altering the locale from Jerusalem in the heyday of our Saviour to the Abyssinian town of Axoum, at the supplicious period when the Ethiopian kingdom was assumed to

be under the government of a Roman Pro-Consul. The work thus becomes a more or less conventional tragedy, a story of love and hate, not a single incident of which is to be found in the New Testament. We do not, of course, now pretend to criticise the performance, though a description of the opera may be of interest. In the present story, Moriane, King of Ethiopia, a part played by M. Renaud, has as second wife Hérodiade, a character which falls to Madame Kirkby Lunn. But in accordance with the free and easy manners of the Court of Abyssinia (where, by the way, the Negus pretends to be a descendant of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba), the monarch was enamoured of Salome, a damsel of the Court, who herself is in love with Jean, a political reformer and early Nihilist. These two parts are the most important in the opera, and Salome is played by Madame Calvé, who has sung the part in New York, while Jean falls to M. Dalmores, who has sustained the character at Brussels. Jean manages to arouse the enmity of Queen Hérodiade, who persuades the Roman Pro-Consul to order his arrest, and eventually his execution; whereupon Salome, in revenge for the death of her lover, is about to stab the Queen, when she learns that Hérodiade is her mother. So far the story of the opera, which, by the way, at the nine representations given of it in its revised form at the Théâtre Italien, Paris, twenty years ago, had in its cast Jean and Edouard de Reszke, Marcel, Mile. Trenelli, and Mile. Félus Devries.

As the music was written nearly a quarter of a century ago, it has little or no trace of twentieth century modernity about it, and it depends largely upon its melodies, and its picturesque and effective orchestration. In this respect it belongs to M. Massenet's best period; for though inferior perhaps to *Le Roi de Lahore*, which was

performed many years ago at Covent Garden, the workmanship and the treatment of representative themes show a marked advance upon the earlier opera. The opera is now played in four acts and seven tableaux, with a dance transferred from the temple scene to the King's Palace, and one or two other happy transpositions. One of the earliest gems is Salome's famous solo, "*Il est doux*," which has already frequently been heard in the concert-room, while lovers of French music will also appreciate the beauties of the duet between the Queen and Phaniel the Chaldean, a part played by M. Planon, and the first duet between Salome and Jean, in which the man, intent upon his mission, gently repulses the advances of the young girl. Among the more massive scenes is that in a Public Place at Axoum; but the composer becomes melodic again in the air in which occurs the phrase "*Charme des jours passés*" for Salome, a duet between the young girl and King Moriane, and the scene in the Temple at Axoum, with its delicious little couplet for the "Voice," "*Comme la rose nouvelle*," entrusted to young M. Dufriche.

ITALIAN AND OTHER OPERAS

Another fortnight of the season remains, and it is not improbable that before the Opera House closes we shall have a revival of Mascagni's *L'Ami Fritz*, which was prepared for last season. Mascagni is justifiably desirous that the London public shall not recollect him exclusively by *Cavalleria Rusticana*. The revival of *Un Ballo in Maschera* was the triumph more especially of Signor Caruso as the Count, and Mile. Kurtz, who was a most delightful representative of the Page Oscar.

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Rural Notes

THE SEASON

As June had less than an inch of rainfall, the heavy showers which have descended since July came in have not been so disconcerting to farmers as would otherwise have been the case. Since the less "washing" rains in the period when wheat is blooming are exceedingly injurious, and we may congratulate ourselves that, thanks to the backward eering of the plant, there was scarcely any serious acreage coming into bloom by the first of the month. Anxiety must needs mark the next fortnight. The oat fields are of fine promise, and they have derived nothing but benefit from the rains. Peas have greatly improved, but beans are not likely to be a full crop. Barley is most irregular. Some very good fields are to be seen in most counties and also some very bad ones. Hay is usually both a big and fine yield. The exceptions to this good fortune are to be found both in sainfoin and lucerne; the first is disappointing everywhere, the second was so bad that most farmers ploughed it up. The bush fruit is a good yield, gooseberries and strawberries are abundant and excellent, while raspberries and currants are coming on well. The cherries this year have not in any way come up to expectation. Rents show thick and strong. Agricultural news from Scotland and Ireland is hopeful, and oats are especially promising in both those regions.

THE POPULAR SUPPORT TO SHOWS

Shows are doing much better this year than last; the exhibitions at Swansea, Gulliford, Falmouth, Ross, Shrewsbury, Ripon, and Totnes are not likely to have been a drain on the different

societies' resources, and while the Norfolk Society, in giving out-of-the-way little Dereham a turn, sacrificed hopes of profit, the gathering was surprisingly good for the smallness of the place chosen for the Show. This being the case all over England generally, the very unsatisfactory attendance at Ealing to see the gardens of all the year's agricultural shows must be regarded as exceptional, and as due to some present inability of the great metropolis to assimilate the Park Royal adventure. Before another year is with us a committee should be appointed to see what is really the cause. The failure of the Battersea Palace, now replaced by flats, point to a need for a more central situation. The Royal might be held every three years instead of annually, and then be held in Hyde Park if the Council would be content with tents instead of requiring the solid erections such as we see at Ealing. Or the venture might be combined with another which has an established vogue, and the Royal Show become the annual attraction for the last week of June at the Crystal Palace. One thing is evident—London conditions are not country conditions, and require to be made the subject of special study. When a loss of twenty thousand pounds in two years has been experienced the matter has reached a stage demanding very earnest inquiry.

THE GARDEN

The delphiniums are now a special feature of early July, as are various early varieties of campanula. The gardeners have devoted much care to these plants of the last few years. The day lily, the martagon, the fritillaria, and the turkhead lily are not the subject of universal favour, but the gardens where they are cultivated are ennobled as well as beautified by them. They seem to go with the

terraced gardens of great country houses and to require a certain style about the place where they grow. The season has favoured roses, which are not only a magnificent display of the cultivated varieties, but show a corresponding richness and profusion of the agitations and other more primitive types. The scarlet and salmon coloured geraniums are now at their best, and it is pleasant to note that they are now commonly alternated with the white marguerite instead of with the hideous calceolarias of the Victorian period. There are old gardens where tree fuchsias are a feature, and the incomparable grace of such a garden must be seen to be appreciated. Those fuchsias are not really difficult to keep over the winter.

JULY BUTTERFLIES

That great rarity, the black-veined white *Crataegus*, is not to be found before July, but may now be looked for. Its close resemblance to the large white is its chief protection, but a regular sportsman can distinguish the flight and an artist discriminate the tones of white. Early in July, *Galathea*, the marbled white, is to be looked for in the South of England. Of course, entomologists know that it is not a "white" at all, but more closely allied to the Satyr butterflies. *Semla*, the grayling, is not due for a week or so, but St. Swinith's, if fine, may see the first specimens on the wing. July is perhaps more noted for *Sibylla*, the White Admiral, than for any other butterfly, the reason being that this creature never appears before the end of June or is found much later than the August Bank Holiday. *Iris*, the Purple Emperor, lingers later, but is also mainly a July find. The New Forest is the great habitat of both these fine insects. Before July is over, *Paphia*, the lovely silver washed fritillaria, will be hovering over the laurels, and the wary *Adippe* be enticing schoolboys on many an errand chase.

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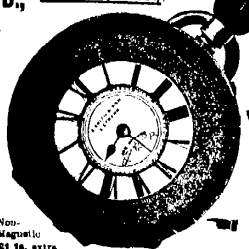
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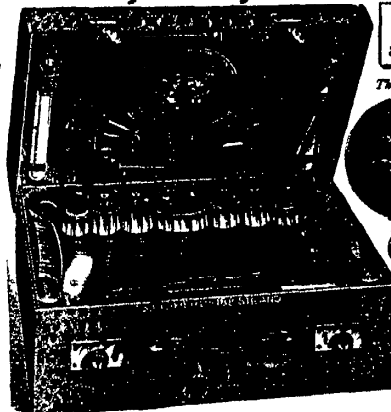


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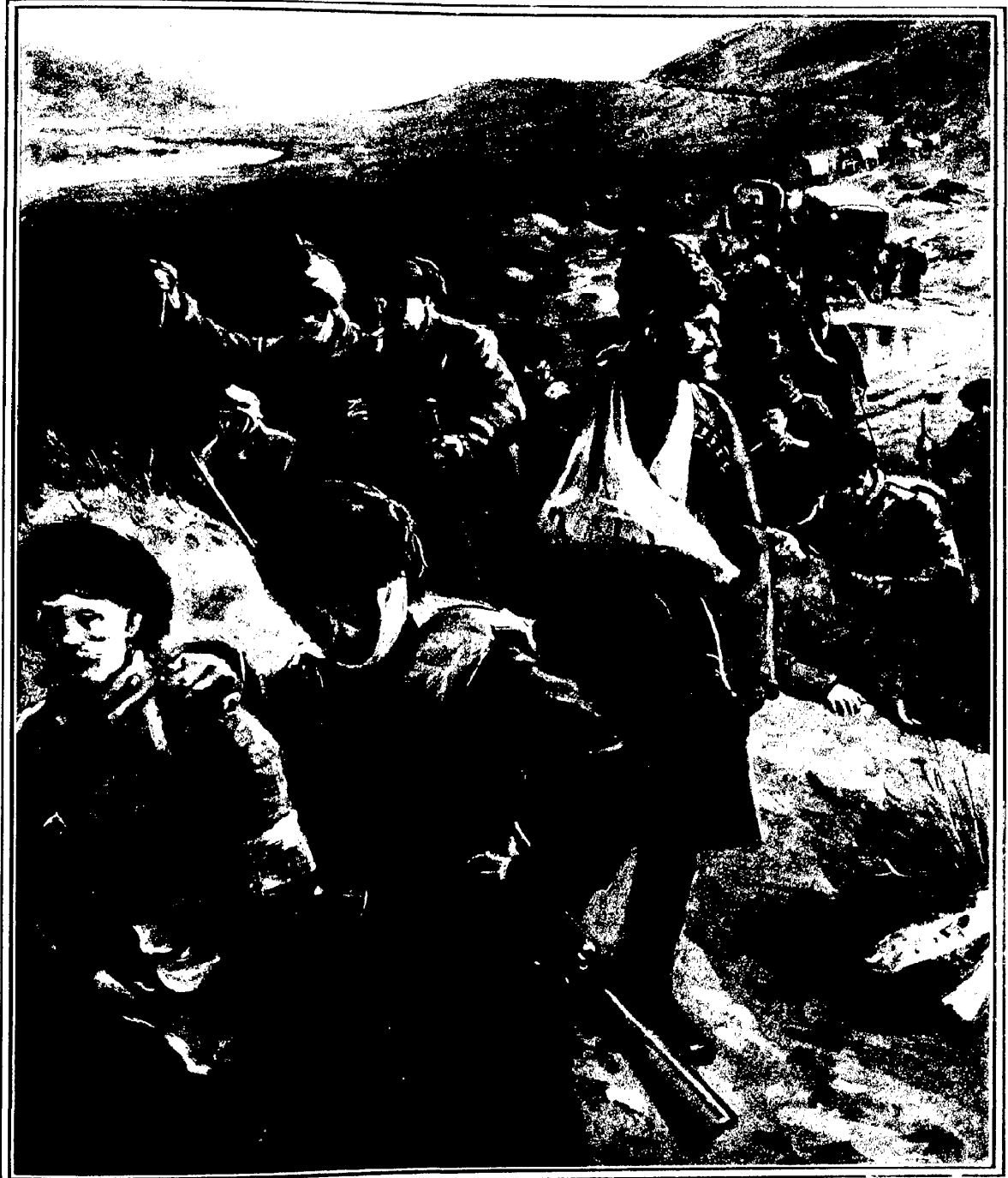
# THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Published by the Graphic Company, Ltd.,  
15, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4, England.

THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1914

Price 6d. (Postage 1d. extra.)



DESIGNED BY EDWIN T. BROWN, M.A.

After the battle of Yudenburg the wounded soldiers of the Russian army retired to the rear. Long lines of stretchers and litter were sent forward to the front. Several hundred soldiers, some of them wounded, were being transported down the hillside.

and their heads in bandages. Many of the soldiers were in a state of collapse.

THE SEAMY SIDE OF WAR. WOUNDED RUSSIANS RETURNING TO REAR LINE.

## Topics of the Week

BY the dramatic action of Judge Parker in pronouncing for the gold standard at the St. Louis Democratic Convention, the interest of the President's coming election for President of the United States becomes transferred from the political arena to a personal issue. The currency question, with its socialistic corollaries, was the only real political issue which divided the two great parties in the Great Republic. It is, of course, still the fashion in the United States to pretend that the rival parties represent rival principles and policies. The same idea prevails in this country. As a matter of fact, it is the ghost of a dead tradition. In almost all countries which possess free institutions and popular constitutions the vital differences between the great political parties have long ago disappeared. In the same manner that Conservatives have adapted themselves to indispensable reforms, Liberals have found the scope of their reforming *raison d'être* reduced, and the consequence is that both parties meet on the common ground of a inviolable constitution. Hence the conflicts of party mean little more than struggles between alternating Administrations or the rivalries of popular personalities. At one time the Tariff played a large part in American politics, but this is no longer the case. The Democrats, without being Protectionists, are unable any longer to withstand the popular will on the Tariff question, and it is noteworthy that they no longer make Gold-nism a battle-cry. It is the same with the currency question. Bi-metalism may or may not be economically sound, but the enormous increase in the supply of gold during the last few years has robbed the Bi-metalists of the one practical plank in their platform. At one time there was something to be said for the Anti-fingo cry, but even here the Democrats can only speak in a whisper, for the Jingoism of President Roosevelt is less a personal characteristic than the expression of the explosive energy of the American people. Moreover, it is not easy for the Democrats to denounce the Jingoism of Roosevelt when they remember the blatant tail-twisting of Cleveland. For all these reasons the real question in the coming Presidential contest is much less whether a Democrat or a Republican shall occupy the White House than whether the tenant shall be Theodore Roosevelt or Alton Brooks Parker. To the foreign onlooker it would seem that when the choice is thus stated, the issue should be certain. Mr. Roosevelt is one of the picturesquely personalities of his time. The Germ in Emperor is, perhaps, his only rival in the appeal he makes to the popular imagination. He is masterful, strenuous, accomplished, and profoundly interesting. He is essentially a leader of men, because he embodies in a striking way all that is best in the American character, and in the strivings and tendencies of his times. Still a masterful man is calculated to make enemies, and when one remembers how large a part is played by wire-pulling in American elections, and how capricious the electorates of every country are, it is not easy to foretell how the coming struggle may terminate. All that can be said by onlookers like ourselves is that Mr. Roosevelt's candidature has our entire sympathy as well as our reasoned confidence.

**The Waning Session**

THE end of the Session is already in sight, although the date is not absolutely fixed. Mr. Balfour has made it clear that he does not intend to keep Parliament sitting long beyond the usual date, namely somewhere in the middle of August.

Between then and now there is a considerable amount of business which must be got through, besides a still larger amount which earlier in the Session the Government hoped to have been able to accomplish. The business that must be done according to Mr. Balfour's last statement is the passing of the Licensing Bill, of the Welsh Defaulting Authorities Bill, and the Finance Bill. In addition, it may be assumed that the Government will persist with the Scotch Education Bill, which is accepted in its main features by both sides of the House. There are also several comparatively small measures, such as the Irish Labourers Bill and the Irish Land Bill, which may be expected to pass without serious opposition or delay. The same happy conditions will certainly not prevail in the case of the three larger measures just mentioned. The Licensing Bill can only be forced through the House of Commons, owing to the prolonged opposition which it has encountered, by means of a drastic application of the closure, and considerable opposition is threatened to the Bill in the House of Lords. The Defaulting Authorities Bill, which the Radicals call the Welsh Coercion Bill, will also be bitterly fought, and it may be that Mr. Balfour will find it necessary to postpone this Bill to another Session. The Finance Bill, of course, cannot be postponed; on it depends the whole financial

structure of the Government. If there were no Finance Bill there would be no Army and Navy and no Civil Service. Nor is it likely that any serious opposition will be made to the Bill, except upon the one point of the tax on stripped tobacco, and on this point it is generally believed that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is prepared to give way. If so, the minimum of the legislative work will probably be disposed of in time for Parliament to rise by August 15. Some time, however, must necessarily be occupied by the discussion on the proposed Army reforms, and a good many alarmists go so far as to say that upon this question the Government runs even greater risks than upon the many other difficulties with which it has to contend. If this difficulty can be surmounted or turned, there seems no reason why Parliament should not be peaceably prorogued in August and—in spite of dissolution rumours—as peaceably re-assembled in January.

**Colonel Young-husband's Difficulties**

ALTHOUGH the Dalai Lama appears to have made some progress towards the very sensible view that he behaved foolishly when he challenged British India to a trial of fighting strength, it would be altogether premature to assume that his resistance will at once cease. Asiatic potentates of his benighted kind always imagine themselves "hubs of the universe," as when King Theebaw of Burmah had a gong sounded daily after he had dined to notify other Sovereigns that they might feed without incurring his displeasure. The Priest-King of Tibet may not be quite so ignorant as that, but it is evidence that he implicitly believed Dorjeff's egregious fictions about the almost immediate appearance of a Russian force, innumerable as the sands of the Siberian steppes. That desperate Buddhist intriguer has been the *diabolus* of the piece from first to last, and if he be alive when the British Mission reaches Lhasa, his surrender for safe-keeping in India should be a primary condition of peace. There are still some who would have Colonel Young-husband to turn back on receiving satisfactory assurances in connection with the unfulfilled Treaty. Those who so argue can have but scant knowledge of Asia or of its ways of thought. If the Mission were to retrace its steps without putting itself in evidence at the Sacred City, it would be given out and, worse still, would be universally believed that the irresistible might, secular and religious, of the Buddhist Pope had put the English infidels to flight. The capture of the Gyantse Jong by a force not more than a quarter of the number of its defenders will be forgotten as quickly by the Tibetans as the sacking of the Summer Palace at Peking, years ago, was by the Chinese. The Asiatic memory is extraordinarily short in matters of an unpleasant kind reflecting discredit on the powers that be.

**Municipal Refreshment Places**

THE Ranger's house at Greenwich, and the late Colonel North's great mansion at Avery Hill, having come into the possession of the London County Council, that body has started the experiment of making use of both as places of public entertainment and recreation. There is to be, we believe, no charge for admission to either, nor for turning to account whatever facilities exist for popular games. The catering is to be on the fundamental principle of "good and cheap," while order will be maintained by a sufficient force of uniformed custodians. If these conditions are strictly observed, there can be very little question that school feasts, mothers' meetings, and similar parish organisations for making human lives a bit happier once a year, will largely patronise these model places of extra-mural entertainment. Those already in existence generally fall very far short of perfection. Being in private hands, they are necessarily operated on commercial principles, with a view to making big profits, and it is asserted that the edibles and potables are too often neither eatable nor drinkable. In the case of heavy rain, too, there is frequently a deficiency of shelter, the ancient tents in use being admirably adapted for free ventilation, but not so admirable for the excluding of water pelting down from the sombre skies. At the Ranger's House and the Northian Palazzo there is abundant shelter for a legion of children with a cohort of the most exuberant mothers out for a holiday added.

**MARIE CORELLI**  
Continues her Outspoken Criticism on the Clergy.  
Read the Stirring Article entitled

"UNCHRISTIAN CLERICS"

in this week's

"BYSTANDER."

PRICE SIXPENCE.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

## The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTLER

BY J. ASHBY-STERRY

FROM a variety of communications already received I am glad to find my protest against the indiscriminate cultivation of ivy has met with general approval. I am also delighted to hear that my views on the subject have been practically demonstrated in the fine old church of St. John the Baptist, Cirencester. Since the paragraph on the subject appeared in this column, I learn that the growth of ivy has been considerably curtailed on the beautiful building. I am told that extensive and judicious pruning has been accomplished on the eastern side of the parvise, and that now its fine proportions and architectural value once more gladden the heart of the passer-by. I trust this excellent example may be extensively followed in those places where the irrepressible ivy is allowed to run riot under the mistaken notion that it is picturesque. Not only does this pernicious creeper often obscure valuable architectural features, but it frequently works untold structural damage in ancient buildings. Where ivy is really useful and grateful to the eye is as a mask for unsightly walls and hideous commonplace houses.

The other day I went to see that most attractive exhibition of the Worshipful Company of Musicians at Fishmongers' Hall, and I could easily fill this column with an account of all I saw there. But this is not my department. However, I may say from the window of the Hall—whereat I have often enjoyed the hospitality of the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers—I had an excellent view of London Bridge for the first time since the alterations have been completed, and I must say I was greatly disappointed. The sturdy honesty—the unpretentious massive dignity of John Kenne's admirable structure appears to have been altogether ruined by the new additions and the gingerbread balustrades, entirely out of harmony with the original design. It seems to me that what they ought to have done would have been to have exactly doubled the width of the bridge, leaving its architectural features untouched. Of course this would have cost a great deal more money. But it will have to be done sooner or later, and such a course, in the long run, would be found to be infinitely cheaper.

Several times have I called attention to the fact that our roads were never constructed to bear the weight of enormous traction engines and their train of heavy waggon that may frequently be seen traversing the thoroughfares of London and the country, and I have suggested that any damage that should accrue to the roadway should be borne by the proprietors of these ponderous vehicles. Therefore, I am not displeased to read in the papers that Testateck Rural District Council have been successful in establishing the fact that the owners or employers of a 14-ton traction engine, dragging two or three trucks carrying from seven to thirteen tons of granite, have been held responsible for damage done to the roadway. It is to be hoped other County Councils will bear this case in mind.

It has taken some time for the Hatless League—whose principles were warmly advocated in this column a few years ago—to make any headway. (Seems to be the makings of a good joke somewhere here. But no matter!) For during the recent hot weather they have made a fair start. I was in the City the other day, and I saw several hatless youths looking not only comfortable but very handsome deprived of the hideous chimney-pot. If the custom were only started in the Park, it would be generally adopted. If it were to become fashionable with the Superior Sex its popularity would be speedily assured. I was asking a lady the other day why such a thing might not be achieved, and she said it would be impossible. I ventured to ask why? She answered me rather shortly. "Why?" she said, "because we can't. There! You men think you know everything—but you don't!" And she left me as much in the dark as ever with regard to this mystery.

The production of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern* at the matinee at the Garrick Theatre, on the 15th, for the benefit of the Bushey Heath Cottage Hospital, should prove especially attractive, inasmuch as the author himself and other leading dramatists are to take part in the performance. We are not told whether actors are to sit in the stalls and write criticisms that shall subsequently be sold. If this were done it would doubtless add to the fun of the affair as well as to the funds of the charity. I was once asked to devise something entirely new for a charitable bazaar, and I proposed that there should be a play performed entirely by dramatic critics, and that notice of the same should be written by eminent actors. In addition to this I suggested that there should be a picture exhibition, in which the paintings should be done by art critics, while reviews of their works should be furnished by notable painters. My notion was not adopted, as I was informed though the idea might bring in a good deal of money, it was scarcely in harmony with a charitable performance.

We are a strangely incontinent people. We make a tremendous fuss about the noises of London. We silence the shouting news-vender boy, we suppress the cry of the itinerant vendor, we extinguish the merry organ-grinder, we abolish the German band, we grow frantic with regard to the muffin-bell and agonised in respect of the shout of the milkman. We do all this, and yet we endure noises of far greater volume without a murmur. We do not call in the police to protect us from the fiendish clatter and the fearful jar of the traction engine, the hideous twotoot of the motor, the sharp clang of the bicycle bell, or the tympanum-cracking squeal of countless cab-whistles. Even when people are rash enough to get married at a neighbouring church and we are well-nigh rung out of house and home in commemoration of the folly, we endeavour to smile and look pleasant over it. Why should such things be?

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| LONDON | GLASGOW    | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 |
| LONDON | MANCHESTER | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 |
| LONDON | BIRMINGHAM | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 |
| LONDON | NOTTINGHAM | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 |
| LONDON | LEEDS      | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 |
| LONDON | SHEFFIELD  | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 |
| LONDON | BRISTOL    | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 |
| LONDON | BATH       | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 |
| LONDON | GLoucester | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 |
| LONDON | Cardiff    | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 |
| LONDON | Swansea    | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 |
| LONDON | Exeter     | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 |
| LONDON | Plymouth   | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 |
| LONDON | London     | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 | 10.15 |

For Sunday Train Service see Midland Time Tables.

A Breakfast Car, Carriage to Glasgow (Sundays excepted).

B Lunch Cars, London to Edinburgh, and Dining Cars, Edinburgh to Aberdeen.

C 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st.

D 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st.

E 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st.

F 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st.

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JOHN MATHIESON, General Manager.

Dunn, July, 1904.

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Gyantse is a thriving town 228 miles from the Indian frontier and 143 miles from Lhasa. It stands on two hills, on the easternmost of which is the fort, a collection of massive walls, keeps, and bastions, covering the whole surface of the rock, which is 500 feet high and 400 yards long. From a photograph by a British officer with the Tibet Mission.

THE BRITISH IN TIBET: GYANTSE FORT, STORMED AND CAPTURED BY THE BRITISH FORCE



The whole Japanese nation thinks of but one thing at the present time, and that one thing (back from the front) is an object of the keenest interest, and his experiences are listened to with rapt attention. Every wounded soldier is the hero of the hour.

RETURNED FROM THE WAR: A WOUNDED HERO IN A TEA-HOUSE RELATING HIS EXPERIENCES

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT F. WHITING



SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE PRESENTING THE QUEEN WITH THE STAFF OF OFFICE AT A GOVERNOR OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL. As well as the first donor to the building fund, Her Majesty graciously assuming the "charge" was read by the clerk in accordance with ancient custom as follows: "Your Majesty, we have the honor to inform you that the first lady to receive the honor of your gift and charity to assist in the building of this hospital is the first lady to receive the honor of your gift and charity to assist in the building of this hospital." Her Majesty then graciously accepted a copy of the "charge" and a governor's staff.

THE KING AND QUEEN AT "BART'S": THE FIRST LADY GOVERNOR

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGE





## "Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET ORRVILLE

THE last Court ball is over, the theatres are closing, the season is nearly at an end, and the heat has come. It is now that one realises how very little London and London life are suited to the weather. The streets are baking, the houses stuffy, the parks crowded, and the food utterly inadequate to cope with the conditions of the weather. The average British cook knows nothing of cold dishes (which only represent to her the remains of the joint of the previous day), of salads of all kinds, of iced mignon, of daintily dressed vegetables, cold fish, like the trout served with *sauce verte* of the foreign restaurant, or the cup of delicious *sorrel consommé*. Aspic jelly is beyond her, ices she cannot make, she reckes nothing of cold *mousse* of ham or chicken, of cold curries or of salads of cucumber, cauliflower, curled vegetables, Russian salads, &c. In the middle-class households people contentedly go on eating a large joint in the middle of the day, with a hot pudding, and drinking beer instead of the economical and refreshing cider. They eschew much fruit as expensive and indigestible, and then wonder they do not feel well on a broiling summer's day.

I saw it stated lately that the librarian frequently found all kinds of odd things, even to five-pound notes, in the books lent out to subscribers. It is a curious fact which can be verified by anybody. Some people put all their correspondence, intimate or otherwise, in the books they are reading. Others have dried flowers, probably keepsakes, among the pages. I have not yet found a five-pound note, but perhaps I shall eventually. The most objectionable of practices is, however, that of marking the books of a circulating library with all kinds of irritating little notes, generally irrelevant and always trivial. This destroys not only the fair margins of the book but the complacency of the reader, who is constantly brought to a standstill by the opinions of a stranger whose ideas do not coincide with his own. Very few people really care for books or they would not dog-ear, deface, scribble over and let them fall as they do, breaking their poor backs and rendering them crippled for life. This is why book-lovers are always accused of being selfish, for nothing is so annoying as to receive back a cherished volume you have kindly lent a friend with milk stains, grease spots, or torn pages in it, according to the idiosyncrasy of the person it has been lent to.

Every season sees the arrival of some new fashion in Society. This summer girls' tea-parties have been in great vogue. True was when women would have been bored in each other's company. Now, however, that men are difficult to get hold of, are busy with sport, motoring, or politics, girls have learnt to suffice themselves. Ladies' luncheons first made their appearance at the time of the Boer War, when men were few and far between in London, and girls' tea-parties have followed suit as an accepted institution. Invitations are formally issued, and the parties vary from a fairly-sized roomful to a select half-dozen. Conversation ranges over a number of subjects; books, travel, and music interest respectively the different sets. Sometimes a clever crystal-gazer or palmist is engaged, and her presence is provocative of a good deal of curiosity and amusement. Ladies' clubs probably account for the satisfaction women are beginning to feel in each other's company.

and the experience of the two ladies attending the Women's Congress in Berlin, who were refused dinner in a restaurant because they were unaccompanied by a male escort, is not likely to be repeated here.

Everyone complains of the scarcity of nice small houses in the West End. No one caters for the moderate incomes. Flats are not always convenient for a family, and have other drawbacks, and yet small houses grow scarcer and dearer every day. In addition, when they are built in new neighbourhoods or suburbs they are always built on the same plan. The rarest thing in the world is to find a small house with a couple of good-sized rooms in which to receive one's friends, or to use as a studio, writing, or music room. It is certainly a grievous mistake to build every house alike, instead of suiting different tastes. The literary man wants a good library, the artistic and musical woman a large and high apartment, while the hostess who receives would like two or three rooms to open one into another. As it is, you know when you enter a street exactly what you will find inside the houses before you—the eternal narrow hall, steep stairs, and back and front drawing-room. I was in one of the old houses in Bloomsbury recently and there was precisely the ideal building. A low square hall on entering, a winding staircase, one large long room looking on a garden, a smaller room to the front, and below a dining-room in which you could entertain a party of sixteen or sit quite cosily opposite your wife. The chimneypieces were of rare carved marble, the ceilings painted by Angelica Kauffman, the doors and walls substantial—altogether the dwelling of a gentleman with a small family.

People rush into authorship every day. Most of one's acquaintances scribble, others write about their travels. To be an author is as common as to be married; but few of us, I fancy, would care to follow the example of Mrs. Anna Maria Pickering, whose delightful memoirs have amused hosts of readers. These memoirs were not intended for print, but merely jotted down to amuse her children; for Mrs. Pickering never published any books, though she wrote all the histories and manuals of geography and science learnt by her young family. Here, indeed, is industry well applied, and the



General Macdonald has gained great and deserved credit for the gallant manner in which he and his men captured the Tibetan Fort, held by 7,000 Tibetans, who obstinately refused to evacuate it. The excitement of a long day culminated in the sealing of a breach in the walls of the Fort by Lieutenant Hingley, of the 11th Gurkhas, followed by a rapid occupancy of Gurkhas and Frontier, and the whole place quickly fell into General Macdonald's hands. In our photograph, which is by a British officer with the Tibet Mission, it may be noticed that Lieutenant Hingley is wearing Tibetan boots.

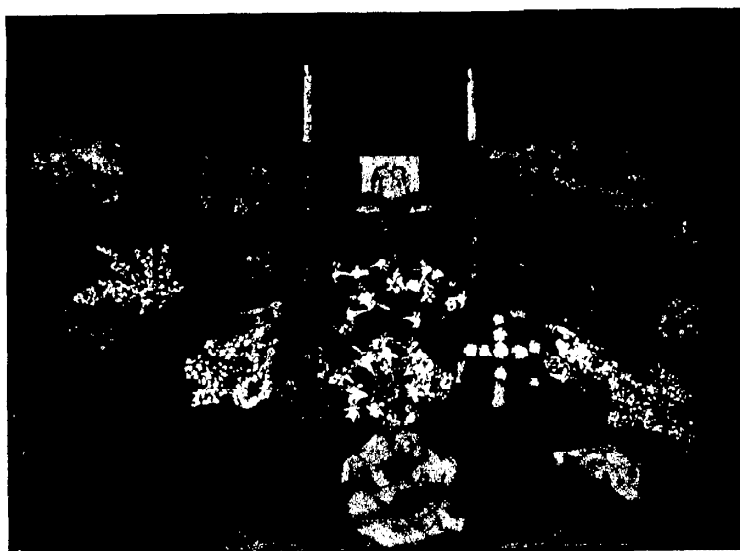
THE CAPTOR OF THE TIBETAN JONG AT GYANGTSE AND TWO OF HIS STAFF

mother who has written the school books of her children may safely be said to have acquired a liberal education.

## Pictures by the Late Professor Costa

SUCH a collection of the works of Professor Costa, as can be seen now in the gallery of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, has no exceptional value, for it shows the best qualities of an artist who not only held a distinguished position in the modern Italian school, but also had a marked influence upon some painters in this country. These examples of his practice have been well

selected, and as they number more than a hundred and fifty, they sum up adequately the varieties of his technical method and the characteristics of his artistic point of view. One of the greatest merits of his work is its decorative dignity. He designed his pictures with a masculine simplicity, and used his observation of nature as a foundation upon which to build pictorial schemes full of poetic imagination and scholarly refinement. He raised the tradition of classic landscape to the highest level to which it has been brought by any modern painter, and gave it a significance which it can scarcely be said to have had before. Therefore this exhibition is specially worthy of attention; much is to be learned by study of his methods and principles.



In the presence of a large gathering of mourners, among whom were Lord Tennyson, Mr. E. J. Poynter, Mr. Val Prinsep, and the Headmaster of Charterhouse, the funeral of the late Mr. G. F. Watts, formerly of the Royal Academy, took place at Compton, Surrey, last Saturday. The large number of wreaths sent included a very beautiful one from his old colleagues, composed of palms and lilies, tied with halberd ribbon, bearing the letters "R.A." stamped in gold. The lady of Charterhouse sent a couronne of pink carnations and lilies of the valley, with the motto "Forever open unto thee, O F. Watts: venerantur Carthusiani," and another came from Rome. The urn containing the ashes had rested since Monday in the cemetery chapel, which the great painter gave to the parish, and of which the symbolic decoration was carried out under Mrs. Watts's direction. Photograph by W. R. Macer, Guildford.

THE ASHES OF THE LATE G. F. WATTS, R.A., LYING IN THE MORTUARY CHAPEL AT COMPTON



DRAWN BY F. C. BODINSON.

On Sunday afternoon, very shortly after anchoring in Plymouth Sound, the German Admirals and their staffs landed, and called upon Admiral Sir E. H. Seymour, Commander-in-Chief of the Port, Lieut. General Sir W. F. Butler, commanding the Western District, Rear Admiral W. H. Henderson, Admiral Superintendent of the Dockyard, and Rear Admiral F. C. H. Bridgman, Second in Command of the

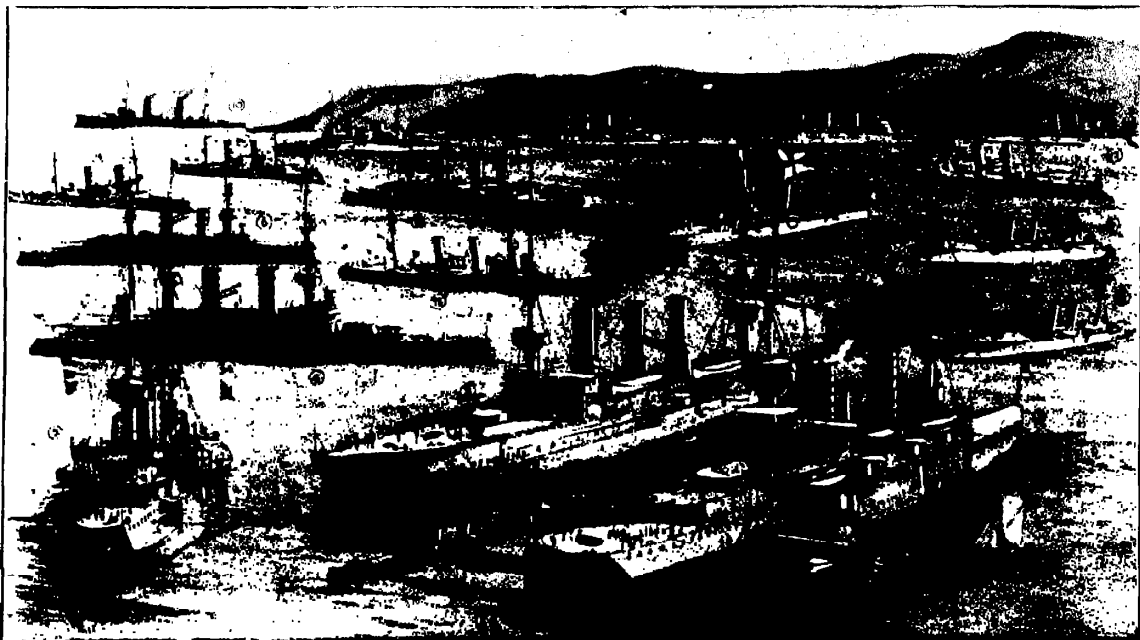
Rear-Admiral Schmidt, Admiral Seymour.

Admiral von Koester.

Rear-Admiral Breusing.

FROM A SKETCH BY J. KEMP TERRY. These officers subsequently returned the visit on board the German flagship. The civic authorities of the three towns have also entertained the German officers, while leave was granted to the German sailors to come ashore, and invitations were issued to civilians to visit the fine ships.

ADMIRAL SEYMOUR RECEIVING GERMAN OFFICERS IN THE BALLROOM OF ADMIRALTY HOUSE.

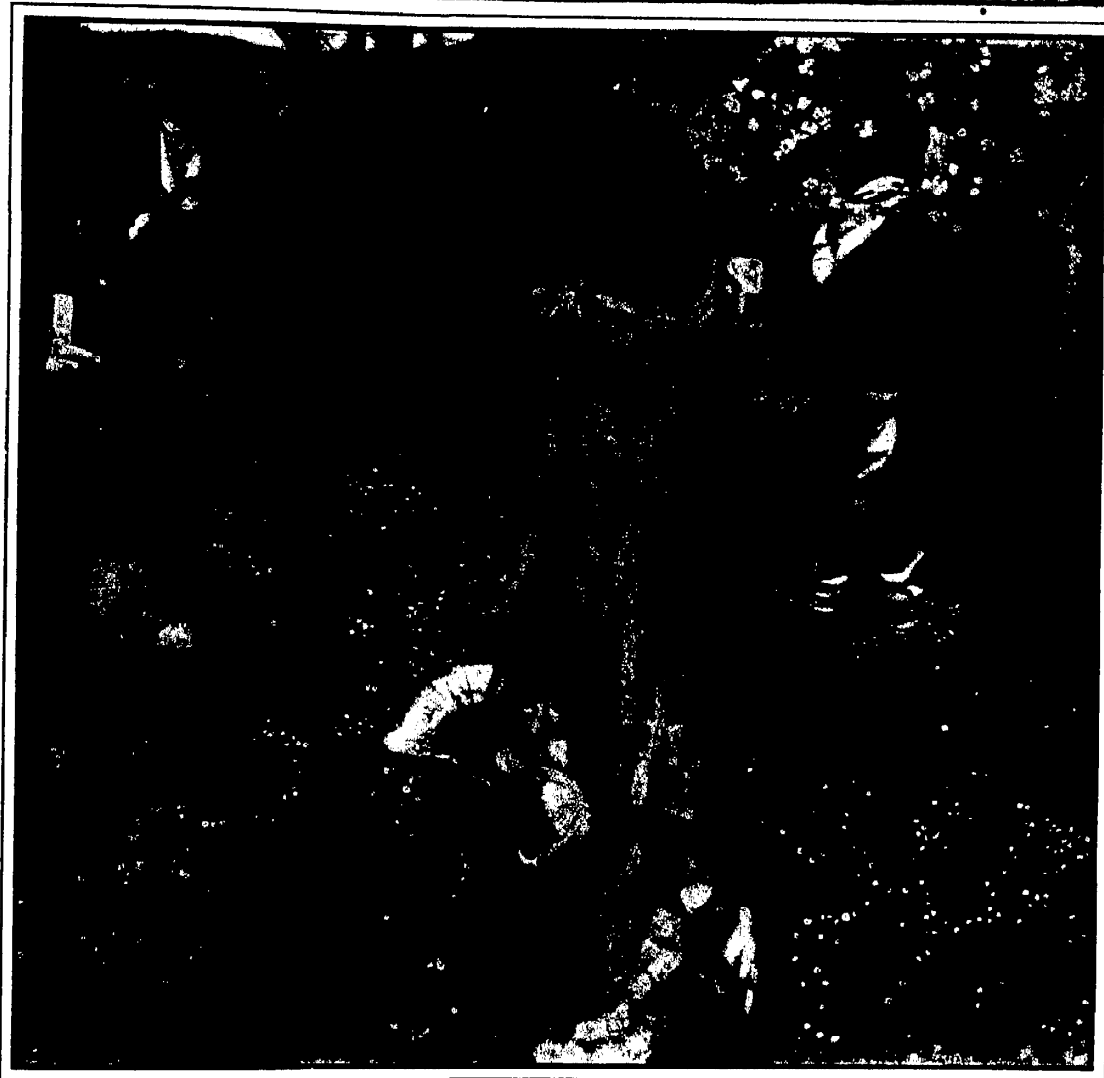
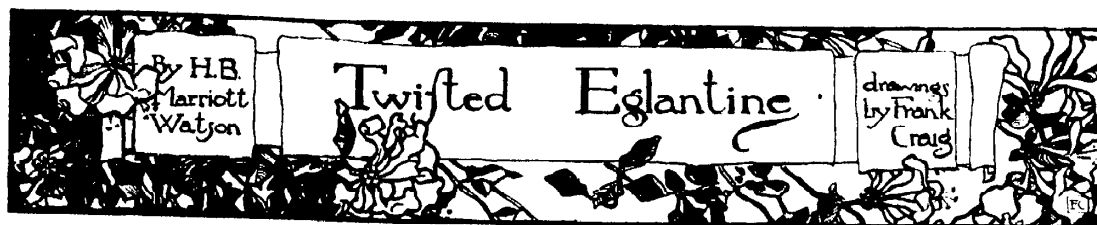


A German fleet arrived at Plymouth last Saturday afternoon for a visit, which extended until Wednesday morning. The squadron, which consisted of eight battleships, one armoured cruiser, six small cruisers, and two despatch vessels, included the battleships (1) "Kaiser Wilhelm II," (2) "Kaiser Friedrich III," (3) "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse," (4) "Kaiser Karl der Grosse," (5) "Wettelshagen," (flagship of Rear-Admiral Breusing,

Second in Command), (6) "Hectorburg," (7) "Zähringen," (8) "Walden," the first-class cruiser, (9) "Friedrich Karl," (10) "Irina Heinrich," (flagship of Rear-Admiral Schmidt), the third-class cruisers (11) "Frankenlohe," (12) "Arcona," (13) "Nida," (14) "Amazone," (15) "Ariadne," (16) "Medusa," and the despatch vessels (17) "Blitz" and (18) "Pfalz."

GERMANY'S YOUNG NAVY: THE POWERFUL SQUADRON WHICH HAS BEEN VISITING PLYMOUTH

DRAWN BY F. L. BLANCHARD



## CHAPTER III.

### SOME PISTOL PRACTICE

SIR PETER BLANKINSHOE rose the next morning in an excellent temper. The Row and Crown were a comfortable and modest inn, where he was able to enjoy a respectable bottle of port and honest English fare. The enforced delay in the wilds of Hampshire, instead of irritating this seasoned Londoner, had seemed to stimulate him. He recalled the Captain at breakfast, made no complaint of the "ham and eggs," and even remarked pleasantly on the "first-class" most agreeable and comfortable breakfast he had such as he, it mattered little whether it rained or snowed, or blew a gale, or whether the sun floated bright and warm in heaven. Just

now when life was creeping slowly to birth in the old brown earth, and spring was for the first time noticeably asserting itself over the winter, delicious thrills of anticipation might very well quicken the hearts of more sensitive beings. The Beau was as hard and unimpressible as a stone wall. London and his own round of fashionable life were all that mattered to him, and that round went on (provided he was in town) wherever the weather might be, and in the months of fall, decay as well as in the burgeoning spring-time. Yet here was he, kept out of town by a wretched mischance, and smiling amiably through it all. Captain Miles stared at him in astonishment.

"Then, Harry, you shall please countermand 'em," says Sir Piers, cracking the top of his egg.

His companion gaped. "What?" he cried.  
"I cannot leave without discharging a courtesy which is thrust on me," pursued Sir Peter. "I am surprised, my dear Miles, to find you thinking of such a thing. It would be base ingratitude. You will be good enough to have the horses in, and we will drive to thank our grand host, Mr. Carraway, for his hospitality last night, and his generous loan. We will then return him his loan."

"Oh, very well, we can do that on the way," said the Captain cheerfully.

"Observe, my dear Miles, that it is not on the way," remarked Sir Piers gently, "we must return after the visit to this very comfortable inn."

Miles eyed him thoughtfully for a moment in silence, and then guffawed. "God's my life, Blakston, I believe ye're hooked by

the village beauty," he cried. "Tis a case of Cupid's bow, eh?" and appeared to find this an immoderate jest.

Sir Piers finished his egg calmly and then put up his quizzing glass. "I would I had your sense of humour, Harry," he said pleasantly. "Gad, how it would divert me to be tickled so! The back of the town trapped and caught by a rustic Audrey! Lord, how amusing it would be to laugh at that fancy! I would I could not some enemy of mine at the foolish game. I would guarantee, my dear Miles, that he would be roasted to death in London. But I suppose, Harry, you are more merciful, and will let me go scot free. You are not threatening me, Harry?" At this Miles looked a little foolish and not a little uncomfortable.

"But," he said in protest, "you know you admired the girl."  
"True, O gentle observer," responded the Baronet. "When you are come to your kingdom, Miles, you will do great things. A fresh pink face is all you saw, my friend; turned redder, by the way, in that same attitude of devotion over a poor soldier, wounded in the war."

"The devil take you!" growled Miles, changing his colour.  
"In his good time, Harry; not just now," said Sir Piers equally. "I say you see a pink fresh face. So do I, my troth, but there is more in it than that. The proper complexion, my dear sir, is for a maid something 'twixt clear oatmeal and bluish rose. There is no term for it—language is gross and stumbles. You may say it is drunk and hiccupous. Most of our poets are mere hiccoughs from Parnassus. Well, I pretend not to poetry—only to the recognition of beauty when I see it. And I say there's more than pink fresh faces go to beauty. A texture, a colour, a contour, a divination, a—denial and refusal of things deemed pretty, doubtful, in mere pretty faces—there's your beauty, or rather mine; and in Miss Barbara Garraway it is implicit." He turned to his friend. "Harry," he said, laughing, "as we were best married to a dairy-maid, your proper mate. This rustic, as you call her, is beyond you, as high beyond as the angels."

"Oh, she's a pretty enough piece," said the Honourable Harry Miles, who had listened to this without distress. "But may I be shot if I know what you're about."

"Very likely, Harry—not at all unlikely," said Sir Piers. "But I would call your attention back to the rustic, bred in the bog pen. A complexion is very well. I have usually found 'em best in London, but here's an exception. The country, as a rule, washes and dries 'em too fast. They rot, and should wear rouge and powder. There's where your town madams fail. They can disguise with such cosmetics and precautions, and know it not! Lord, were I not Sir Piers Blakiston, I would be beauty's agent and make a fortune. . . . A complexion, I say, is well enough, but who would die for a complexion? Not I, Harry, certainly not you, and—and—I do not think—the Prince."

"The Prince!" said Captain Miles, staring at him stupidly.  
"Why, do you not think Miss Barbara would grace a Court, Miles?" asked Sir Piers. "I fear you have no imagination. A blunt fellow like yourself has no time for such graces, and no taste for them. But still, if you will look at it, Harry, what more can you ask than a delicate spirit of fire, that face of broken light, a quick inspiring eye, and the very devil of denial in every tip of the chin? She tantalises, she taunts one with one's failures. Upon my soul, I have seen none these ten years, not since Lady Betty, to vie with her. Oh, I can see beyond that rural habit, and I bless her shyness. Believe me, she's little shy behind. 'Tis only the proper medium—a pinch for a protection and for a provocation also. An adorable beautiful miss—as his Royal Highness would agree."

"You fetch the Prince in?" growled Miles, who was being irritated by these enthusiastic monologues; what's he to do with it?"

"Harry, I will take snuff for once—an odious habit. But this country air. The Prince, my dear sir," said Sir Piers, smiling. "The Prince would delight to see so lovely a lady at Court, and no doubt there is some benevolent lady who would equally delight to pleasure her by the introduction. His Royal Highness will grow dull, Harry. I notice it in him."

"He's growing old," said Miles bluntly.

Sir Piers held up a hand in horror. "My dear sir," he said, deprecating, "he is but ten years older than myself. But, yet, you're right. Alas, forty. . . ." He heaved a sigh and then went on more briskly. "Well, 'tis an extra reason that we should be kind to him ere he tumble into the tomb. He would admire Miss Barbara vastly. He is accustomed to follow my taste without question."

Captain Miles shrugged his shoulders, as if he would thereby express a certain contempt for His Royal Highness, and he rose. "I see," he said grudgingly. "Then you will stay to-night?" "I need not keep you, Harry," returned Sir Piers, looking at him seditiously.

"I? Oh, I will stay," said Miles indifferently. "I may as well be here as in town. I shall not be wanted for a month or more. And there is some hunting in the Forest, they say."

"Very well, my dear Miles, let us both go a hunting," said Sir Piers gravely; "and now, if you will order the chaise, I will dress myself," with which, although he was neatly enough attired, he called for his man to attend him.

Harry Miles found him at eleven o'clock seated before the inn, in the occupation of firing with a pistol at marked stones in the road. Sir Piers was a notable shot and assiduously practised the art in his idle moments. He sat now in the most elegant suit of clothes, a shining pistol in his long fingers, and an expression, which he wore like a mask, of blank indifference; while the outler, the waiter, and some stray villagers looked on and applauded his skill, as the bullets struck the white marks. While he was engaged in this business, a horseman cantered up to the inn and leaped briskly from his saddle. The newcomer was of good stature and frank, handsome face, and had about him an air of eagerness, as if were of one that anticipates of hopes, or, at least, might be feverishly occupied with affairs. He stood with the bridle over his arm, watching the scene, and it flashed upon Captain

Miles that the face had passed before him on some other occasion. In this he was right, for the young man was he who had accosted Sir Piers on the jetty when the packet came to shore.

Sir Piers loaded both his pistols and called, without turning his head, for his man Horner.

"Horner," said he, when that sleek fellow was before him, "take one of those stones, walk thirty yards, and hold it up in your hand."

"Yes, sir," said Horner, without emotion, and obeyed. At that distance he halted, turned about, and put up a hand.

"Well in your palm, man, well in your palm—not at finger's end," called his master.

Horner shifted the stone into his palm, and clutched with his finger-nails over the edges. Sir Piers lifted a pistol slowly and fired as it came to the level of his eye. A murmur of applause went up from the group which had now swollen in size and numbers. The bullet had kicked a splinter from the very centre of the stone.

"Brava!" cried the young man with the horse. "By Gad, well shot."

Sir Piers paid no heed to this, nor to the ebullition of enthusiasm among the other spectators; he seemed quite unconscious that there was anyone else save himself and his valet present. He made a gesture with his arm, and Horner returned to him. Sir Piers gave him another stone upon which a bull's-eye had been chalked, and the man went back to his post as mechanically as ever. Out moved the arm like an automatic semaphore, and Horner's eyes were dutifully directed to the "front," as if he were on drill. He stood at attention, with one outstretched arm, and in his palm the stone upon which the tips of the fingers were visible. Sir Piers with even less consideration than before, lifted his pistol and fired. Horner's arm fell swiftly and a cry sprang to the lips of the young man.

"Good God, you've hit him!" he exclaimed.

"Did you speak, Horner?" asked Sir Piers, looking up from his pistol.

"No, sir," said Horner, with a face silent but working with pain.

"Man, don't you see he's hit?" It taken him on the nail," declared the impetuous horseman, moving nearer to both. Sir Piers did not even cast a glance at him, but motioned his valet to come and take the pistol.

"This is sheer devilment," said the young horseman indignantly. "It's malicious cruelty, by gad."

One of the spectators had picked up the stone which the unfortunate Horner had dropped, and was examining it. A little crowd surrounded him. The nargin was stained with blood, but in the centre of the chalked bull's-eye was the mark and dint of the bullet.

"He's hit 'un, for sure," said the centre of the group. "It's like that it ran off on his finger tips. He's split his nail I reckon."

Red with his honest fury, the horseman pushed up to Sir Piers and confronted him.

"Are you not aware, sir, that this man's thumb is torn by your sport?" he demanded. His fury, which was originally born of a sensitive sympathy with pain natural to him, had been redoubled by his own insolent treatment. This arrogant man had not deigned to notice his remarks. He stood, an angry, even a menacing figure, in front of the baronet. That elegant buck let his eyes go coolly over the young man's face, and down to his cravat and coat. There they stayed a little, without any expression, and travelled finally to the ruffles of the country dress, where they left him altogether.

"Horner," he said, with a note of languor, "will you tell Captain Miles that I have been waiting him for some five minutes over time."

"Yes, sir," said Horner, and turned rapidly away. In the distance he saw his master's friend approaching, but ere reaching him put his thumb in his mouth and twined his face away.

"Well, Horner, is your master ready?" inquired the Captain, when he had come up. Horner's hand went to his hat.

"Yes, sir," he had nearly five minutes, sir, Sir Piers asked me to say."

"Why, I left him practising with his pistol!" said Harry Miles.

"Hullo, my man, what's the matter with your thumb?"

"Accident, sir—a slight accident," said Horner promptly.

"A nasty bit! Go, get it tended, you fool," was the Captain's good-natured advice.

"Thank you, sir," said Horner.

When Captain Miles got to the Inn he found a very red-faced turbulent young man performing about Sir Piers, who was cool, and unemotional. The stranger addressed him.

"Who is this, sir? Will you be good enough to tell me this man's name, sir?" he demanded.

And then Captain Miles recognised him.

"Harry, are you ready?" asked Sir Piers reproachfully, looking as if there were no indignant stranger at hand. "I have been waiting quite ten minutes, and I am especially anxious not to be late."

"I shall be in your debt, sir," said the young man, with a civil bow, and a deadly glitter in his eye, "if you will be good enough to inform me who this gentleman is."

"He is Sir Piers Blakiston of Hone," said Harry Miles with a grin.

"I thank you, sir," declared the stranger politely, "and my name in turn is Faversham, sir, Faversham of Disney House, by Kingwood."

"I have no use for your name, Mr. Faversham," said blunt Miles.

"I will ask you to recall it, sir, if maybe you shall hear it again some time."

"Harry, the chaise," said Sir Piers pettishly, and at that moment the postilion appeared leading the horses. With a sigh of relief Sir Piers arose from his seat, and walked towards the carriage. The captain, after an amused stare at Mr. Faversham, followed with a little nod of indulgent courtesy, and behind came poor Horner with a valise belonging to the baronet. In a little the chaise was howling along the road towards Setley Heath.

"I have his name," said Mr. Faversham to himself, still furious, "and I will not forget it. I daresay I shall run across

him some day," with which he threw his reins to the outler and entered the house for a morning draught of ale.

Meanwhile the chaise rolled over the heath and reached Boldre, close by which the house and farms of Moyden Manor were buried in the forest. The air was fine and thrilled the blood, the sun was warm, the sky like a blue and empty ceiling, and the light glittered on the bare trees. At the orders of Sir Piers the chaise drew up near the gate of a meadow through which his sharp eyes had discerned the Squire and his daughter moving. He descended, and, opening the gate, advanced to meet them, hat in hand.

"I have done myself the pleasure, Mr. Garraway," he said, in the tone which had moved London to admiration—"to return the chaise in person, in order to convey you my thanks for your great kindness."

"Is't Captain Miles ye've got there?" demanded the Squire, bluntly cutting him short.

"It is Captain Miles," assented Sir Piers coldly.

The Squire made no reply, but strode on quickly towards the road, and, with a small shrug of his shoulders, as if he would thereby dismiss this creature from his mind, Sir Piers turned his attention to Barbara, who was visiting his face with shy glances. The Squire reached the road, and entered into talk with Lord Beverley's son. He called back to Sir Piers, loudly, "Come in, sir; follow us in and drink a cup. I've been up since five and about, and could drink a barrel. Fetch 'un in, Barbara, and Captain Miles and we will go on."

This arrangement suited Sir Piers very admirably; if he might have the girl Harry was welcome to the old rustic. He donned his finest manner, and quizzed her through his glass with an amiable smile.

"And you, Miss Garraway," he asked, examining her. "Is't early hours fetch that delicate colour to your face?"

The colour deepened. "Nay," she said, tossing her head and laughing. "But I am not indolent like papa. I do not milk the cows, sir, as you might suppose."

Sir Piers was faintly disconcerted, for although he had not supposed that she milked cows, he was sharp enough to note her requish rally.

"I had hoped you did," he said reflectively. "I have not, to my knowledge, seen a cow, but I should greatly like to see one milked."

"Our Jill will do that for you, and welcome, sir," said Barbara archly, mocking him.

"No, no," he murmured softly, shaking his head with decision and regarding her with a friendly smile. "Miss Garraway, it is not Jill I would see. I can see Jill at every turn and corner of life. Jill walks before me down the Mall, and Jill, I have no doubt, fetches the milk to my door in the early morning. Jill tends my boots—no, 'tis Horner, by the way, does that; but Jill, at least, has my linen in charge. She's an admirable person is Jill; clean of hand, pert of mind, and blunt of feature; but, my dear Miss Garraway, I have no reason in the world to consider Jill or throw a thought on her. She is the machine."

"Indeed, Sir Piers," protested the young lady, smiling, "you would not pay her such unhandsome compliments, if you saw our Jill."

"She is pretty, is she?" asked he, with an amiable affectation of interest.

"She is very squat and flat of face, and she has a large hand and a short temper," she declared, now showing the upper row of her even teeth in her amusement.

"I see you threaten," he said indulgently, and admired at his leisure the vivacity of her face. He was not quite decided how best to handle her—whether in the ways of town, or as some rural beauty who would surrender at once to the blandishments of so great a man, or again as a delicate miss, who must be gently and cautiously plied. And so, though he was at his ease, he was slow in opening, and even a little cautious. The news of gaiety in her, however, encouraged him down one path, and he proceeded on a more familiar, but still delicate, footing.

"There was that in you struck me at the first, Miss Garraway," he explained airily. "Doubtless you may have seen how I was flustered two days ago at the Angel. But there was a very mighty strange resemblance in you, and for the instant I thought here was a ghost that walked. Yet the next moment it was no ghost but a creature of life and beauty, and the hallucination was gone."

"Was it someone I recalled?" she asked, flushing slightly, and with evident curiosity.

"A lady that is dead," he said, bowing his head, "one that I was privileged to know and admire. A great lady and now no more—dead in her youth and splendour. Miss Garraway, that youth and splendour which means so much and runs from us so fast away."

"How sad!" she sighed, and then a little timidly. "Was she at Court, sir? My mother tells me you are at Court."

"I have the honour to be welcome, as I truly believe, at His Majesty's Court," assented Sir Piers magnificently. "But maybe with greater warmth and spirit about the Prince's person. His Royal Highness has honoured me with his friendship, and, indeed, I may say that we have on several occasions been of use to one another, as good friends should be. I am greatly in His Royal Highness's debt," he declared with splendid humility.

Barbara's eyes glowed on him; he was not only a fine, handsome man, wonderfully dressed, but he was a figure in the world, held the secrets of Princes, and was arm-in-arm with Royal Dukes. He dimmed and attracted her, and she marvelled that she could have spoken so lightly to him a little before. She longed to press him with interrogations, to ask of the unfortunate Princess, of Mrs. Fitzherbert, of Lady Jersey, of others whose names she knew, and with whose histories she was partly familiar. Instead she sighed.

"I have never been but once in town," she said. "But I was at school at Bath, and I have seen the beaux and fine ladies trooping there when I was a little girl."

"My dear child," said Sir Piers indulgently, smiling, "as a seat of social ceremonies Bath perished in the year 'eighty-five, and," he added, "I take you for eighteen years. Am I right?"

"I am turned nineteen," she said, still regarding with curiosity

this elegant gentleman whom, in her mind she was disposed to associate in age with her father.

"Nineteen!" he said. "Well, Miss Garraway, we must have you in town some day. We cannot let such flowers waste in wayside places. There are two towns only, and one is London and the other Brighton. We must have you plucked to adorn the one or the other."

He glanced at her furtively from under lowered eyelids as he spoke, emphasising the word "plucked" with a little sharpness of voice. The emphasis, hinting, as she interpreted it, at marriage and a good destiny in town, drew colour to her cheek again, which was intensified under the observation of his eyes. It was not an offensive gaze; it was mild, but critical, appraising, as one might think, and approbatory; it was as if the London beau looked her over as quietly and privately as possible, and "passed" her. At all events this was what Sir Piers desired to convey to her, and this, amid the agitation and confusion of her mind, was vaguely what she felt. Their arrival at the house checked the conversation, and there was the Squire's hearty invitation to meat.

"Welcome in, sir, and drink a glass of something. Lord, I am thirsty as in midsummer, and we're not so far as Beauclieu Fair yet. Barbara, bid Polly fetch me two quarts of the old brew. Gentlemen, what say you? What will you drink?"

Miles nodded at the mention of the ale, but Sir Piers hesitated. "If I might make bold, sir," he said, "a small glass of that excellent *san-die-ze*, that—"

"Barbara, the brandy," broke in the Squire without ceremony. "The brandy for this gentleman here."

He took his pot at a draught, and smacked his lips.

"I was all in a sweat down by the Holt," he continued to the company generally, "all in a sweat over a hog that burrowed under and got into the Forest. Phew! gentlemen! his hot work minding your own hogs, with that lazy dog, Jackson, still asleep in his bed."

"Hogs," whispered Sir Piers to his friend Miles. "Did I not warn you of hogs, Harry?"

"Drink up, gentlemen," insisted the Squire. "Drink your brandy, Sir Piers, and have another. Fish, man, there's nothing in a glass like that. *Thou'rt my wife's fancy, but I would not be seen with one in my hand.*"

"You work your—"

"Aye, work it, I do," returned the Squire, lighting his pipe. "There's not money enough in the country since these Boney wars for a gentleman to live on, there isn't. I work my farm and hunt my hounds like a gentleman, and damn the Whigs, I say."

"People are mostly of that pious opinion, sir," said Sir Piers, "save, perhaps, the Prince."

"Ah," says the Squire looking at him and then at Miles. "You gentlemen must know a lot about the Prince, hey? There's a lot we could know about him. His Majesty has quarrelled with him again, they tell me, hey?"

"His Majesty," said Sir Piers, "has unhappily never quite recognised the good qualities and the unfortunate position of His Royal Highness."

"Unfortunate position!" giggled the Squire. "I should have liked his unfortunate position, so I should. Lord, the tales I have heard of him. You can tell me, Captain—" he began, and broke off. "You begone, Barbara. We want no chit of a girl about here. We are not talking for girls' ears, eh, gentlemen?"

"Surely, sir," said Sir Piers, "Miss Barbara should be interested to learn of the high character and conduct of her future king."

"Eh?" said the Squire, somewhat confounded in his slow brain, and gazing at the speaker with a little suspicion. Then his idea returned. "But we want to talk," he said; "we want no slip of a young woman listening to our talk."

At this point the door opened, and Mrs. Garraway made her appearance—a figure still elegant, pleasantly clad, and with the keys of the housewife at her girdle. Sir Piers made her a deep salute, which seemed to please her.

"I did not know, sir," she began, "that we were to be honoured by a second call from you."



This cup, of solid silver, is presented by Sir Thomas Lipton, for the first Ocean Yacht Race from New York to Marblehead. The chief panel on the front of the cup bears the inscription: "The Brooklyn Yacht Club Ocean Race, New York to Marblehead. Presented by Sir Thomas Lipton, July, 1894." Over this inscription is the burgee of the Brooklyn Yacht Club, under whose auspices the race is run, and under it the crossed flags of Britain and America. The cup stands on a plinth of turned oak, and was designed and manufactured by Elkington and Company, Limited, of 22, Regent Street, London, E.W.

#### THE BROOKLYN YACHT CLUB OCEAN RACE

"He's come to return the shay," pronounced the Squire.

"But, indeed," said the lady, "I hope you have quite finished with it, Sir Piers. And I trust Captain Miles has recovered his hurt?"

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"Ah, true," said he, nodding, as though he had remembered.

"It was of the Countess of Kewick I was thinking—either the Countess or the Duchess of Arragh. I never can distinguish between them. They are so much alike in their dullness, in their plainness, and in their impatience. I always remember the Duke, however; he is a fine fellow and a good companion. I have played with him all night at Brooks's."

"Fie!" said Mrs. Garraway, reproaching him with smiles. "I do not approve of gaming and dice. You gentlemen of fashion should set a better example. But then, who am I to preach you lessons! Mr. Garraway, have you given Sir Piers a morning cup?"

"He has had two," chuckled the Squire. "He has a fine stomach for spirit. That's what the high fashion teaches him."

"Well, well," said Mrs. Garraway in great complacency. "Sir Piers, I hope you are come to stay to dinner. The hour is getting on, and we shall be ready soon."

She beamed on him, and he bowed with a tiny smile of acknowledgment. "I thank you, Mrs. Garraway," he said; "I would it had been possible. But, indeed, I have made an engagement already. I took the chance of retaining the chaise in person, yet I fear I have lingered too long already."

"Ah!" she cried with a note of disappointment, "you are but a hind of passage. You are too great for us country folk. We shall see you no more, then."

Sir Piers looked at Miles and then back to his hostess. He spoke deliberately. "I am very much afraid," he said, "that you are not quit of us yet. Some matter of business has arisen which keeps me here for a little, in a country place which I confess I had not deemed could be so pleasant."

The Captain's face was expressive of certain simple emotions which might very well have been recognised by anyone who had been watching him. But the eyes of the two women were for Sir Piers only, while the Squire was examining his quart pot. Mrs. Garraway sensibly bridled.

"I trust you will honour us by dining another day, Sir Piers," she made haste to say, and this invitation Sir Piers accepted with his gracious air of conferring a favour. He then turned to go, being well aware when to leave an impression to sink in the mind, and not desiring to seem to show too much appreciation of this rustic family. As he moved the door was flung open and a young man appeared, who was heartily greeted over their heads by the Squire.

"Come in, Gilbert Faversham," he cried in his hoarse voice. "Come in. Here's two strange gentlemen visiting us, and one's Lord Beverley's son. You remember me speaking of him?"

Sir Piers turned about and saw entering the room the same young man who had caused him some annoyance by his officious interference not two hours since. He made no sign of recognition, though Faversham looked at him. The newcomer saluted Mrs. Garraway and Barbara with a fine show of manly vigour, smiling and displaying his white teeth. He had the air of being almost too vigorous for the room, an air in curious contrast with Miles's equally athletic and even more sturdy form. When he had so done his gaze came back to the strangers.

"Here's two gentlemen from Court, lad," said the Squire, in his uncouth country accent.

"I have met these gentlemen before," he said curtly.

"Indeed, sir," said Sir Piers, putting up his glass, and making an appearance of studying him. "I think I fancy—it I am not mistaken, there is some error."

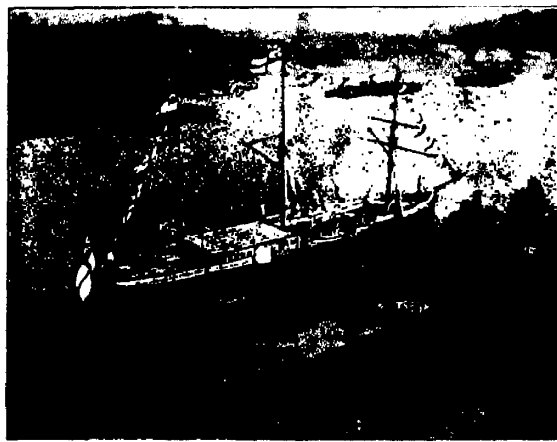
"I saw you at the inn at Brockenhurst, you and your friend, this morning," broke out young Faversham with some heat. "You're Sir Piers Blackiston."

Sir Piers nodded. "True," he said, dropping his glass. "You may have seen me there. The innkeeper knew my name. I fancied that you had referred to some meeting in town, with which majestic display of indifference he bowed once more to the company, and withdrew in the Captain's company."

(To be continued.)



AS SHE USED TO BE: IN GRENADA HARBOUR, WEST INDIES



AS SHE IS NOW: MOORED OFF THE VICTORIA EMBANKMENT

From a Photograph by W. A. Rouch, Strand.

H.M.S. "BUZZARD," THE TRAINING SHIP OF THE NAVAL VOLUNTEERS: THEN AND NOW



Our Artist writes, with reference to the ceremony illustrated at foot of the page: "A tall bonfire is built and a short religious service is held before it. The priest lights the fire and sprinkles the burning faggots or branches of which it is made with holy water. A scramble takes place for those while they are still blazing, and boys and girls dash up and drag branches away. These are taken home and kept to bring good fortune on the household for the year. The hotel crowd sitting in the street is quite a feature here," he adds. "Chairs are ranged along the very narrow pavement after dinner, so that one may sit with one's feet in the gutter nearly. There is nothing to see or do, and the villagers peering by are indifferent to a scene which is familiar to them, though very out of the common."

#### HOLIDAY LIFE IN THE PYRENEES

DRAWN BY REGINALD CLEAVER



This photograph gives a very good idea of the difficulty which the mission has to contend with in the matter of transport and getting up supplies. The cold is intense and the passes are all snow-covered. From a photograph by a British Officer.

WITH THE TIBET MISSION: A CONVOY LEAVING PHARI, VIA THE JANG-LA PASS, FOR TUNA



DRAWN BY F. DE HAREN

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A BRITISH OFFICER

It will soon be three months since the British Mission arrived at Gyantse, a period which has been spent alternately in fighting and in parleying with the Tibetan officials, who are as well versed in the art of procrastination as any Chinese mandarin. The above illustration shows one of these conferences,

which it was hoped might elicit further (unfulfilled, though the hope proved futile) General Macdonald is on a white pony leaning forward. General Hsin is also mounted, and has a shade over his eyes, while an attendant holds an umbrella. Between the two generals is the interpreter.

WITH THE TIBET MISSION: A CONFERENCE BETWEEN GENERAL MACDONALD AND GENERAL Hsin



## Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE"

THE Presidential Election in the United States is a political earthquake. It may be a slight or a severe disturbance, but it is always watched with anxiety by the Governments of Europe. This or that candidate for the office of President may suggest a policy which might seriously affect European politics; the electors may favour a development which would be injurious to the Old World; or ingenious supporters may introduce for party purposes an element of discord which might be very disturbing. The American States which supply corn to England, for obvious reasons, do not regard with favour the proposal which is being discussed in this country to impose duties on our imports, and they may accentuate this attitude in the course of the electoral campaign. The Government at home is fully alive to the danger, and are in constant communication with our Ambassador at Washington, who forwards to them every item of information which may affect this matter.

"We are brothers," said an Englishman to an American. "Brothers-in-law, you mean," answered the latter, alluding to the many Anglo-American marriages which have been contracted in recent years. Are these brothers-in-law our friends? The rich and socially pretentious Americans may be well disposed towards the English, and it must not be ignored that many of these are so disgusted with their own country that they live almost entirely in Europe. But the bulk of the American nation is opposed in England by tradition, by education, and for self-interested motives. "We are like brothers in the playground of a school," said an American politician. "We might not be displeased to give you a trouncing, but it would annoy us to see you punished by another." Because the American Ambassador delivers gracefully composed speeches, in which—as it is his business to do—he describes the friendly



LADY MARJORIE GORDON

Married last Tuesday.

CAPTAIN SINCLAIR, M.P.

attitude which should be assumed by both nations when dealing with each other, and a handful of rich American men and women—a hundred or two at the most—have established a colony of their own in London, we must not imagine that the people of the United States are our devoted friends.

"When Parliament is sitting I make speeches in the House; when I am having my holiday I make speeches in the country." That resembles the Professor at Oxford who is said to have read the Roman classics instead of the Greek to rest his mind out of term time! An ordinary member of Parliament may not be seriously overworked when in attendance at the House, when he spends most of his time in listening to speeches, chatting with friends, or walking in to, or out of, the Division Lobbies. But throughout the year he has

a multitude of letters to answer and questions affecting the interests of his constituents and his constituency to attend to. Those duties are increasing so greatly that to every member who twenty years ago employed a private secretary, there are six who do this now. Many of the rich men who in these days look upon it as a necessary accompaniment to their wealth to be in Parliament, have not had a first-class education, and know little of history. These men must have private secretaries who have considerable knowledge of politics, and are exceptionally well-read. There are many young men who are training at the Universities to be enabled to occupy such appointments, and they are wise, for a member of Parliament may, more or less easily, obtain a well-paid post for a secretary when he is disposed to do so. It is safe to predict that to every member who employs a private secretary to-day, there will be twenty in ten years' time, and parents should not ignore this developing opening for their sons.

## Lady Marjorie Gordon's Wedding

LADY MARJORIE GORDON, only daughter of the Earl of Aberdeen, was married on Tuesday to Captain Sinclair, M.P., the popular Liberal Whip. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Peterborough, the Rev. T. G. Gardiner, and Canon Pennefather, Vicar of Kensington. Mr. David Friskine, of Linton, who was with the bridegroom on Lord Aberdeen's staff while he was Governor-General of Canada, acted as best man. The guests were afterwards received by the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen at Brook House, Park Lane, lent by Lord and Lady Tweedmouth, uncle and aunt of the bride. Later in the afternoon the bride and bridegroom left for Gwydyr Castle, Wales, lent by Earl and Countess Carrington. Our portraits are by Thomson, 141, New Bond Street.



MOWING THE ALTERED COURSE FOR THE STEWARDS' CUP



THE NEW GRAND STAND

MAKING THE ROAD TO THE ENTRANCE OF THE GRAND STAND

Those who attend Goodwood Races this year will find a great change in the aspect of the course—not in the general surroundings, the lawn, the magnificent view; they will never change—but in the increased space, the rearrangement of facilities in getting about, and, above all, in the grand stand which is new from top to bottom. The accompanying illustrations show the new buildings, the grand stand, and the adjoining structure for the use of the officials, the Press, and the telegraph. The new

grand stand, where is also the Royal box, has a frontage of 250ft. and a height of 50ft., and, with the lawn, it will accommodate 10,000 people. The architect is Mr. A. G. Harder. On the course itself the position of the starting gate has been changed by being moved, so that there will be no advantage to a horse in the inside position.

## PREPARING FOR GOODWOOD: THE NEW BUILDINGS AND THE IMPROVED COURSE

DRAWN BY H. G. BREWER

## The Court

EVER active in the cause of charity, the King and Queen, last week, attended the entertainment at His Majesty's Theatre in aid of the British Ophthalmic Hospital in Jerusalem, sitting out the performance to the end. On the following morning they drove to the City to lay the foundation-stone of the new buildings of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Their Majesties' route through the City was gaily decorated, and lined with crowds of people, who gave them a most cordial reception. On his return to Buckingham Palace after the ceremony, the King sent a cheque for £1,000, and the Prince of Wales a cheque for £500, towards the building fund. On Thursday Madame Ailani had the honour of being received by their Majesties, and in the evening the Prince of Wales was present at the annual dinner of the officers of the Royal yacht. The Duke of Alcock, who terminated his visit to England on that day, took away with him a presentation Bible, which the King sent him to replace one which Queen Victoria had given to the Duke's father and which had been destroyed. On Friday the Prince of Wales presided at the third meeting of the General Committee of the Cancer Research Fund, and in the course of an admirable speech made an eloquent appeal for support for this great national work. In the evening the King and Queen gave a State ball at Buckingham Palace, at which the Prince and Princess of Wales and other members of the Royal Family were present. On Saturday, the King travelled to Sandringham to inspect the repairs necessitated by the recent fire in the Queen's bedroom, returning to London the same evening, while the Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princes Edward and Albert, attended a garden party given by the Chairman of the London County Council and Mrs. William Bent, at the Royal Botanic Gardens. On Sunday their Majesties entertained at luncheon the Khedive of Egypt, who had arrived in London the previous evening. This week the King has taken a well-deserved rest, motoring down to Newmarket on Monday for the July race meeting and remaining there at the Jockey Club until Thursday. During his absence the Queen paid another visit to the East End, the occasion being the annual flower show of the East London Horticultural Society at the People's Palace, held on behalf of the London Hospital. Next week will be another busy week for their Majesties, who will first proceed to Liverpool, where, on Tuesday, the King lays the foundation-stone of the new Cathedral. Next day they visit Swansea, to cut the first sod of the New Dock, and the following day they go to Rhyl, after



PRINCE EDWARD, PRINCESS VICTORIA, PRINCE ALBERT, PRINCE HENRY.  
THE PRINCE OF WALES'S ELDER CHILDREN  
From the latest Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street.

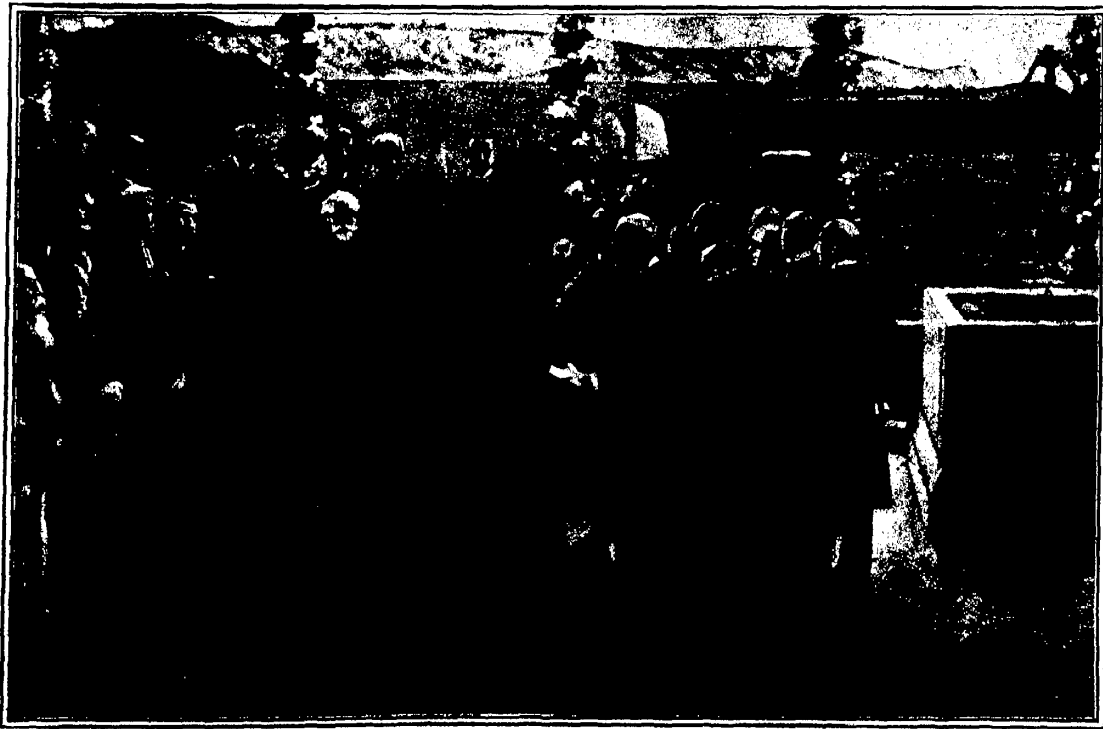
to inaugurate the Elan Valley Water Works for Birmingham, an immense undertaking which has been in progress for over ten years, and cost upwards of £7,000,000. On Thursday they will be

back in town for the Queen's reception of the Nurses of the Royal National Pension Fund, while on Friday the King will open the new Royal Horticultural Hall in Westminster.

## Our Supplement

"MARIE LOUISE TASSIS" BY VAN DYCK

THE Lichtenstein Gallery in Vienna is rich in masterpieces by Rubens and Van Dyck, but scarce one of them equals in beauty the portrait of "Marie Louise Tassis," a three-quarter length portrait, re-created throughout Europe by engraving and photograph. Van Dyck was one of those happy painters who could make his pictures appeal alike to the connoisseur and to the man whose knowledge of and even feeling for Art are merely elementary; he could flatter in his portraits, and yet retain the likeness; he could "arrange" his sitters and yet, while pushing the picturesque element to the furthest point, would never trench on the theatrical. In this portrait we have the happy combination of Van Dyck's various charms as a painter of likenesses, especially of ladies. The arrangement, alike in design and colour, is splendid in effect, and yet richly harmonious—the costume, of course, helping in no slight degree. The attitude is graceful yet natural—that is to say, the fashionable pose of the *grand dame* of the day—and pleasing in a measure seldom surpassed by him. The expression of the handsome face is living, yet sweet, devoid of that over-vivacity which mars the effect of some of the finest efforts of modern days—such as the melodramatic air of Rembrandt's portraits, and the galvanic, vital spark which seems to startle so many of Mr. Sargent's subjects into intense life. And around the mouth there is a smile as subtle and as difficult to analyse as the delicate merriment on the lips and about the eyes of "The Laughing Cavalier" of Group Halls. Add to this the sober brilliancy of the painting, the mastery of the brush-work, and we have the qualities and characteristics which accord to "Marie Louise Tassis" as high a place among the greater achievements of Van Dyck. Those who love not only a beautiful picture or print, but also the method of its production, will be interested to note the success with which the reproduction before them has been manipulated. The plate is a "half-tone process block," done in the first place from a photograph, but with additional quality, brilliancy, and values imparted to it by the intelligent engraving with the burin effected in the line, dress, ruff, and hair.



M. Cambon.

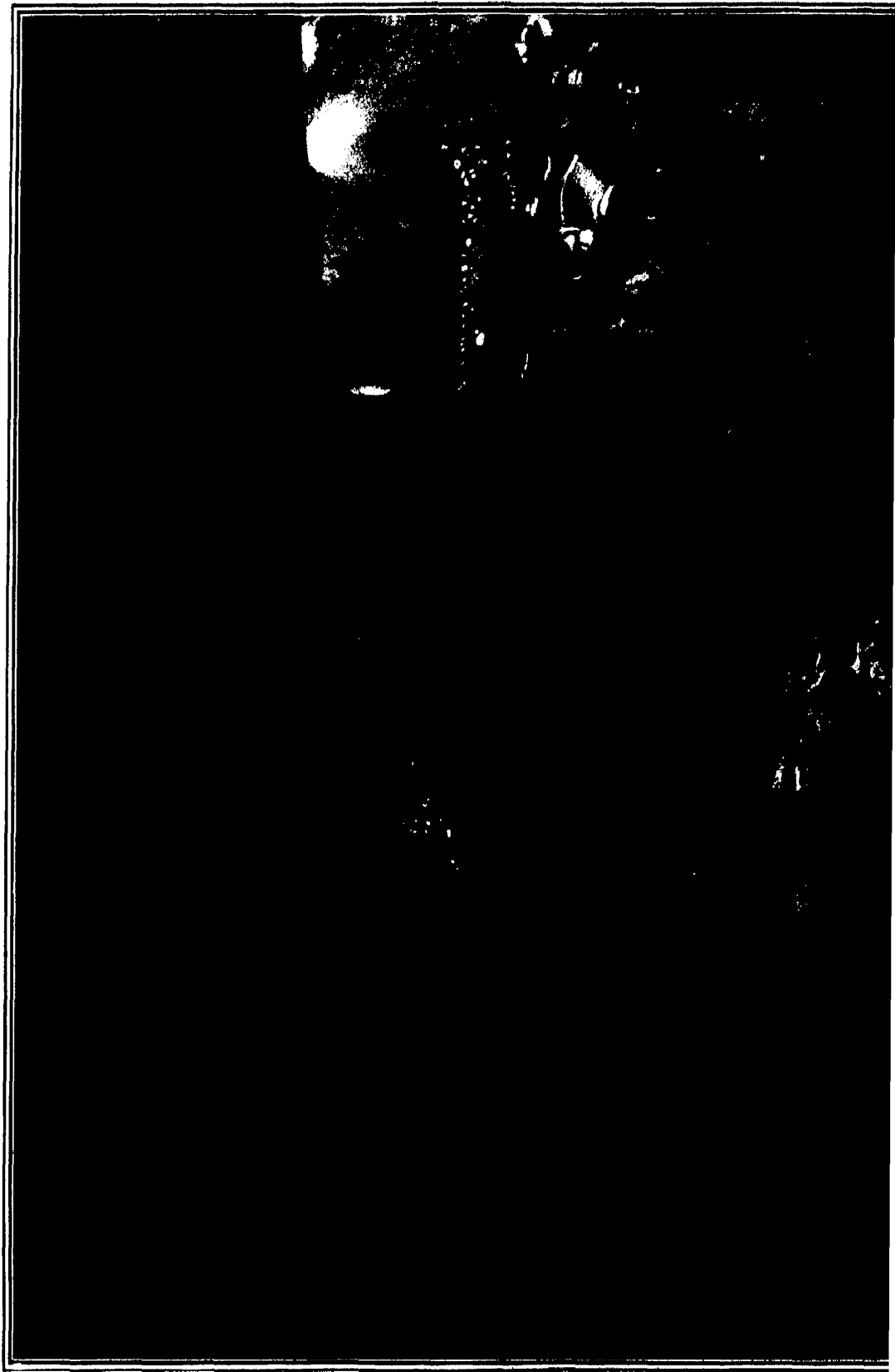
Mr. Lewis Coward, K.C.

The ceremony of laying the final stone of the grand new pier at Folkestone by M. Cambon took place on Tuesday in presence of a large number of specially invited guests, including the staff of the French Embassy; the chairman and directors of the South Eastern and Chatham Railway Companies; the Mayor, Aldermen, Councillors, and officials of Folkestone; Baron Edward Rothschild, the director, and the officials of the Chemin de Fer du Nord. An address of the Mayor and Corporation of Folkestone was read by the Recorder (Mr. Lewis Coward, K.C.). The granite block which was laid by the

Ambassador bore the inscription: "This stone was laid by His Excellency Paul Cambon, G.C.V.O., French Ambassador to the Court of St. James, to commemorate the completion of this pier on the 12th July, 1904," and on the eastern side, "This pier was constructed by the South Eastern and Chatham Railway Company on the 20th January, 1897, and completed by the South Eastern and Chatham Railway Company's Managing Committee on the 12th July, 1904. Cooley, Son, and Matthews, engineers; William Rigby, contractor."

CEMENTING THE ENTENTE CORDIALE BETWEEN TWO GREAT COUNTRIES: THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR AT FOLKESTONE

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET



# THE WAR IN THE FAR EAST

FROM THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPHS AND SKETCHES



The horrors of the battlefield are intensified by the Chinese bandits, who, eluding the vigilance of the combatants, hover near a battlefield and at dusk rob the dying and dead in the most ruthless manner. Sometimes they are interrupted in their dastardly raids, and heavy punishment awaits those who are caught.

THE EVENING OF THE BATTLE: HUMAN BIRDS OF PREY

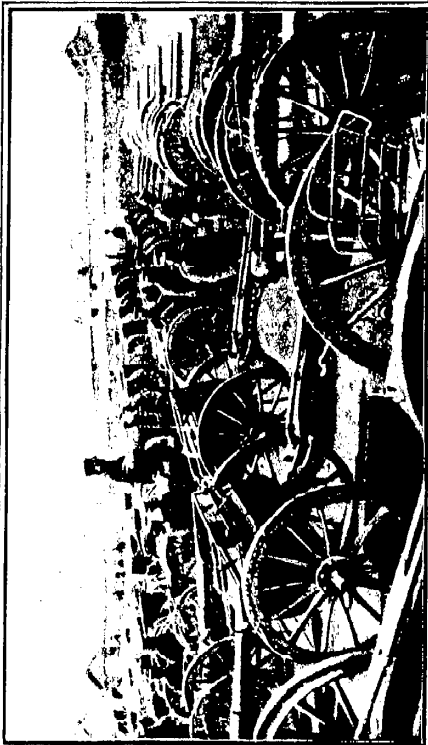
DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN



As here a great deal about the unfortunate Russian peasants who are dragged from their homes to fight the Tsar's battles; but whatever may be his troubles, the Russian "Tommy"

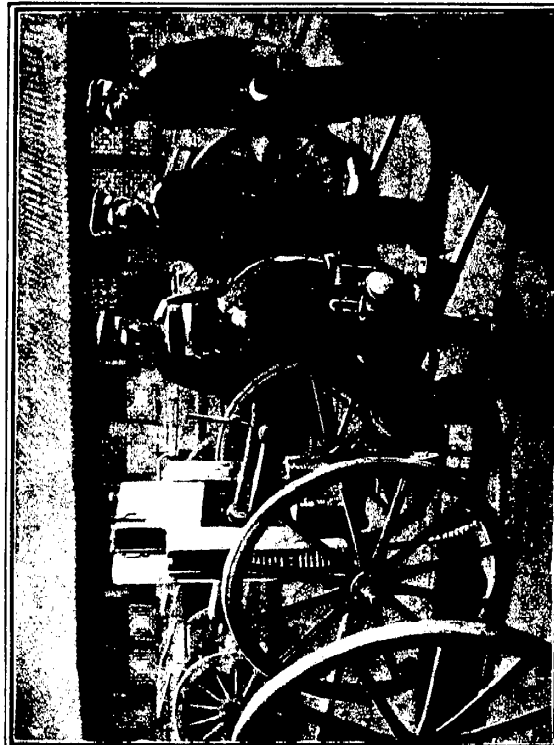
would seem to be a simple, cheery fellow, ready to avail himself, at any moment, of lightening the monotony of his life. Here, for instance, we see the

RECREATION IN WAR TIME: RUSSIANS DANCING A NA



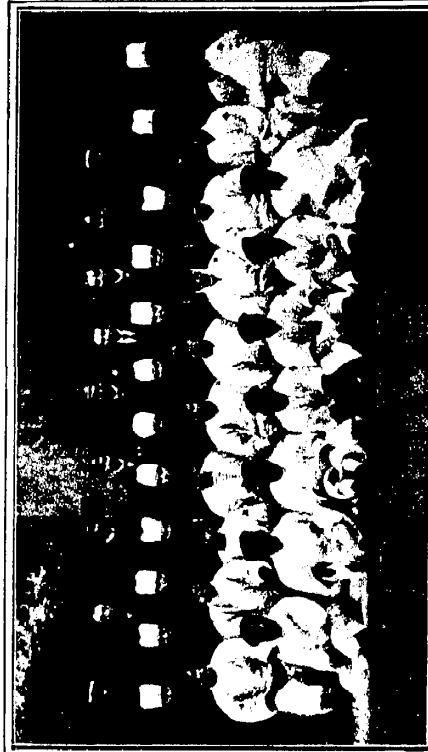
Our Special Correspondent, writing from Antung after the capture of the Yalu, says: "In a short and are found piled the trophies of victory; and here the long line of Maxim machine guns, and other weapons, are objects of interest to both general and private alike." From a photograph by Walter Ritten.

AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE YALU: FIELD-GUNS CAPTURED FROM THE RUSSIANS



In the signal of 1897, Japanese captured twenty-one Maxim machine guns, eight Maxim light rifles, six three-inch rifles, and large quantities of other arms and munitions. From a photograph by Walter Ritten.

JAPANESE INSPECTING CAPTURED MAXIMS AT ANTUNG AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE YALU



The Japanese authorities have detailed a great number of Russian prisoners, both wounded and uninjured, at Matsukawa, on the island of Suikow. Here, under the most careful and humane supervision, they are being treated. Nearly all the men here so far had been killed by fragments of shell or by gunshot. From a photograph by Great Wall.

CONVALESCENT RUSSIAN WOUNDED, WITH NURSES AND POLICE GUARDS AT MATSUOKA



The Russians who have fallen into the hands of the "little Japanese," as they like to call them, certainly have nothing to complain about. Those who are wounded are treated more or less as they are, while the wounded receive the best attention of a large force of Japanese nurses, who are second to none in the world. Japan wishes to show the world that she is neither barbarous nor essentially unchristian, and has been found that nothing is to be left undone which would conduce to the prisoners' comfort. From a photograph by J. Roddman Johnston.

WOUNDED RUSSIANS IN A JAPANESE HOSPITAL

PRISONERS AND MUNITIONS OF WAR CAPTURED BY THE JAPANESE



A BLOCK IN THE TRAFFIC ON THE WAY TO THE KING'S COURT: A TRYING SCENE  
DRAWN BY W. FAIRBELL, ILL.

## The Theatres

THIS season is now practically over, and the spell of hot weather which we have been experiencing, it is to be feared, has put the finishing touches to what has probably been one of the worst seasons on record. Mr. Tree was one of the first to close his theatre prior to opening in the autumn with a revival of *The Tempest*. On the last night he gave a very varied and representative programme. First came an act, the fourth, of *The Parting of the Gods*. In this Mr. Tree repeated his admirable presentation of Zerkun, the Japanese Chief of Police, while Miss Leon Ashwell's character of Yo San was played by Miss Lily Brayton. Following this came Act III., scene 1, of *King Richard II.*, with Mr. Tree as the troubled monarch, and Mr. Oscar Asche as Bolingbroke. The third item was the second act of *Twelfth Night*, in which the versatile actor-manager made a sudden transition to the fantastic Malvolio, supported by Miss Viola Tree as Viola, and Miss Constance Collier as Olivia. Lastly we had in its entirety *The Man Who Was*, by Kinsey Peile, adapted from Rudyard Kipling. It would have been difficult to select four more varied parts, and to present each vividly in one evening was in the nature of a *tour de force*, and gave a remarkable interest to an enthusiastic last night.

At the DUKE OF YORK'S, on Tuesday, was produced a new problem play, by George Paston (Miss E. M. Symonds), of some importance, called *The Pharos's Wife*. It deals with a happy married couple, whose happiness is suddenly shattered when the wife finds that her husband is correspondent in a divorce case. She leaves him to work out his redemption alone, and, if possible, win her forgiveness, and retiring to the country herself nearly falls a victim to temptation. More charming now, because more conscious of human weakness, she returns to her husband, and we are left with the prospect of a happy future for them. Miss Madge McIntosh and Mr. Aubrey Smith were sincere and earnest as the husband and wife, but a smaller performance by Miss Harragh was the most notable thing in the acting of an interesting play.

At the IMPERIAL *Miss Elsiebeth's Prisoner* is now preceded by *The Pussand*, a one-act drama by Alicia Ramsey and Rudolph de Cordova. It is

Mr. H. Maxime Dufet. M. George Prada.



M. Max de Martini. Capt. H. H. P. Deasy. (Driver).

Captain Deasy completed his 5,000 kilometre motoring tour in the Alps on Sunday by driving his 16-30 h.p. motor car with the assistance of his captives and immediate assistance from Geneva to Paris, a journey of 1,000 kilometres, including the crossing of the Alps, which had been the object of his trip.

MOTURING IN THE ALPS: CAPTAIN DEASY ARRIVING AT CHAMONIX

a vivid little play, though the material employed is well worn. Indeed, in any Russian play one instinctively expects to meet those three stock characters—a Chief of Police, a beautiful spy, and a Nihilist lover. The pretty spy has fallen in love, and as a consequence finds her trade repugnant. She tries to save her lover from her old employer, but the latter outwits her, and when she is driven into a corner and the Chief of Police demands of her the password which will admit him to the Nihilist meeting where her lover is going, she first stabs him and then whispers into deaf ears that the password is "Death." What happens subsequently no one knows, for here the curtain falls. The little play is adequately played by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sugden.

*Sergeant Brue*, the musical comedy by Mr. Owen Hall and Mrs. Liza Lehmann, has been transferred from the STRAND Theatre to the PRINCE OF WALES's, now left vacant by Madame Réjane. It has been somewhat revised, and now goes very merrily. There are two alterations in the cast. Miss Hilda Trevelyan is temporarily replaced by Miss Ruth Saville, while in the part of Lady Dickenhall Miss Ethel Irving is now succeeded by Miss Millie Legarde, who plays and sings very charmingly, as all who remember her in *The Girl From Kay's* will understand.

Mr. George Alexander finishes his season to-night (Friday) with the hundredth performance of *Saturday to Monday*. He will re-open on September 3 with *The Garden of Lies*, Mr. Sydney Grundy's adaptation of the story by Mr. J. M. Forman which ran through the *Windsor Magazine*.

Mr. Malcolm Watson's clever and amusing little play, *The Conversion of Nat Sturge*, now precedes *The Fairy's Dilemma* every evening, with Mr. Bouchier in the principal part. Mr. Bouchier evidently believes in novelty. This is the fourth one-act play which has been put on before Mr. Gilbert's piece.

When a novelty is required Messrs. Harrison and Maude will produce at the NEW THEATRE—not at the HAYMARKET, which is to be thoroughly done up—a new play by W. W. Jacobs and L. N. Parker. In this Mr. Maude will play the captain of a river barge. This will be somewhat of a contrast to his French count in *Lady Flirt*.



Admiral von Koster. Admiral Sir E. H. Seymour. Admiral Sir Henry Riephouse, Commander-in-Chief of the Port. A.D.C. to the King. German Squadron

DRAWN BY F. J. WADSWORTH

FROM A SKETCH BY A. NEW TERRY

ADMIRAL REYMOUR AND HIS STAFF RETURNING ADMIRAL VON KOSTER'S VISIT ON BOARD THE GERMAN FLAGSHIP "KAISER WILHELM II."

THE VISIT OF THE GERMAN SQUADRON TO PLYMOUTH





PORTRAIT OF MARIE LOUISE TASSIS  
FROM THE PAINTING BY VAN DYCK, IN THE LICHTENSTEIN GALLERY, VIENNA  
Photographed by the Maison Braun, Clement et Cie.





THE REXER RIFLE

An interesting series of events at the opening meeting of the N.R.A. was the beginning of the competition at the 200 yard range with automatic rifles. There is to be no prize of 1000, subscribed by members of the N.R.A. Council. The special committee insisted that all rifles entered must be generally serviceable as a military weapon. The test of accuracy was for the weapon to fire ten shots at 200 yards, with bayonet fixed. The test as to rapidity was the number of rounds fired in a minute at 200 yards. It was expected that three rifles would be tried: The West Austin (British Patent), the Rexer (Danish), and the Halle (English), manufactured by the Birmingham Engineering Company, of Birmingham. The West Austin rifle was, however,



THE HALLE RIFLE

not forthcoming. Table rest were permitted, and those handling the Rexer availed themselves of the privilege, using a high table covered with green baize, from which to fire. Those who used the Halle were content with an ordinary rest and a stool. In the first round, the rifles being used as ordinary magazine rifles, the Rexer made two loads of 40 and 20 respectively, and the Halle 42 and 41. Time the English weapon lost by 10 points. In the rapid firing test loading was not included in the time limit. The Halle fired twenty-one rounds, totalling 48 points, the Rexer firing twenty rounds and making a total of 30 points. The Halle thus again led. From photographs by G. Knight, Aldershot.

## NOVELTIES AT BISLEY: THE COMPETITIONS WITH AUTOMATIC RIFLES

## The Week in Parliament

BY HENRY W. LUCY

THE violent scene that marked the first fall of the guillotine on amendments to the Licensing Bill seemed to presage daily renewal whenever one of the appointed days was reached. Those familiar with the ways of the House of Commons know that repetition of that kind is not its habit. It has a flare up by way of protest and then quietly goes on with the Bill or Resolution as if it rather liked legislation by closure. Thus it was on the historic occasion when the passage through Committee of the Home Rule Bill was marked by a free fight on the floor of the House. The scene whilst it lasted was terrible. Thereafter the Bill went its way to its appointed end with almost depressing placidity.

Three nights of the week have been given up to the Licensing Bill, leaving only two to achieve the course of report and third reading. There is pretty full attendance, and, save in one significant instance, the Government majorities are kept up. But the yearning after a time limit was testified to afresh when Sir William Houldsworth, a loyal Unionist, moved to terminate the operation of the Act in fourteen years. The proposal found such strong support on the Ministerial side that the majority was run down to forty-one. For the rest it has kept well within the neighbourhood of four score.

Though members will run in to vote, they will not remain to listen. The most populous place in the vicinity of the House is the Terrace. Here every afternoon of these summer days gather a great concourse of daintily frocked women, entertained to tea and strawberries by husbands, brothers, sometimes cousins. It is a rarely animated scene, whether gazed upon from Westminster Bridge, or mixed in on the Terrace itself. When it was growing into what it has now become, a lending social event, the authorities frowned upon it as frivolous. But the Whips have learned its value, and now smile complacently on the gathering. It serves to keep members within sound of the Division bell. If they were not on the Terrace they would be in the Park, or seated in their club window.

On Tuesday an accident happened that gave the worried Whips fresh cause for anxiety. By means of electric wires the Division bell communicates with all the precincts of the House, including the Committee-rooms upstairs. By the principal door-keeper's chair is an electric bell which, touched on the order being given by Speaker or Chairman to clear the House, sets the bells a-ringing throughout the building. Thrice the bells tinkle what time the sand is falling in the three-minute glass on the Table. The interval just suffices even for partly members to reach



The conditions of the Walgrave Competition are that 10 shots should be fired at 300 and at 300 yards. There were 67 competitors, and Mr. Wynne made a total of 90 points out of a possible 100. From a photograph by G. Knight, Aldershot.

## THE WALGRAVE MEETING. MR. E. N. WYNNE, I.R.A. WINNER OF THE WALGRAVE COMPETITION



France was vanquished, last Sunday, by Germany on the sporting grounds at Friedland, Berlin. The six French girls who were the winners in the Paris walking match had come to Germany to compete with five young Berlin women who had won their laurels in the first German constitution some months ago. The race was twice round a ring measuring 433 yards. For the first 200 yards Jeanne Cheneval, Mignotte, and then the Germans forged ahead, and kept there to the finish. Mlle. Haxarth, one of the French, was on the right of the picture, complained that the distance was too long and was a photograph.

## THE START OF THE INTERNATIONAL WALKING MATCH: FRENCH &amp; GERMAN "MIDINETTES"

the House from the remotest place of retirement. On Tuesday, when the bell was touched, there was no response, and consternation reigned in the Whips' rooms. The police were sent along the passages morning, "Deception" by which the State was saved. To add members the incident recalled an episode in recent days when Mr. Parnell and his merry men were in full force. At that time the St. Stephen's Club, newly built at the head of the Embankment facing the Clock Tower, was about the dinner hour much resorted to by Ministerialists. The practice was facilitated by the fitting up of an electric wire passing under the tunnelled road. One night, when a critical division was expected, the Club dining-room was filled with Ministerialists, safe in assurance that they were within call of the House. They dined comfortably, grateful for the unexpected leisure. When about eleven o'clock they strolled over to the House to hear how things were going on they were confronted by the enraged Whips, who told them a division had taken place half an hour earlier, the Government majority being grossly reduced. It turned out that the wire in the underground passage had been cut, and at the critical moment the division bell was dumb. Mr. Joseph Gillis Bigger carried to the silent tomb the secret of how so strange a thing could have happened.

The week has witnessed another and closer parallel to the times when the Irish party was dominant in the House. In accordance with a pledge exacted from him at the opening of the Session, Mr. Wyndham brought in a Bill amending the Land Act of last year. As the week was undertaken on the personal insistence of the Nationalist members it might be assumed they would welcome its introduction and listen to its accomplishment. But the ways of the Irish member, like those of the Heathen Chinee, are peculiar. Mr. Redmond met the motion for the second reading of the Bill with an amendment protesting against what he described as the unjust inflation of prices created by the Irish Land Board.

Mr. Tim Healy, making one of his rare appearances, set the heather a-fire. Having incidentally mentioned that he had been expelled from the ranks of the party led by Mr. John Redmond, he added the startling statement, that whilst that gentleman decried the expropriation of Irish land and insisted that valuations for purchase should be the maximum price of the transfer, he had himself demanded twenty-four and a half years' purchase for his own property. This outrageous statement led to a frantic outburst from Mr. Redmond's loyal followers, who denounced Mr. Healy as traitor and coward, and suggested that he was after a pig-stick. For twenty minutes the uproar lasted, Mr. Healy vainly attempting to get a word in edgewise. He failed. But he had the sweet consciousness of having paid off a countryman and an adversary.



DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN LIONEL JAMES

These officers have been engaged in one of the torpedo attacks on Port Arthur, and are, in consequence, the heroes of the hour. They are here shown drinking Saki, the national drink, in a tea-house. The tea-house in Japan is not a restaurant establishment, but is more like an inn or a restaurant.

BACK FROM THE WAR: TORPEDO LIEUTENANTS IN A TEA-HOUSE IN SASEBO

Giant's Mountain, with one of the  
oil trees.

Gençler Castle,  
Village of Mesurbozlu.

Entrance to the Black Sea

Village of Vezirhanlı—Roadway  
winding round cliff.



Turkish ladies are especially fond of an oil tree in the afternoon. The group this party  
have come upon were sitting under a tree on a colored carpet. Other groups were on the hill  
are beyond. All were white wraps over the head, but brightly-colored dresses.

DIARY OF J. DE BUNN

A PICTURESQUE HOLIDAY RESORT: A HIDING PARTY ON THE BOSPHORUS VIEWING PLACES OF INTEREST



JUDGE PARKER  
Democratic Candidate for the U.S. Presidency.



GENERAL PORFIRIO DIAZ  
Re-elected President of Mexico.



LIEUTENANT G. P. GORDON  
Killed at Hsuing-tow.



LORD BINGHAM  
New M.P. for Chertsey.



THE RT. REV. DR. WILKINSON, BISHOP OF  
ST. ANDREWS  
Appointed Primate of Scotland.

## "The Graphic" Diary of the War

MAJORAL OYAMA has left Tokio to take supreme command of the Japanese forces at the front, and has probably reached his destination by this time. Our information as to the operations of the Japanese Army are meagre, so careful are their generals to keep secret the movements of their forces. General Kuroki is on the high road from the Motien-ling Pass to Lao-yang and cannot be far from that town. Part of his army is advancing from Saimatse and Hunien towards Mukden. In the meantime General Oku, with the Army which defeated the Russians at Telissu last month, has occupied Kaiping (Kaichuan) and the neighbouring heights, and is now advancing on Ying-kau (Niewchwang). Of operations on the sea there is not much to record. The Japanese have during the past few days lost a cruiser (the *Kamion*) and two destroyers. The Vladivostok Squadron, which had been raiding Gensan, has again eluded the vigilance of Admiral Kaniouma. The following chronicle sets forth the principal events in the war during the past four weeks:

JUNE 8.—General Kuroki's Army, co-operating with forces landed at Takashan, occupied Suifu, driving the Russians (about 4,000 cavalry and six guns) towards Tsun-cheng and Kaiping.  
JUNE 14-15.—Japanese victory in Laosung. On the 14th Japanese advanced northward, expelling the Russians from the east of Wa-lang-tien. After two hours' cannonade the Japanese occupied the line from Tanchiatou to Yubuto. On the 15th the Japanese surrounded the Russians at Telissu, and, after severe fighting, drove them northward. The Japanese lost heavily in the battle, but they captured fourteen guns and took about 300 prisoners. Colonel Khvastunoff was killed and General Gerngross wounded. Russian losses estimated at 10,000.

JUNE 15.—Three Japanese transports, outward bound from Shimoda, encountered the Vladivostok Squadron outside the Strait of Korea. Two of the transports, *Hitschi Maru* and *Sado Maru*, were torpedoed and sunk. The third, the *Hino Maru*, escaped. The loss of men is estimated at 1,000.

The Japanese transport *Yamato Maru*, homeward bound, reported to have been sunk by the Vladivostok squadron at Oshima. No lives were lost.

JUNE 16.—Two Japanese sailing ships, *Yamato* and *Anez*, sunk by the Vladivostok squadron, making the total number of vessels sunk during the last five.

The British steamer *Atlant* proceeding south from Motuan, in the Island of Hokkaido, with a cargo of coal, stopped by the Russian Squadron under Admiral Skryloff and taken to Vladivostok.

JUNE 20.—Admiral Skryloff's squadron returned to Vladivostok.  
JUNE 21.—General Oku occupied Hsuing-yao-cheng, twenty-five miles south of Kaiping.

JUNE 22.—Two Russian destroyers stated to have been sunk by mines at the entrance to the harbour at Port Arthur.

JUNE 22-23.—Attempted escape of the Port Arthur squadron. In spite of the eighteen vessels sunk in the entrance to the harbour at Port Arthur, and the mines subsequently laid, the *Retvisan*, *Tzarevitch*, *Poltava*, *Sevastopol*, *Pobeda*, *Bayan*, *Palada*, *Diana*, *Abold* and *Nevik*, and fourteen destroyers managed to get out of the harbour during the night. On receipt of the news by wireless telegraphy Admiral Togo at once advanced with his whole fleet and attacked the squadron. In the action which ensued the *Retvisan* was sunk, and the *Sevastopol* and *Poltava* were disabled, and the *Diana* and *Palada* were also badly damaged.

JUNE 24.—Japanese losses at the battle of Telissu stated officially to be 217 killed (including seven officers) and 546 wounded, these including forty-three officers.

JUNE 25-26.—Skirmishes on the roads near the Motien-ling Pass. The Japanese occupied Taiping, and eventually turned the Russian right flank.

JUNE 26.—The Motien-ling Pass and Taling Pass occupied by the Japanese.

The Japanese began an attack on the outworks to the extreme east of Port Arthur, and drove the Russians from the heights along the Fungui River to the Chikwan forts.

The Japanese attacked Hsien-shan in the middle of Port Arthur road and turned the Russian position. Russian losses amounted to 200.

JUNE 27.—General Kuroki's Army stated to have joined hands with General Oku's force.

The Pass of Fung-shing, thirteen miles northwest of Suifu, occupied by the Takashan Army after six hours' fighting.

A Japanese torpedo flotilla attacked at night and sunk a Russian vessel, supposed to be the *Diana*, which was acting as guardship outside Port Arthur. A Russian destroyer was also sunk.

JUNE 28.—The Japanese occupied the heights within ten miles of Port Arthur, after a battle fought on the 26th and 27th.

JUNE 29.—The Russian submarine *Delfin* preparing to undergo trials at the Baltic works, sank, twenty men and one officer being drowned.

JUNE 30.—Six Russian torpedo-boats belonging to the Vladivostok Squadron attacked Gensan and sank one steamship and one sailing vessel.

The farther end of the Motien-ling Pass occupied by the Japanese, the Russians deserting strong fieldworks to the immediate south of Lien-han-kwan, without firing a shot.

JULY 5.—The main Japanese Army advanced westward, and occupied a line extending from the Motien-ling Pass to Shao-motien-ling and Shin-kai-ling.

The Japanese cruiser *Kamion*, while carrying out a special mission at Tachenwan, struck a Russian mine and sank. Three officers, including Commander Takabishi, and nineteen men perished. The rest were saved.

JULY 6.—Four Japanese destroyers made an attempt to enter the harbour at Port Arthur, but were discovered by the shore batteries. Two destroyers were sunk and one was damaged.

Marshal Oyama, the Japanese Commander-in-Chief, left Tokio for the front.

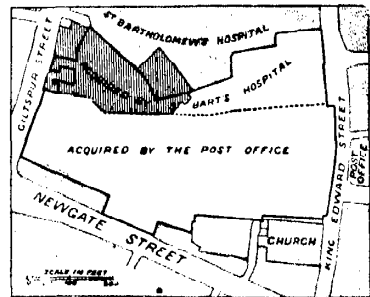
The Japanese occupied Hsien-chang, thirty miles north-east of Saimatse.

JULY 9.—The Second Japanese Army, which began operations on July 6 for occupying Kaiping, dislodged the Russians from their positions, and occupied the town and the neighbouring heights.

Four Russian cruisers, two gunboats and seven destroyers came out from Port Arthur and were attacked by the Japanese torpedo flotilla.



THE ADDITIONS TO ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL: THE NEW OUT-PATIENTS' DEPARTMENT AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED



MAP OF THE SITE OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL SHOWING THE AREA ACQUIRED BY ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL. ON THE VERTICALLY SHADDED PORTION WILL BE ERUPTED THE NEW OUT-PATIENTS' DEPARTMENT

## Our Portraits

LORD BINGHAM, the new Conservative M.P. for Chertsey, is the eldest son of George, fourth Earl of Lucan, K.P., and was born on December 13, 1860. He was educated at Harrow, received a commission as second lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade in January, 1881, and, obtaining his step in the following July, served with the Bechuana Expedition in 1884-5. Our portrait is by Thomson, Grosvenor Street.

The Right Rev. George Howard Wilkinson, D.D., Bishop of St. Andrews, Dunkeld and Dunblane, has been appointed Primate in succession to the Bishop of Moray, Ross and Caithness, who has resigned in consequence of ill-health. The appointment was made at a Synod of Bishops of the Episcopal Church of Scotland, held in St. Ninian's Cathedral, Perth. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

Lieutenant Grenville Poltney Gordon, Indian Army, 32nd Royal Fusiliers, was killed in action July 6, 1904, at Gensan, during the operations connected with the assault on Port Arthur. He was born on August 30, 1878, and educated at the Royal Military College. He was a member of the Mahsul Wazeri blockade operation in the Tibet Expedition from the commencement to the end of May 1903. On May 19, near Gyantse, he gallantly defended the gateway of a village which was being attacked by his regiment. Our portrait is by Esme Collins, West Brighton.

Judge Alton Brooks Parker, who has been adopted as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency of the United States, is the chief judge of the court of last resort in the State of New York. He is fifty-two years of age, and is a vigorous, athletic man. He was born at Cortland, and until thirteen he helped on his father's farm in summer and attended school in winter. Later he became a village school teacher, an occupation in which he is said to have found his physical strength a useful asset, and in his leisure moments studied law. Presently he attracted the attention of Mr. Augustus Schoonmaker, a prominent practitioner at Kingston, who took him into his law office, and from that moment Parker's career was without a check. At the age of thirty-four Mr. Parker became a Justice of the State Supreme Court. In 1897 he was elected Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals.

General Porfirio Diaz, who has been re-elected President of the Republic of Mexico, is in his seventy-fourth year, and with the exception of a short interregnum between 1880 and 1884 has been President of the Federal Republic of Mexico since 1877. He is a born leader of men, and under his régime Mexico has become a land of peace, prosperity and progress.

## St. Bartholomew's Hospital

The first building to be erected in the total reconstruction of St. Bartholomew's Hospital will be the new Out-Patients' and Casualty Block, of which His Majesty laid the foundation-stone on July 6. This will occupy altogether an area of about one acre, and will be erected partly on the land purchased from Christ's Hospital, with a frontage of 144ft. on Giltspur Street, and partly on land now occupied by the present dispensary, post-mortem room, etc. Thus, only a portion of the land purchased from Christ's Hospital will be utilised for this building. These details will be more thoroughly understood by reference to the accompanying map, which shows the distribution of the old Christ's Hospital site. The area occupied by the new building is marked out in vertical shading, while the remainder of the land purchased from Christ's Hospital is unshaded.

For the further reconstruction no definite plans have been settled, and we must add that this depends entirely upon how the public responds to the earnest appeal of the Governors for funds. At present there is barely enough money to cover the cost of building the first block; but if the Governors were to receive a cheque for £50,000 to-morrow, they would at once sit down and settle what to build next. Let there be funds for the total reconstruction of the Hospital and there will be no hesitation. We know that the Governors will spend the money wisely and that they will make St. Bartholomew's into a thoroughly efficient and modern hospital worthy of its ancient foundation and its name.



## The Assassination of General Bobrikoff

A RELATIVE of the man who shot General Bobrikoff has written to a Scandinavian paper, giving the following particulars about Eugen Schaumann. He was not, writes this correspondent, "of a melancholy temperament, but it is possible that the treatment to which Finland has been subjected for the last few years may have embittered his mind, and it is probable that his mother's death may have made him melancholy, but Eugen Schaumann never struck one as having a sad mind. He was handsome, very dark, not tall, but rather strongly built. In Stockholm people often asked whether he was not soon going to get married, but he always answered with a smile that he hadn't time. He was, as a matter of fact, in all probability much more deeply affected by the fate of Finland than he let anybody suspect. The late General Bobrikoff was to a higher degree than one can imagine, a hated man within the Finnish noble families, where patriotism is most fervent. It has been stated that Schaumann's father, General Schaumann, had been removed from his Senatorship by General Bobrikoff, but this is not correct, neither is the report that his uncle, who was in command of a Finnish regiment of dragoons, had been dismissed and punished. There was no personal motive for the deed; both the father and the uncle voluntarily resigned, and the latter was even requested to resume his functions." However, a General Schaumann has now been banished from Finland, arrested and taken to St. Petersburg. Before he did the deed Schaumann wrote a letter explaining his reasons. A copy of this he sent to the Tsar, though he knew it would never reach its destination. The original of the letter has since been published. In this letter Schaumann says:—"As it is not probable that the real situation will be known to you in the near future, unless General Bobrikoff can be removed, there is only one way to take in self-defence for rendering him innocuous. Knowing the good heart and noble intentions of your Majesty, I implore you solely to seek information regarding the real situation in the whole Empire, including Finland, Poland, and the Baltic provinces. I am, with deepest veneration, your Majesty's most humble and truest subject, EUGEN SCHAUMANN."



EUGEN SCHAUMANN  
Who shot General Bobrikoff, and then committed suicide.

than he let anybody suspect. The late General Bobrikoff was to a higher degree than one can imagine, a hated man within the Finnish noble families, where patriotism is most fervent. It has been stated that Schaumann's father, General Schaumann, had been removed from his Senatorship by General Bobrikoff, but this is not correct, neither is the report that his uncle, who was in command of a Finnish regiment of dragoons, had been dismissed and punished. There was no personal motive for the deed; both the father and the uncle voluntarily resigned, and the latter was even requested to resume his functions." However, a General Schaumann has now been banished from Finland, arrested and taken to St. Petersburg. Before he did the deed Schaumann wrote a letter explaining his reasons. A copy of this he sent to the Tsar, though he knew it would never reach its destination. The original of the letter has since been published. In this letter Schaumann says:—"As it is not probable that the real situation will be known to you in the near future, unless General Bobrikoff can be removed, there is only one way to take in self-defence for rendering him innocuous. Knowing the good heart and noble intentions of your Majesty, I implore you solely to seek information regarding the real situation in the whole Empire, including Finland, Poland, and the Baltic provinces. I am, with deepest veneration, your Majesty's most humble and truest subject, EUGEN SCHAUMANN."

## Our Bookshelf

"BROTHERS"

THE hero—and a veritable hero he is—of Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell's novel (John Murray) is a man of great and worthy ambition, and of corresponding capacity, amounting in at least one direction to genius, the net result being failure all along the line. The descriptive title of "Brothers" is "The True History of a Fight Against Odds," and the Odds win. At Harrow he is permanently disabled for football in the very match that first marked him for "a great player; a great captain." A born soldier before all things, he fails to pass the medical examination. With a talent for painting, he throws up an artistic career because no common success would content him, and he failed to reach his own ideals. Having taken orders, he would have been among the very greatest of preachers but for a stammer, thought to have been cured, that overcame him during his first appearance in the pulpit. Thenceforth he wrote sermons for his mediocre brother, who rose to a Bishopric on his reputation as a second Chrysostom. His growing distinction as a worker and organiser in the East End was brought to a stop by more than a menace of consumption. Prevented—as he chivalrously supposed—by his persistent failures from asking the girl whom he loved to share them, willing as he knew her to be, he lost her to the same brother whose career was one of unbroken and not too scrupulous successes. Finally, having lost faith in himself, he loses faith in all else, and is left among the mediocrities after all, as secretary to his brother the bishop, and as a writer of fiction, for which, as essentially a man of action, he had no more than ordinary aptitude. This melancholy but powerfully life-like biographical study is suitably dedicated "to all men and women who have striven to the strong who have attained their goal; to the weak who have made running for the strong; and in particular to those who have confronted ill-fortune, ill-health, and disappointment with fortitude and serenity." This is really the best concise account of the novel itself that can be given. The story is interesting apart from its motive, and from a sympathy with those who fight and fail all the more worth expression for being somewhat out of harmony with the spirit of the age.

"GARMISCATH"

Mr. J. Storey Clouston takes in "Garmiscath" (Blackwood and Sons) a notable departure from the lines followed either in "The Lunatic at Large," or in "Our Lady's Inn." The scene is laid in one of the largest of the Orkneys; but more for the sake of the human interest to be found there as elsewhere, than of picturesque distinction. We make no doubt that not a few readers will be grateful to Mr. Clouston for his springiness in the matter of description under circumstances of considerable temptation. Landscapes and seascapes, however fine, are, next to accounts of dreams and analyses of motives, the principal provocatives of skipping. The plot, moreover, is laudably plain and simple. It tells how the son of Huchoum Garmiscath of Garmiscath, owner and farmer of a small remnant of the broad lands of his Norse ancestors, dared to make love to a daughter of Captain Maitland of Narston, who represented the disinheritor of the children of the Vikings by Scottish shrewdness aided by Scottish law. Garmiscath is a sort of Naboth's vineyard, spilling

the completeness of the domain of Narston; and the fate of Naboth was like to be its owner's, so far as the parallel can be carried by incessant and ruinous litigation. It is almost superfluous to report the thoroughness with which the tables were turned; but the interest of the process is by no means injured by the certainty of the conclusion. With young Garmiscath and Eddy Maitland, as hero and heroine, we have but little sympathy. The former seems to us to be more of an actual cad and potential blackguard than was presumably intended, and the latter too self-conscious a family martyr. But the novel rises into the finest kind of pathetic portraiture in its development of the splendid personality of old Huchoum; as Mr. Blackadder, a rough colonial visitor, says, "I've met one regular slap-up fine old gentleman, and his name is Huchoum Garmiscath." And if anybody who makes his acquaintanceship fails to say Ditto to Mr. Blackadder, we shall be much surprised.

"MR. MONTGOMERIE, FOOL!"

As Mr. Montgomerie, the immensely wealthy philanthropist of Ironton—presumably Glasgow—was neither a fool in fact nor in reputation, the title of Mr. Garrett Mill's new novel (Blackwood and Sons) requires more explanation than we have been able to discover. Moreover, the author has not altogether realised that, while there is scarcely any limit to the legitimate use of improbability in fiction, the licence holds good only so long as the improbability of incident or motive is concealed. For example, the reader is left wholly unconvinced by the devotion by a young woman of her whole life and fortune to the help of everybody who wanted it on the ground that, when a little girl, she had known an old lady who had a son who had got into some sort of trouble, and that she could not get the possible fate of the unknown scapegrace out of her mind. A more ordinary motive for charitable work would have saved it from seeming uncomfortably like a craze. Numerous operations in copper or pig-iron are also calculated to leave the ordinary reader unmoved. The novel is none the less a piece of good sound work, dealing ably and to a great extent truthfully with the theme of the vanity of vengeance and its aptness to recoil.

"THE POET'S CORNER"

A very amusing volume of drawings is Mr. Max Beerbohm's "The Poet's Corner," published by Heinemann. With characteristic skill and irreverence, the caricaturist has turned into ridicule a number of the wretches of distinguished names, both living and dead, and his lively fancy has evolved a most original set of cartoons. Among the best of them are "Omar Kayyam," "Browning taking Tea with the Browning Society," "Henrik Ibsen receiving Mr. William Archer in Audience," and "Mr. W. B. Yeats presenting Mr. George Moore to the Queen of the Fairies."

SKETCHES BY TOM BROWNE

A clever little booklet of thirty cartoons is Mr. Tom Browne's "In Other People's Shoes," a series of portrait studies showing a number of well-known people masquerading as admirals, generals, politicians, and what not. Among those most genuinely humorous are "Coster Max," showing Mr. Beerbohm as a typical "Enry 'Awkins," "Pope Rosebery I.," "P.C. Wilson Barrett," and Mr. Chamberlain as Hamlet. The book is published by the Proprietors of the *Weekly Telegraph*.

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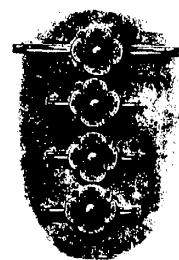


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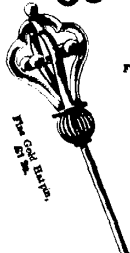
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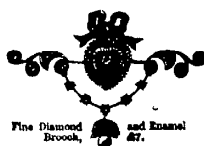
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## "LONDON AT SCHOOL."

In this volume the author gives a most exhaustive account of the coming into existence of the London School Board in 1870, and the work it has accomplished from that time to the present day. Though some people may not approve of much of that work, nor of the means and cost by which it has been done, at the same time there is no getting over the fact that, not only by education alone, but by inculcating ideas of morality and cleanliness into the minds of the children of the masses the School Board has done incalculable good—a good which will show itself more in the future than in the present. In Mr. Philpott's book every matter of interest appertaining to the School Board is fully described; he tells us of the first School Board, the First Board Schools, the Present-day School, Infant Schools, Evening Schools, and Industrial Schools. He discusses also such matters as Religious Training, and the Training of Teachers, &c., &c. It is to be regretted, though nevertheless true, that the first board of any public body is always composed of men of greater prominence in the eyes of the nation, and of higher ability, than any succeeding board. The first School Board included amongst its members Lord Lawrence, Professor Huxley, the Rev. W. H. Thorold, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, the Rev. William Rogers, Mr. W. H. Smith, the Earl of Harrowby, Mr. Samuel Morley, Mr. McCullagh Torrens, the Rev. Benjamin Waugh, Mrs. Garret Anderson, and other eminent men and women. The expenditure of

\* "London at School: The Story of the School Board." By Hugh B. Philpott. (Fisher Unwin.)

the London School Board during the first two and a half years of its existence was met by a rate of rather less than three-fifths of a penny in the pound. Now it is a shilling and three-pence. We should like to ask, "Are the children proportionately better educated?" Beyond the general interest of the book as telling the story of the School Board, it is also of value as pointing out some eccentricities of the Board. For instance, Mr. Philpott says:—

"Drawing is one of the subjects in which many of the schools have made great strides of late years. The old method was to make outline drawings in pencil, striving to reproduce the copy with the utmost exactness. Now they put paint brushes and coloured chalks into the hands of even the youngest children, and encourage them to try and represent form and colour."

What would art masters and professors have to say to this method of teaching Art? At South Kensington and at the Academy Schools one is taught that it is necessary to draw before one can paint. The School Board apparently knows better. However, this has nothing to do with the excellence of the book. The fact that its author was himself educated at the School Board is sufficient evidence that there is some good in the London School Board's system of teaching.

"THE SPORTSMAN'S BOOK FOR INDIA."

To the subaltern, Government official, or civilian clerk going out to India for the first time this volume should prove a veritable mine of information and valuable advice—that is if he be a sportsman, and the majority of Englishmen are addicted to one kind or another of sport.

\* "The Sportsman's Book for India." Edited by F. G. Afton. (Marshall.)

of sport or another. All sports, from tiger-shooting to tennis, from fishing to football, are discussed by recognised authorities. Many books have been written on Indian sport, but, as the editor truly says, "there has not up to the present been any one manual embracing to offer sound, practical information, advice without anecdotes, on any and every outdoor pastime that may fall to the lot of the official, military or civilian, planter, or even bird of passage." Part I. treats of Shooting. In this is included "The Tiger, Panther and Boar," by Lieutenant-General Sir Montagu Gilbert Gerard; Indian Rhinoceros Shooting, by General A. A. A. Kinloch; Bison Shooting, by Captain A. G. Arbuthnot; Note on the Bison, by General Kinloch; Himalayan and Kashmir Shooting, by Captain Arbuthnot; and Deer, Antelope and Small Game Shooting, by Lieutenant-Colonel P. R. Bainsfather. Part II. is about Fishing, both freshwater and sea, the writers on which are Colonel Bainsfather, Captain Gibson and Mr. Gadaden, of the Indian Marine. Part III. deals with all sports and games with horses, such as pig-sticking, polo, &c., of which Major Neville Taylor and Mr. Harry Stokes are the exponents; whilst Part IV. is concerning Some Minor Sports and Games—viz., cricket, golf, tennis, concluding with chapters on Yachting and Gymkhana, by Mr. H. Stokes; Rowing and Boating, by Mr. W. S. Burke; and Cheeth Hunting, by Major C. H. Clay. In every chapter the subject is dealt with in the greatest detail and the advice given, of the soundest—which is only to be expected considering the experience of the writers. To take General Sir M. G. Gerard's article on Tiger Shooting for example; he advises as to the best guns to use, as to cartridges, clothes, tent and camp

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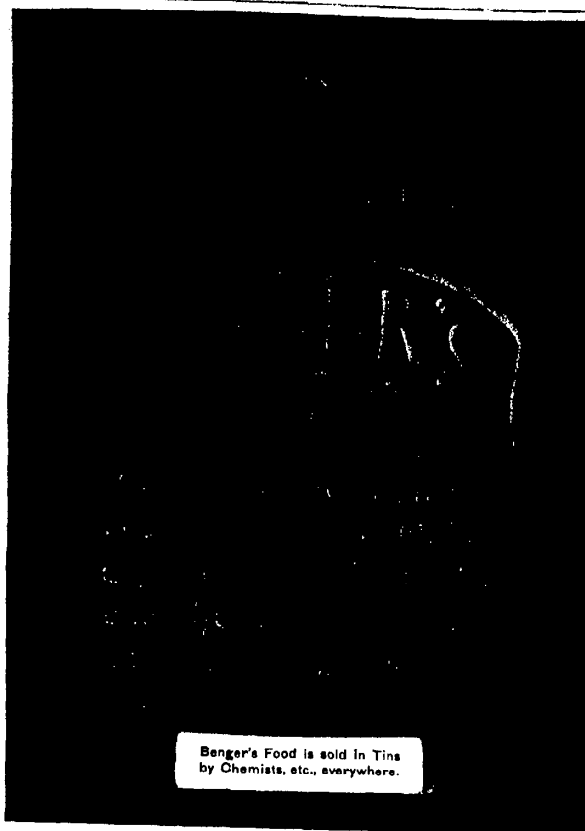


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furniture, the pay to be given to beaters, etc., and all this beyond the actual slaying of the tiger. When it comes to this, he gives such careful directions as to what should be done under different circumstances that one should imagine that a youngster of coolness and nerve who closely followed his advice could not possibly come to any harm. Quotation is almost impossible from a book of this kind, yet here is a bit of advice which it would be well for a novice to remember. The writer says:—"The more noise a tiger makes when charging, the less he is to be feared; and if you stand firm, he swerves off when a few paces distant. The silent ones alone really mean business. Although a tiger instantly localises the position of the human voice, he seems incapable of detecting from whence a shot or a whistle comes."

#### "HARRY FURNIS AT HOME"

In these recollections Mr. Furnis is, naturally, most at home amongst artists, authors and politicians, whom he has known or caricatured, and one of his criticisms and comments on these are interesting. For instance, in speaking of Mr. Justin McCarthy, he writes:—

"In fact, Mr. Justin McCarthy has, like all other refined men of letters, been not as a legislator, and his value, as a literary figure, decreased as the morality of his being a man of letters amongst illiterate politicians wore off."

Mr. Justin McCarthy, in Parliament, was always tone the French down in the circus—the good-natured, effusive confusion who superintends everything and who is always in the way. Written and illustrated by himself. (Unwin.)

everybody and does nothing. He takes up a bill, and instead of carrying it, drops it where he found it. He orders his men about, by gesture, knowing all the time that they are doing the work in their own way, and paying no heed to him. Such men are always favourites with the public; and this Mr. McCarthy follows my simile closely.

Again, in commenting on Mr. Morley's "Life of Gladstone," Mr. Furnis says:—

About this book I have a confession to make. I have discovered that "there isn't a penny in Gladstone." Much as I caricatured the G.O.M., I think any one who has read my first Confessions will have seen that I had no more serious aim in watching that great personality through the exciting times in the eighties, than the aim of caricaturing his colliers. When Mr. John Morley's "Life of Gladstone" appeared, I was anxious to show this in a greater degree than I had done in my first Confessions, by publishing some sort of artistic "appreciation" of the G.O.M. from my point of view. But I could not find a publisher to touch it. The only reply I received was: "There isn't a penny in Gladstone," and, strange to say, since the time of the Home Rule Bill, nothing published about Gladstone has paid. Morley's magnificent life was a family affair, and out of ordinary publishing speculation.

The author writes on many subjects and of many people, and the book is full of his characteristic sketches.

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with behind its predecessor in artistic merit or that amusing whimsicality which is one of "Mars'" most fascinating characteristics.

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The De La More Press, whose publications, even in this age of cheap and attractive reprints, stand out as examples of good printing, excellent paper and tasteful binding, have added to their "King's Poets" William Morris's "Defence of Guenevere," and to their companion series, "The King's Classics," Chaucer's "Man of Law's Tale," done into modern English by Professor Skeat, "Cupid and Psyche" from "The Golden Age" of Apuleius, and "The History of Fulk Fitz-Warine," who seems to have been a kind of French Robin Hood, specially translated for the series by Mrs. Kemp-Welch from the MS. in the British Museum. From Messrs. Methuen we have received a beautiful little edition, admirably printed and bound in dark blue limp leather, of the ever-popular "Tom Brown's School-days," and from Messrs. J. M. Dent, the eleventh volume of their standard edition of Hazlitt's complete works, containing his "Fugitive Writings." Messrs. Newnes' latest additions to their thin paper classics are Defoe's "Journal of the Plague Year," Walpole's "Letters," selected and edited by Mr. C. H. Lucas, the "Shirley Works" of Walter Savage Landor, and Wordsworth's "Poems," selected and edited by William Knight—all admirable examples of compactness and charmingly bound in limp lambskin.

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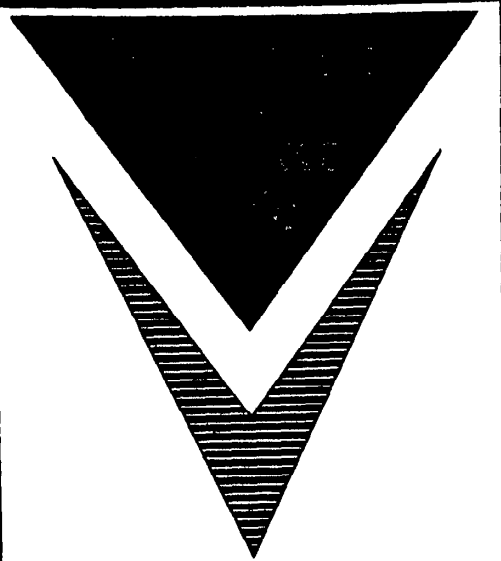
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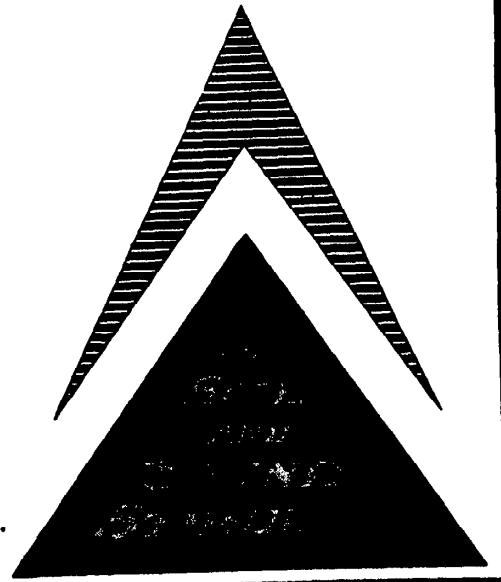
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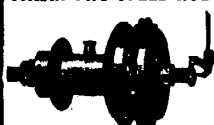
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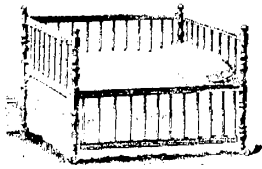
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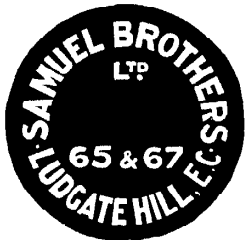
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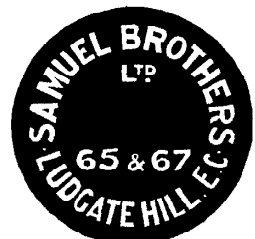
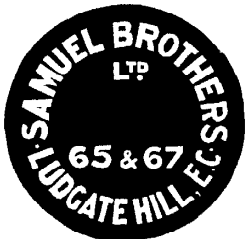
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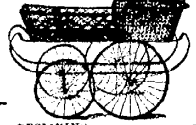
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SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1904

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1904



Duke of York

Princess Alice

The Queen

The Queen and the Duke of York at the Flower Show at the People's Park, White Paper. The Queen and the Duke of York are seen in the foreground, surrounded by a large crowd of people. The Queen is wearing a large floral hat and holding a bouquet of flowers. The Duke of York is wearing a top hat and a dark suit. In the background, a large crowd of people is gathered, and a large building is visible. The scene is set in a park with trees and a path.

THE QUEEN AT THE FLOWER SHOW AT THE PEOPLE'S PARK, WHITE PAPER.  
DRAWN BY G. HATFIELD.

## Topics of the Week

It is a storm which has long been gathering over France and the relations of the Holy See with the Government of the "Eldest Daughter of the Church" has at last broken. How it will end no one can say, for the Vatican is officered by new men, and we have no experience to guide us in forecasting their probable action. Moreover, the situation in France is new so far as the present generation is concerned, and there is no precedent in former quarrels between the Papacy and the great Roman Catholic States which is on all fours with the present bitter dispute. There are men who say that had Pope Leo XIII. been alive, the crisis would not have arisen. They are, perhaps, right, but only in the sense that in view of the immense authority which attached to the name and character of the late Pontiff it is possible that the French Government might have hesitated to push matters to extremes. Had they not done so they would probably have found Leo XIII. as unyielding as Pius X. For the origin of the quarrel we must go below the surface of things. The letters addressed by the Roman Congregation to the Bishops of Dijon and Laval are the occasions rather than the causes of the quarrel. For a long time Church and State in France have been arraying themselves in open hostility to one another. The object of the State has been to muzzle the Church, so far as the political and secular fields are concerned; the object of the Church has been to maintain its authority and influence throughout the whole domain of human activity. The Anti-Association Law embodied the policy of the State. There can be no question that this law was in many respects calculated to outrage the feelings of religious and even tolerant people. It gave rise to lamentable manifestations throughout France, and deeply embittered the relations of Radicals and Clericals. The mortification of the Vatican was intensified when a small number of highly placed prelates refused to sign the protest drawn up by Mgr. Richard, Archbishop of Paris, against the anti-Clerical policy of the Government. The next step in the quarrel was the visit of M. Loubet to Rome. This was more than the wounded dignity of the Vatican could stand. A circular protest to the Powers was issued in which observations of an insulting character were made with regard to the diplomatic relations of the Quai d'Orsay and the Vatican. The Quai d'Orsay retorted by withdrawing the French minister; but the Vatican, on the plea that its Nunciature at Paris had to serve higher purposes than to carry on a diplomatic correspondence with M. Delcassé, did not retaliate in kind. This, of course, only increased the resentment among the French Anti-Clericals, and nothing was talked of but war to the knife. The Vatican now resolved to revenge itself on the Republican prelates who had refused to support Cardinal Richard in his Round Robin against the Anti-Associations Law. Two of them were ordered to resign their functions forthwith. The others received what is called the *Verbal*—a summons ordering them to explain their conduct at Rome. All appealed for protection to M. Combes, and he at once called upon the Vatican to retract its steps on pain of a complete rupture of diplomatic relations and a probable abolition of the Concordat. This is the position to-day. It is understood that, in reply to the French ultimatum, the Vatican will simply hold its ground, and should the accused Archbishops and Bishops continue to seek refuge under the wing of M. Combes they will be excommunicated. France, in short, is on the eve of a bitter *Kulturkampf*, which, if pushed to extremes, may have far-reaching consequences.

MR. ARNOLD FORSTER'S scheme of Army reform necessarily deals with so many complicated issues that the public may be excused for hesitating for a time to make up its mind as to the general effect of the proposed reforms. This, however, can be safely said at the outset, that the majority of people are gratified to find that the present Secretary of State for War has based his scheme on the broad principle that England's defence against invasion must be found, not in an overgrown home Army, but in an efficient Navy. That being so the Army must be organised with a view to the obligations and the risks of an Empire across the seas. As regards the obligations the most important is the maintenance of 70,000 British soldiers in India. These soldiers, though they are paid for by India, have to be supplied from England, and whatever else is done, the Army scheme must be so arranged as to secure a constant supply of drafts to India to take the place of the time-expired men. It is here that Mr. Forster's scheme so completely failed. He calculated that a sufficient number of men who had enlisted for three years would be willing to extend their service

for another five years and proceed to India. This expectation has not been realised. In round figures some 20,000 men will be required for the Indian reliefs in October, and the number of extensions available at present is only 900. Unless some drastic change is made it will be necessary to send to India immature boys who would have to be brought back in less than a year. On this point it is to be hoped that Mr. Arnold Forster's scheme will immediately secure an improvement, but it is impossible to form a definite opinion until further details are known. On other points one may speak with more confidence. The idea of forming a striking force to be stationed at Aldershot, and always ready to proceed at a moment's notice, is excellent. If such a force had been in existence in the autumn of 1899, three-quarters of the expense of the South African War would probably have been saved. Equally excellent is the determination to abolish the linked battalion system. This was always an irrational system, involving needless expense to the taxpayer, and discouragement to the soldier. By its abolition, Mr. Arnold Forster will be able to reduce the regular Army at once by nineteen battalions, and he indicated in his speech that further reductions would be possible in the future. On this point, at any rate, the public will heartily welcome his attitude. The defence of these islands lies upon the seas, and it is in the highest degree dangerous to weaken our financial resources, which may conceivably be all required for naval expenditure, by pouring out money needlessly upon a land force which can never be required if the Navy is fit to discharge its first duty.

THOSE pessimists who persist in groaning at the supposed diminution of our national business will not find any evidence of that in the dividends lately declared by the leading joint-stock banks. Taking one with another, and weighing in the balances carried forward, the situation comes out almost precisely as it stood at the same date last year. It is clear, therefore, that there cannot be much to complain of in the general trade of the country; the monthly official returns show that both exports and imports hold up well, while these bank dividends demonstrate with no less clearness that pretty good profits must be netted on balance. It is true, of course, that there is next to no speculation of the more gambling sort in the City, and hasty minds too readily assume from its disappearance that the commercial prosperity of these isles must be suffering from blight. There are no grounds for that supposition; the only industries affected by the shrinkage of Stock Exchange "putting" are those which produce costly luxuries. It is easy to understand that at such time the demand for exalted wines and jewellery must diminish; ornate banquets at ten guineas a head to successful mining engineers naturally go out of fashion, and the good ladies of Messrs. Bos and Bruin long in vain for additional ropes of pearls. But the bank dividends could not be nearly so good were there anything resembling a "slump" in the national business, taking it as a whole.

ONCE more the pacific professions of the Dalai Lama and his counsellors have melted away, and Colonel Younghusband has nothing for it but to push on to the Holy City as quickly as the pelting rain permits. That impediment to marching was, no doubt, what the wily monks counted on when they wasted time by insincere overtures. Happily, there is still too much warmth in the air to allow of its freezing the moisture. The time for that will not come, it is estimated, until about the middle of September, and let the Tibetans resist ever so stoutly, our little force should be back at Gyantse by the end of August. There are some military experts who even go so far as to suggest, in the event of the Dalai Lama proving so recalcitrant as to seek refuge in the interior, that the Mission should winter in his enormous palace at the capital. From a political standpoint, a good deal might be said for that plan; it would certainly carry conviction to all the adjacent peoples that British India cannot be resisted. But there would necessarily be considerable risk in keeping a small body of troops sealed up among the frozen solitudes of Tibet for some months; long ago, we did something of that dangerous kind in Afghanistan, and the massacre in the Khyber was its penalty. There is no defile quite so terrible as that awful pass between Gyantse and Lhasa, the Karu-la being the worst. It is an ugly place, being very narrow at parts and commanded throughout from adjacent heights. But the expedition from the camp which paid the pass a visit some two months ago, pronounced it in its then condition very easy of capture. Since that date, however, artificial fortifications have been added to the natural defences, and there seems likelihood of some hard fighting. After this obstacle is passed, all the rest of the road is said to be easy going.

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| *Kewington ..                                      | 6 40 | 10 40 | 11 40 | 1 55 |
| London Bridge ..                                   | 6 50 | 10 50 | 11 50 | 2 05 |

\*Addition Road. A.—To Drayton and Chichester, Return Fare, 17s. 10d., 11s. 8d., 10s. 8d. B.—To Singleton. Third Class Return Fare, 10s. 8d. C.—To Drayton and Chichester, Return Fare, 1st Class, 20s., 2nd Class, 15s. D.—To Drayton and Chichester, First Class only, Return Fare, 25s. Particulars of Supt. of the Line, London Bridge Terminus.

PARIS, ROUEN, AND DIEPPE, AUG. BANK HOLIDAY. EXCURSIONS. SATURDAY, July 23rd, from Victoria and London Bridge 10.0 a.m. (1 and 2 Class), and Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, July 23rd to 27th, from Victoria and London Bridge 8.50 p.m. (1, 2 and 3 Class). Fares, Paris 20s. 8d., Rouen 20s. 8d., Dieppe 20s. 8d.; Dieppe, 20s. 8d., Rouen, 20s. 8d. DIEPPE, FRIDAY TO WEDNESDAY.—Cheap Return Tickets from London Bridge and Victoria, Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, July 23rd to August 1st. Fares, by Day or Night Service (1 and 2 Class), 15s.; by Night Service only (2nd Class) 12s., available for return up to August 6th. Details of Continental Manager, London Bridge Terminus.

### MIDLAND RAILWAY.

#### BANK HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

COOK'S EXCURSIONS FROM ST. PANCRAS  
(With bookings from City, Greenwich, and Woolwich Stations.)

| Destination.                                                                                                                            | Date.                                                         | Period.             |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------|
| Belfast, London, via Harrow, Ferry, Portrush, and the North of Ireland ..                                                               | Fortnightly from Thursday, July 22                            | 10 days.            |
| Dublin and South of Ireland ..                                                                                                          | Fortnightly from Thursday, July 22                            | 10 days.            |
| Island ..                                                                                                                               | Fortnightly from Friday, July 23                              | 10 days.            |
| Helfast only, all Routes ..                                                                                                             | Tuesday, August 16                                            | 10 days.            |
| Dublin only, via Liverpool ..                                                                                                           | Tuesday, August 23                                            | 10 days.            |
| Londonderry, via Morecambe ..                                                                                                           | Saturday, July 30, August 13, and 27, etc.                    | 10 days.            |
| Londonderry, via Liverpool ..                                                                                                           | Thursday, Aug. 11 and 25, etc.                                | 10 days.            |
| North of England, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other parts of Scotland ..                                                                    | Fortnightly from Friday, July 23, to Sept. 23 inclusive       | 7 or 10 days.       |
| Sheffield, Leeds, Shipley, Bradford and Keighley ..                                                                                     | Friday Afternoon, July 30 ..                                  | 6, 7 or 8 days.     |
| Lancaster, Loughborough, Nottingham, Sheffield, Leeds, Shipley, Bradford, Keighley, Warrington, Stockport, Manchester, and Liverpool .. | Friday Midday, July 30 ..                                     | 8, 9 or 7 days.     |
| All parts of the Midlands, Lancashire, Yorkshire, Lake District, etc. ..                                                                | Saturday Midday, July 30 ..                                   | 8, 9 or 7 days.     |
| Saturday, July 30 ..                                                                                                                    | Saturday, August 13, 27, etc.                                 | 3, 6 or 7 days.     |
| Leicester, Loughborough and Nottingham ..                                                                                               | Bank Holiday, Monday, August 1 ..                             | 1, 2, or 3 days.    |
| Leicester, Loughborough and Nottingham ..                                                                                               | Monday, August 1 ..                                           | 1, 2, 4, or 5 days. |
| Leicester, Loughborough and Nottingham ..                                                                                               | Monday, August 1 ..                                           | Day Trip.           |
| Southend and Westcliff-on-Sea ..                                                                                                        | Monday, August 1, and each day during August and September .. | Day Excursions.     |

#### WEEKLY EXCURSIONS.

| Destination.                                                                                                       | Date.                                                         | Period.                   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| Glasgow, Edinburgh and Helensburgh ..                                                                              | Every Saturday, July 30 to Sept. 3 inclusive                  | 8 or 10 days.             |
| Isle of Man ..                                                                                                     | Every Friday Midday and every Saturday Morning until Sept. 24 | 3, 5, 10, 15, or 17 days. |
| Lancashire and Yorkshire Coasts, Liverpool, Southport, Morecambe, Lancaster, the Mersey, and Peak of Derbyshire .. | Every Saturday until Sept. 24 inclusive                       | 3, 5, 10, 15, or 17 days. |
| Blackpool, Lytham, St. Anne's, and Fleetwood ..                                                                    | Every Wednesday until Sept. 23 inclusive                      | 6, 8, 12, or 15 days.     |

For Season Excursions to AMPHILL, TURKEY, BEDFORD, GUNBY, WELLINGBORO, and KETERING on Saturdays (except July 30 and August 6); and to ST. ALBANS, HARPENDEN, KED. BURN, and HEMEL Hempstead on Tuesdays and Saturdays (except Saturdays July 30 and August 6), see programmes.

EXTENSION OF WEEK-END TICKETS. Week-End Tickets are issued every FRIDAY and SATURDAY from LONDON (St. Pancras) and other principal Midland Stations to the CHIEF SEASIDE and ISLAND HOLIDAY RESORTS, including the Peak District of Derbyshire, Yorkshire, the North-East Coast, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and all parts of Scotland. For the August Bank Holiday these tickets will be available for returning on Sunday (with train service permits), Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday, July 31, August 1, 2, or 3. TICKETS, BILLS, PARCELS, &c., may be had at ST. PANCRAS and other MIDLAND STATIONS and CITY BOOKING OFFICES, and from THOS. COOK and SON, Ltd., 1, Ludgate Circus, and Branch Offices. JOHN MATHIESON, General Manager.

Derby, July, 1904.

## LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

QUICKEST AND MOST COMFORTABLE ROUTE  
BETWEEN LONDON AND  
BIRMINGHAM, MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL, IRELAND,  
AND THE NORTH.

CONVENIENT EXPRESS TRAINS FOR TOURISTS AND FAMILIES.

| NORTH WALES TOURIST RESORTS. |      |      |       |      |
|------------------------------|------|------|-------|------|
| London (Euston)              | dep. | 8.40 | 11.15 | 1.30 |
| Rhyl                         | arr. | 2.55 | 4.0   | 6.55 |
| Colwyn Bay                   | arr. | 3.55 | 4.55  | 7.10 |
| Llandudno                    | arr. | 5.10 | 6.10  | 7.37 |
| Pennarmonaw                  | arr. | 5.45 | 6.45  | 7.50 |
| Bangor                       | arr. | 7.14 | 8.10  | 7.55 |
| Pwllheli                     | arr. | 8.55 | 9.20  | 9.50 |
| Criccieth                    | arr. | 9.45 | 7.15  | 9.35 |

A—Run from London July 18th to September 17th.

| London (Euston) | dep. | 8.40 | 11.0 | 1.30 |
|-----------------|------|------|------|------|
| Bournemouth     | arr. | 4.40 | 6.10 | —    |
| Aberystwyth     | arr. | 4.40 | 5.45 | 9.35 |

A—Run from London July 18th to September 17th.

| CENTRAL WALES.       |      |      |      |      |
|----------------------|------|------|------|------|
| London (Euston)      | dep. | 8.40 | 11.0 | 1.30 |
| Llandrindod Wells    | arr. | 4.10 | 7.5  | —    |
| Llanymarchmont Wells | arr. | 4.44 | 7.55 | —    |
| Llanwrtyd Wells      | arr. | 5.5  | 7.44 | —    |

| BLACKPOOL AND ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT. |      |       |       |   |
|--------------------------------------|------|-------|-------|---|
| London (Euston)                      | dep. | 10.15 | 11.30 | — |
| Blackpool                            | arr. | 4.0   | 4.50  | — |
| Morcambe                             | arr. | 5.50  | 4.40  | — |
| Windermere                           | arr. | 5.15  | —     | — |
| Kewick                               | arr. | 5.55  | —     | — |

For further particulars see the Company's Time Tables and Notices.

FREDERICK HARRISON, General Manager.

South, July, 1904.

## SUMMER TOURS IN SCOTLAND.—THE ROYAL ROUTE.

COLUMBA IONA, &c., SAIL DAILY, MAY TILL OCTOBER.  
Official Guide 6d. Tourist Programme post free from  
DAVID MACBRAYNE, 112, HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

## GREAT SOUTHERN AND WESTERN RAILWAY, IRELAND.

THE DIRECT ROUTE TO THE FAR-FAMED  
LAKES OF KILLARNEY, KENMARE, PARKINASSILA (an Ideal  
Tourist Resort), CARAGH LAKE, WATERVILLE, GIENGARRIFF,  
KILKEE (the Kingdom of Ireland), LEHINCH (famous Golf Links),  
BLARNEY (celebrated Hydro and Castle), THE SHANNON LAKES.

LUXURIOUS DINING AND DRAWING-ROOM  
CORRIDOR CARRIAGES.

SPLENDIDLY EQUIPPED HOTELS, under the Management of the Company,  
at KILLARNEY, KENMARE, PARKINASSILA, WATERVILLE, and CARAGH LAKE.  
Combined Rail and Hotel Tickets issued in connection with these Hotels.  
FAST EXPRESS CORRIDOR TRAINS RUN DURING TOURIST SEASON.

Tourists are recommended to provide themselves with the Company's  
beautifully Illustrated Guide, "THE SUNNYSIDE OF IRELAND,"  
post free for Twelve Penny Stamps.

Programme of Tours, and all information respecting Hotels, Fares, Travel,  
&c., can be obtained from SUPERINTENDENT OF THE LINE, Kingsbridge  
Station, Dublin; or Messrs. J. Wallis and Sons, 29, Bachelor's Walk, Dublin;  
Messrs. C. W. Bullock and Co., 23, Lime Street, Liverpool; Geo. K. Turnham,  
5, Charing Cross, London, W.; or any of Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son's  
Offices.

C. H. DENT, General Manager.

## P. & O. PLEASURE CRUISES.

MIDSUMMER VACATION CRUISE.  
The Steam Yacht "VECTIS," 6,000 tons, 6,000 h.p., will leave Tilbury on  
a Three Weeks' Cruise to the BALTIC and the NORTHERN CAPITALS on  
August 10th.

Fares from 21 Guineas.

## P. & O. AUTUMN CRUISE.

The "VECTIS" will leave London on September 14th for a Cruise to Lisbon,  
MADRID, GIBRALTAR, and other Western Mediterranean Ports.

Fares from 12 Guineas.

For particulars apply to the Manager of the Company's West End Office,  
Northumberland Avenue, London, W.C.

## P. & O. COMPANY'S INDIA, CHINA, & AUSTRALIAN MAIL SERVICES.

P. & O. FREQUENT SAILINGS TO GIBRALTAR,  
MALAKKA, CALCUTTA, Ceylon, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN,  
AUSTRALIA, TASMANIA, and NEW ZEALAND.

P. & O. CHEAP RETURN TICKETS & ROUND THE  
P. & O. WORLD TOURS.—For particulars apply at the London Office,  
130, Leadenhall Street, E.C., or Northumberland Avenue, W.C.

## ORIENT PACIFIC LINE OF ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS TO AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, and TASMANIA

UNDER CONTRACT TO SAIL EVERY FORTNIGHT WITH HER MAJESTY'S MAILED  
Calling at Gibraltar, Marseilles, Naples, Egypt, and Colombo.

| Tons                |       | Tons                 |       |
|---------------------|-------|----------------------|-------|
| OMRAH (Twin Screw)  | 8,291 | ORONTES (Twin Screw) | 9,031 |
| OPHIR (Twin Screw)  | 6,910 | OROTAVA              | 5,857 |
| ORTONA (Twin Screw) | 8,000 | ORKMUZ               | 6,387 |
| ORIENT              | 5,631 | OROYA                | 6,297 |
| ORIZABA             | 6,297 | ORUBA                | 5,857 |

Managers { F. GREEN & CO. Head Offices:  
(ANDERSON, ANDERSON & CO.) Fenchurch Avenue, London  
For passage apply to the latter firm, at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, E.C., or to the  
Branch Office, 28, Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, S.W.

## O.P.L. CRUISES TO NORWAY.

The Orient-Pacific Line will dispatch the "CUZCO," 2,015 tons register,  
for a series of short cruises to the NORWEGIAN FIORDS, leaving Hull  
20th July, and 18th and 27th August.

13 DAYS for 10 Guineas and upwards.

Managers { F. GREEN & CO. Head Offices:  
(ANDERSON, ANDERSON & CO.) Fenchurch Avenue,  
For passage apply to the latter firm, at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, E.C., or to the  
Branch Office, 28, Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, S.W.

## HARWICH ROYAL BRITISH MAIL ROUTE.

HOOK OF HOLLAND—QUICKEST ROUTE TO HOLLAND  
AND CHEAPEST TO GERMANY. Daily (Sundays included), at 8.30 p.m.,  
from Liverpool Street Station. CORRIDOR TRAIN—VENTILATED  
CARRIAGES—DINING AND BREAKFAST CAR—TABLE D'HÔTE  
DINNER AND BREAKFAST. Accelerated Service to Berlin,  
Leipzig, Dresden, Vienna, and Munich. THROUGH CARRIAGES AND  
RESTAURANT CARS between the Hook of Holland, Berlin, Cologne, and  
Halle.

ANTWERP for Brussels and The Ardennes every Weekday, at 8.40 p.m.,  
DIRECT SERVICE to Harwich, from Scotland, the North, and Midlands.  
Restaurant Car between York and Harwich.

The Great Eastern Railway Company's Steamers are Twin-Screw Vessels  
lighted throughout by Electricity, and sail under the British Flag.  
HAMBURG, by G. S. N. Co.'s Steamers, Wednesdays and Saturdays.  
LONDON, for Denmark and Scandinavia, by the Royal Danish Mail  
Steamers of the U. S. S. Co. at Copenhagen, Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays,  
and Saturdays.

Particulars of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

LIVERPOOL STREET HOTEL, adjoins the London Terminus.  
Particulars of H. C. ABERNETHY, Manager.

## OVERLAND ROUTE TO JAPAN AND CHINA

(Via New York and San Francisco).

The  
Magnificent  
Steamers  
of the  
PACIFIC MAIL,  
OCCIDENTAL and ORIENTAL and  
TOYO KISEN KAISHA  
Steamship Companies leave San Francisco weekly.

FOR BERTHS, THROUGH TICKETS, and ALL INFORMATION,  
APPLY TO ISMAY, BROWN, & CO., 20, James Street, Liverpool;  
J. H. COCKPOT, S.W.; No. 24, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.; or to  
the GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENCY, London Offices, West End,  
18, Cockspur Street, S.W.; City, No. 40, Leadenhall Street, E.C., and  
25, Water Street, Liverpool.

## NORTH OF SCOTLAND AND ORKNEY AND SHETLAND STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S SUMMER CRUISES.

The Sea Steam Yacht "St. Sunniva," from Leth to the West Coast and  
Fjords of Norway, 2nd August.

From London round the British Isles, 18th and 20th August.  
From Albert Dock, Leth, to Caithness and the Orkney and Shetland Islands  
every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday; and from Aberdeen five  
times a week from May 1st to September 20th.

ST. MAGNUS HOTEL, HILLSWICK, SHETLAND, under the Company's  
Management. Open from 1st June to 30th September. Comfortable Quarters  
and excellent Cuisine. Grand Rock Scenery and good Loos and Sea Fishing  
in the neighbourhood.

Full particulars from Thomas Cook and Son, Lodgeate Circus, London;  
Weggie and Co., 25, West Nile Street, Glasgow; George Houston, 18, Water-  
Place, Edinburgh, and 1, Tower Place, Leth, and  
CHARLES MERRIVILLE, Manager, Aberdeen.

## NATAL, ORANGE RIVER COLONY, TRANSVAAL, AND EAST AFRICA.

The best and cheapest route is via Durban.  
THE ABERDEEN LINE OF DIRECT STEAMERS.

Regular Sailings. Surgeons and Stewards carried. Excellent cuisine. Electric  
Light. Full particulars will be sent to intending passengers on application to the  
owners—JOHN T. KENNIE, 20 & Co., 4, EAST INDIA AVENUE, LONDON, E.C.

## WEST INDIES THE IMPERIAL DIRECT WEST INDIA MAIL SERVICE.

BRISTOL TO KINGSTON (JAMAICA) FORTNIGHTLY.  
R.M.S. PORT ROYAL, July 30; R.M.S. PORT ANTONIO, August 13.  
Magnificent accommodation for Saloon and Second Class Passengers. Fares  
Moderate.  
SPECIAL TOURIST RATE of 20 GUINEAS, FIRST CLASS RETURN.  
For passage or freight apply to all Agents of the Company, or to ELDER,  
DEMSTER and CO., Liverpool, Bristol, London and Manchester.

## GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY. SUMMER HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS FROM LONDON (King's Cross, &c.)

| TO                                                                                                                 | DATES AND PERIODS.                                                          |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| SKENNESS, SUTTON-ON-SEA, and MABLETHORPE.                                                                          | Each Wednesday for 8 days, also each Saturday for 5, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days. |
| PENRITH, KESWICK, LATHAM, ST. ANNEN, BLACKPOOL & FLEETWOOD.                                                        | Each Wednesday for 8, 10, 12, or 15 days.                                   |
| GORKESTON, LONKSTON, NHRINGHAM, CROMER, MUNDERSLEY, & YARMOUTH.                                                    | Each Wednesday for 8 days.                                                  |
| DOUGLAS (Isle of Man), GRIMSBY, HULL, BRIDFORD, TON, FLEY, SCARBOROUGH, REDCAR, FLEET, HARRIS, GATE, &c., &c., &c. | Each Saturday for 5, 8, 10, 15 or 17 days.                                  |
| HATFIELD, ST. ALBANS, WHEATHAMSTAD, HARPENDEN, HERTFORD, WELWYN, & KNEBWORTH.                                      | Each Thursday and Saturday for 4 days.                                      |

For full particulars of these and other Excursions see the Company's  
announcements at Stations and Town Offices.  
OLIVER BURY, GENERAL MANAGER

## "TOUR IRELAND."

VISIT THIS PICTURESQUE COUNTRY.

Official Guide, replete with all information, beautifully illustrated, free on application. By Post, 3d.

Every assistance afforded inquirers; Railway Tickets by all routes and Hotel Coupons issued; arrangements made to secure the comfort of Passengers. Address—

G. K. TURNHAM (AGENT).

Irish Railways Tourist Office,  
2, Charing Cross,  
London, S.W.

## LONDON HIPPODROME, CRANBOURN STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C. Managing Director, Mr. H. K. MOSS.

AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

Admission 1s. From 12 noon till 11.30 p.m.  
ITALIAN EXHIBITION, EARL'S COURT.  
COMMERCIAL AND FINE ART SECTIONS.  
WORKING EXHIBITS IN THE ITALIAN VILLAGE.  
GRAND MILITARY AND OTHER CONCERTS.  
Band of the Grenadier Guards. The Exhibition Illustrations Band.  
VENICE BY NIGHT. VENICE BY NIGHT

OPEN ALL DAY. Admission 6d., after 7 p.m. 1s.  
Canada, Bridges, Shops, Cafes, Public Buildings, Gondolas, and all the  
Exquisite Features of the Queen City of the Adriatic.  
Venetian Serenade Troupe. Masaniello Neapolitan Troupe.  
SIR HIRAM S. MAXIM'S CAPTIVE FLYING MACHINES.  
THE BLUE GROTTO OF CAPRI. ST. PETERS, ROME.  
"LA SCALA" THEATRE OF VARIETIES. A Conti room Show  
from 2 p.m.

THE DUC D'ABRUZZI'S NORTH POLE EXPEDITION.  
Roman Forum. Electric Butterflies, Fairy Fountains, Venetians, &c.  
ITALIAN RESTAURANT.

## ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS—"HENGLE'S."

The coolest place in London. The only Animal Circus in the World.  
As performed before their Majesties THE KING AND QUEEN AND  
ROYAL FAMILY at Buckingham Palace.  
Daily, at 8 and 8. Popular prices. Box Office 10 to 10. Children half-price.  
Oxford Circus Station.

## GEO. REES' GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS, &c.

LARGE SELECTIONS FOR WEDDING PRESENTS.  
SAVOY HOUSE, 11, STRAND (Corner of Savoy Street).  
"THE WAY TO THE CHURCH." "THE LITTLE GIRL."  
B. W. LEADER, R.A. HENRY DICKSON.  
"THE ROAMERS." "MISS PARKER."  
PETER GRAHAM, R.A. SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.  
"THE NEW PICTURE." "THE STAFFORD CHILDREN."  
J. L. E. MERRIMON. GUS ROMNEY

## POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "GRAPHIC"

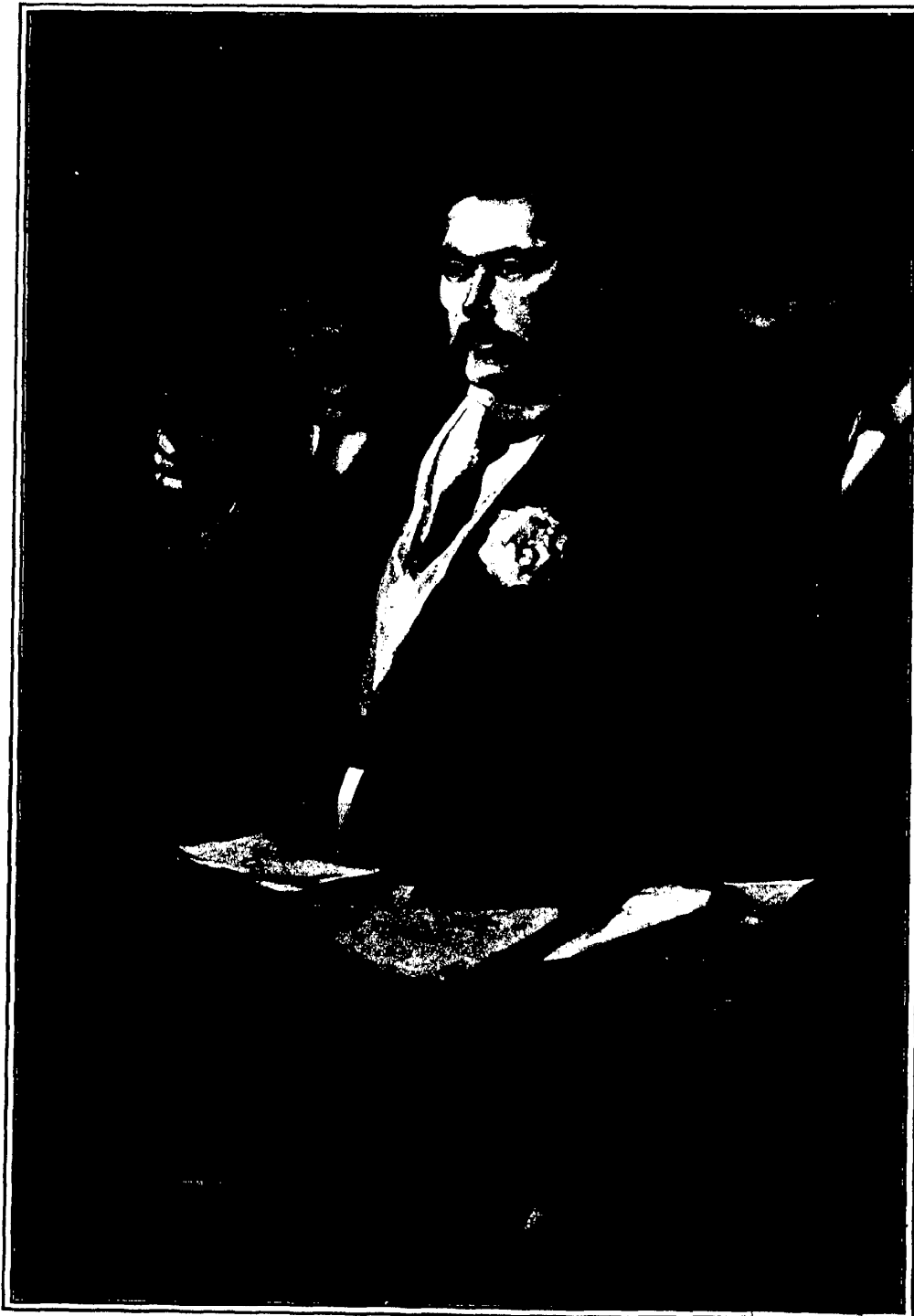
As follows.—To any part of the United Kingdom 4d. per copy  
irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate will be  
4d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to  
correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded.

Mr R. Pinley.

Mr. St. John Brodrick.

Mr. G. Wyndham.

Mr. Balfour.

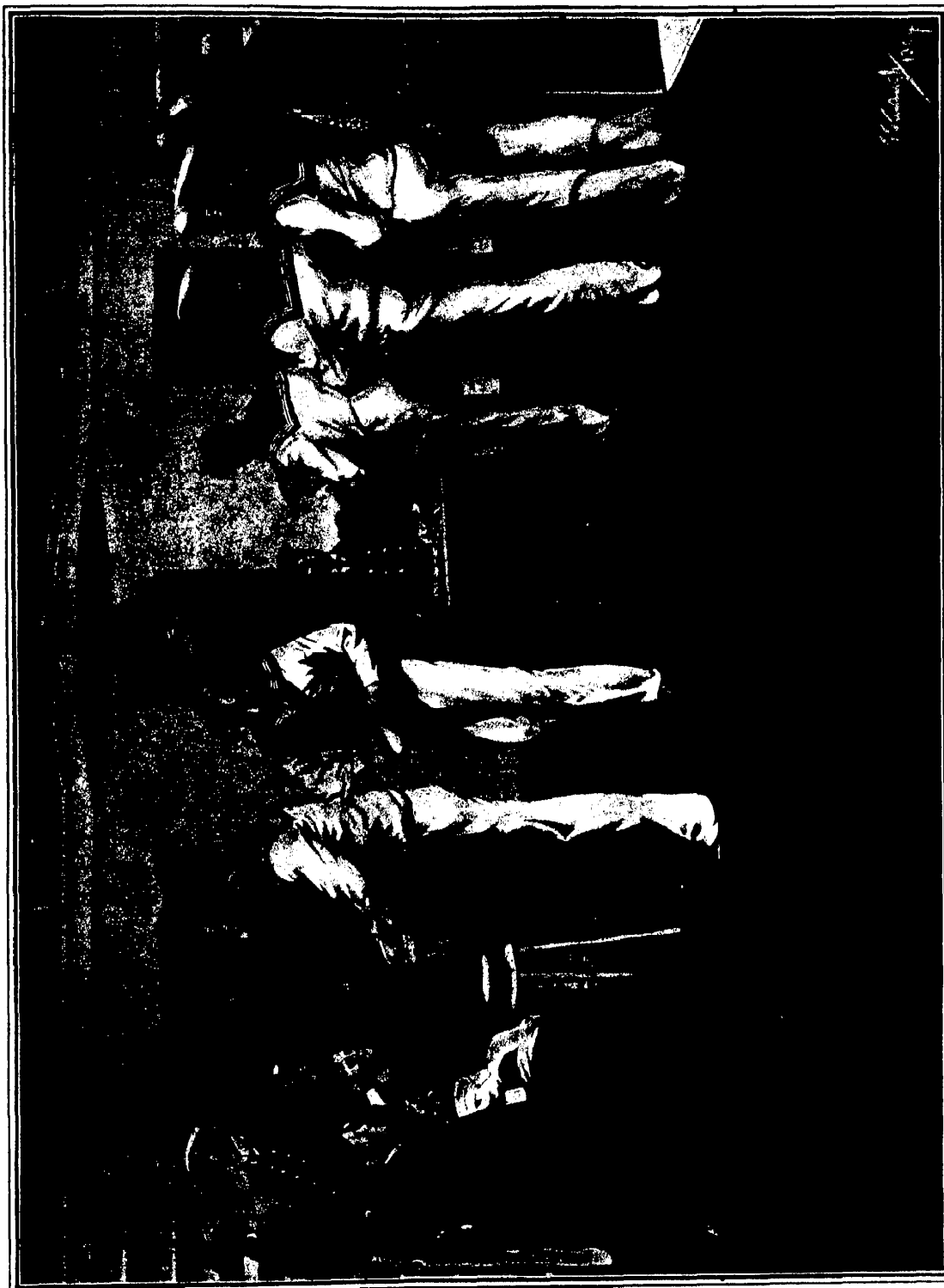


"My ambition is to lay the foundation for a scheme which will enable my successors to effect progressive economy in Army expenditure, and that, I believe, I can do. If you take fourteen battalions off the line, that makes a very large economy. If you strike five battalions off the garrison regiments, that would be a clear reduction of £500,000. If you take some forty or fifty battalions of the line and reduce them to 800 men and put them, not on the basis of full service pay, but on a lower basis, that again is a reduction of many hundreds of thousands of pounds. I think there are many reductions which may be made, it ought to be made."

**ECONOMY AND REFORM: MR. ARNOLD FORSTER MAKING HIS SPEECH ON ARMY REORGANISATION IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS**

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY SYDNEY P. HALL, M.V.O.





FRANK W. J. WILSON. On pay-day the men receive their pay in turn from the Paymaster, and carry it away in their caps. The widow of any man who has died during the quarter stands, and there is a bowl placed on a stool beside her, into which each man, as he receives his pay, places a contribution. They will tell you that it is "a way they have in the Navy"—and a very pretty way it is too.

FOR THE FATHERLESS AND THE WIDOW: QUARTERLY PAY-DAY IN A HARBOUR MAN-OF-WAR

FROM A SKETCH BY THE ART. A. G. B. B. B. B.

## The Bystander

"Stand by,"—CAPTAIN CUTLER

BY I. ASHBY-STERRY

It is tremendously hot! It is so hot that you feel inclined, to quote Sydney Smith, to "take off your flesh and sit in your bones." In our variable climate it is dangerous to say anything about the weather. For though to-day it may be very hot, by the time these lines appear in print it may be very cold. Though just now we are panting and perspiring and thirsting for hock-cup, cider-cup, or any other kind of long drink with plenty of ice in it—by the time this column is in the hands of the public, we may be shivering and shaking and comforting ourselves with whiskey and water or sangarum—hot, strong and sweet, and plenty of it. At the present moment the thermometer has gone up so high that it looks as if it would never come down again, but when these words are read it may be so low that you will account your Bystander untruthful and untrustworthy. The present state of things is graphically portrayed in a song of E. L. Blanchard's, which, I am inclined to think, ran somewhat in this fashion:—

July—hot and dry. This's the time you will delect,  
That in song is forgotten, and that business should be laid aside;  
You're glad enough, when in the streets, to get under the shady side—  
For fear you should be melted in a day away!

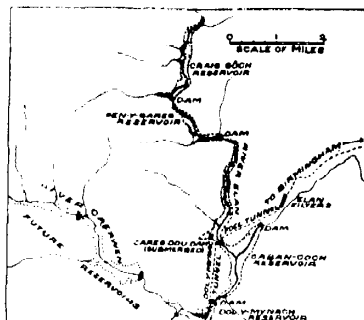
I enjoy it very much. But it does not suit everybody. It does not suit the proprietors of theatres, and it does not suit the farmers. The latter, having sown the finest hay crop ever known, are anxious for rain, and are grumbling because it does not come down. Possibly when these lines are being read it will be pouring! Who knows?

The trouble and inconvenience caused by the open halfpenny envelope has frequently been the cause of comment in this column, and on various occasions it has been pointed out that if the postal authorities can afford to send these envelopes for a halfpenny open, they can equally afford to send them closed for the same amount. That I am not wrong in my supposition is fully corroborated by a letter which a courteous correspondent is good enough to send me all the way from Darjeeling, in which he is good enough to enclose a specimen of the half-anna envelope in general use there. He says:—"This half-anna postage is exactly equal to a halfpenny in England, and a letter can be sent anywhere inside the Indian Empire for this amount. A postcard costing a farthing can also be sent anywhere in India." He furthermore says—"The Postal Department in India pays a handsome profit, and there is no reason why the same terms could well afford to carry letters and postcards on the same terms, and though I should be very sorry to see the number of my daily letters increased, I would gladly make some sacrifice if it would lead to the abolition of the obnoxious open halfpenny envelope."

"Sit on a cushion and sew up a seam, And you shall have strawberries, sugar and cream!" So ran the old nursery song that was familiar to me in my earliest days. This year, without undertaking any unaccustomed exercise with the needle, I find I can have as many strawberries as I please. Never were they more plentiful, never were they cheaper, and seldom have I seen them better-looking. But for all this, to make them palatable they require a good deal of the sugar and cream mentioned in the rhyme above referred to to make them palatable. Thoroughly well washed up with these additions they are passable. But without such disguise, I don't think I have tasted a really good strawberry this year.

They have been, for the most part, sour, and but few of them have possessed the true strawberry flavour, which is the especial charm of this attractive fruit. There has been plenty of sun lately, and I am puzzled to know why the unusually plentiful crop has been so deficient in quality. Of course, to get the strawberry in perfection, you should gather it yourself, but even if you did this, at the present time, I fear you would be disappointed.

There is considerable complaint at the telegraph offices with regard to the illegible manner in which the majority of the messages are written. As legibility is not a special characteristic of the caligraphy of the present age I am not at all surprised at the complaint. Many people think if they can read their own writing a telegraph-clerk can as readily decipher it, and this fact leads to a great many errors in wires. But besides this I think the offices themselves must take the blame of a good deal of doubtful writing by reason of the insufficient desk accommodation for the public. The other day I was in a large and popular office and I found three of the pencils with their points gone, a fourth was so entangled in its chain as to be practically useless, and in the fifth the lead was so hard that it was like writing with a packing-needle. Add to this there was no pad to write on, so the grain of the board beneath blurred most of the letters, and I must say—although I have several times been complimented by telegraph-clerks on the clearness of my chirography—this particular message turned out to be a puzzle. Why is not a boy employed in these offices to keep all the writing materials in proper order?



PLAN OF THE ELAN VALLEY WATERWORKS FOR BIRMINGHAM

## The New Water Supply for Birmingham

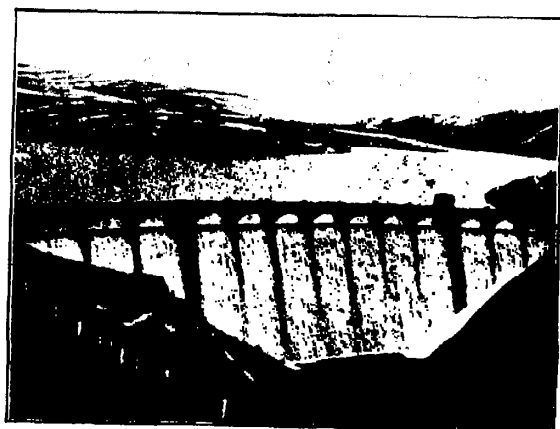
THE Elan Valley Waterworks inaugurated by the King and Queen this week undoubtedly constitute the greatest achievement of the kind which has ever been attempted in this country. The scheme, which was prepared and carried out by Mr. James Mansergh, F.R.S., Past President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, has been eleven years in execution, the total cost up to date being £5,885,000. The catchment basin acquired by the City of Birmingham eighty miles away among the Welsh hills is twelve and a-half miles long from north to south, and eight and a-half from east to west, and embraces an area of seventy-one square miles. Over this watershed the average rainfall is sixty-three inches per annum, and

the store provided under the scheme is sufficient to maintain in a dry year a supply of seventy-five million gallons a day for 200 days, in addition to twenty-seven million gallons a day for compensation water to the River Elan. The entire scheme in the Elan Valley comprises a series of six reservoirs on the Rivers Elan and Claerwen, formed by means of masonry dams built across the rivers and varying in height from ninety-eight to 125 feet above the river bed. The two reservoirs on the Elan River are complete, as are practically also the lowest dam, the Caban Coch, below the confluence of the two rivers and the foundation of the dam for the Dolly-mynach reservoir on the Claerwen River. The construction of the other reservoirs on the Claerwen River is postponed until the growing requirements of Birmingham necessitate further storage. From the waterworks an immense aqueduct, seventy-three miles in length, will convey the water to the service reservoir at Frankley, seven miles from Birmingham. The aqueduct is now complete in its entire length, consisting of thirteen and a-half miles of tunnel, twenty-three miles of covered conduits, and thirty-seven miles of double iron siphons. A novelty in the scheme is that the water will be filtered at the head of the aqueduct, in order to avoid the growth of a deposit in the pipes. The thirty filter beds, which are now approaching completion, form the site of the inaugural ceremony performed by the King. For the conveyance of the material used in the construction of the dams, temporary railways, with a total length of thirty-three miles, were laid down, and for the accommodation of the two thousand workmen employed, a model village was erected, with a hospital, schoolroom, public hall, bathhouses, canteen, and fire-brigade depot.

Our illustrations show the two completed dams in the Elan Valley. The Craig Goch dam holds in check the highest artificial lake that has been formed on the Elan River. Its height is 120 feet and its length 520 feet, and the reservoir thus formed at a height of 1,040 feet above Ordnance datum, has a surface area of 217 acres, with a storage capacity of 2,000 million gallons. It is spanned by a viaduct connecting the roads on the opposite sides of the river. Next to it, and at a level 95 feet lower, comes the Pen-y-gareg Reservoir, with an area of 124 acres and a capacity of 1,300 million gallons. The dam containing it is 128 feet in height by 500 feet in length. The water flowing over the dams represents exactly the amount of the natural flow of the river.

## The New Victoria Station

In connection with the work now in progress for enlarging Victoria Station, the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway intend to construct over the booking-office block an annexe to the Grosvenor Hotel in the Renaissance style, the material used in the main front being Portland stone relieved with red brick. The ground floor will be reserved for station purposes, and there will be new waiting-rooms and a new and handsomely decorated booking-hall, 120ft. long by 70ft. in breadth. The foundations for the new annexe are already complete, and preparations are now being made for the erection of the steel structure which will form the sub-structure of the building. The eight additional acres of land acquired by the company have all been cleared, and the fine new station and the boundary wall in Buckingham Palace Road are practically completed. The bridge for carrying Elisabeth Street over the existing and widened lines is nearly finished, and the raising of Buckingham Palace Road will shortly be taken in hand, while a commencement will soon be made with the new roof, which is to be made up of comparatively small spans, with the idea of facilitating future maintenance. The whole of the works have been designed under the supervision of Mr. Charles L. Morgan, the Company's Engineer.



THE CRAIG GOCH DAM IN THE ELAN VALLEY



THE PEN-Y-GAREG DAM IN THE ELAN VALLEY

THE NEW BIRMINGHAM WATERWORKS INAUGURATED BY THE KING ON THURSDAY

From Photographs by Valentine and Sons, Ltd., Creed Lane, London.

## "Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

All kinds of kennel and dog clubs have held exhibitions lately, but by far the most amusing fete was that of the Curly Poodle Club. Somehow poodles always seem more human than other dogs; they do tricks, they are adaptable and home-staying, they eschew sport, and they love flattery. Consequently they appeal strongly to women. On this particular occasion the hostess, "Mlle. Olga," a handsome brown poodle, wore a wreath of sweet-peas round her head and a pink sash round her body, and appeared exceedingly pleased with herself. All the other guests wore bows and ribbons appropriate to the colour of their coat, red and orange for the black, pale blue and pea-green for the brown, pink and mauve for the little white toy dogs. "Mlle. Olga," in a tiny carriage decorated with sweet-peas and drawn by two brown poodles, received the first prize. Decorum and fashionable indifference marked the demeanour of the ultra-civilised canines, but the "poodles' buffet," where milk, cakes and other delicacies were dispensed, roused their diffident composure into a display of joy, short barks, and wagging of tails. Poodles form the *correct* accompaniment to a well-dressed woman. One girl of my acquaintance always decorates her poodle to match her own dresses, and occasionally the doggie's bow is changed from pink to blue or orange three times a day, according to his mistress's toilet, the poodle being the proudest and most self-conscious of the two.

This season has been not only the season of roses and strawberries but also of sweet-peas. This homely flower has at last become fashionable, sweet-peas have adorned dinner and supper tables and covered the walls at balls. They have been carried by beauties and sniffed at by the prettiest women. The sweet-pea *parterre* now forms a part of the modern garden, where they are cultivated in masses of one colour with as much loving care as though they were precious orchids. One gentleman grows nothing else, and devotes himself entirely to their culture, while the new sweet-pea scent waltz is sweet colour, an colour as pure and fresh as that of its prototype flower, over every drawing-room that owns a mistress of refined and delicate taste.

And now that our gardens are in perfect bloom and that the air is saturated with fragrance, let us think of the poor slum children, whose best Sunday treat is that of fried fish, and their daily object-lesson, the court with broken bottles and cast-away refuse. Little, indeed, do these poor neglected ones in towns reek of the lovely sights and sounds which cause us so much delight. In a Manchester school recently it was found that none of the scholars knew what a bee looked like, while in other schools the children were professing ignorant of crows, frogs and butterflies; some



THE NEW FRONTAGE OF VICTORIA STATION (L.B. & N.C.R.), AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETE

were not even aware of the existence of elm trees, or of the conventional attitudes of butter. Fancy never having heard the hum of the bee in summer over the bed of mignonette, or the song of the lark in the morning, or the call of the home-coming rook at eventide! Let everyone see to it that at least one child has a happy, healthy country holiday this year.

Judges seem to have a poor time of it. Not only must they judge according to law and decide knotty points of love, divorce and breach of promise cases, but they must also constitute themselves arbiters in the matter of fitting on of dresses. Let one judge hasealled in the aid of a lady expert, but even a lady cannot always decide off-hand. This question of fit is a very vexed one. Tailors and dressmakers call a thing a good fit which the average woman

does not. When a gown has been altered half a dozen times, it is very rarely satisfactory. Nine times out of ten women put up with a misfit from sheer ignorance or indifference or fear of legal expense. The tradesman knows this. He knows that if you refuse to take a garment, he has always the resource of the county court, and that sooner than face the ordeal of publicity the lady will pay. Foreigners are far more particular than we are. The French and Viennese woman insists on perfect fit even in the simplest style and with the cheapest materials, and consequently she always looks well. Her dressmaker knows better than to supply a misfit. Notwithstanding the strides good dress has made in England, we still see baggy jackets, droopy blouses, ill-cut skirts and boleros gaping from the waist-band. No judge in the world can ever make a good dressmaker out of an ignoramus.



These Chinese are waiting for food inside the compound of the New Comet Gold Mines. The further building of the two is the eating hall.

COOLIES WAITING FOR FOOD INSIDE A COMPOUND



This was the first compound on the Rand to accommodate Chinamen. Inside the compound the larger of the two buildings is the eating hall and the smaller one is the kitchen.

THE NEW COMET GOLD MINES COMPOUND



This trainload of arrivals has been run into a special siding, and the Chinamen are gathering together the few belongings which they have brought over the seas.

FIRST ARRIVALS ATTENDING TO THEIR GOODS AND CHATTELS



This train has brought the first batch of Chinese to work in the gold mines under the new regulations.

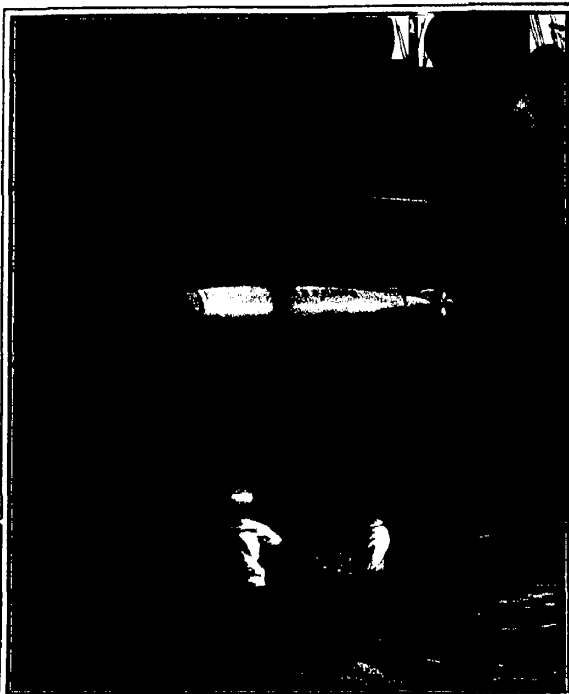
THE FIRST CHINESE TO ARRIVE

CHINESE LABOUR FOR SOUTH AFRICA: THE FIRST ARRIVALS

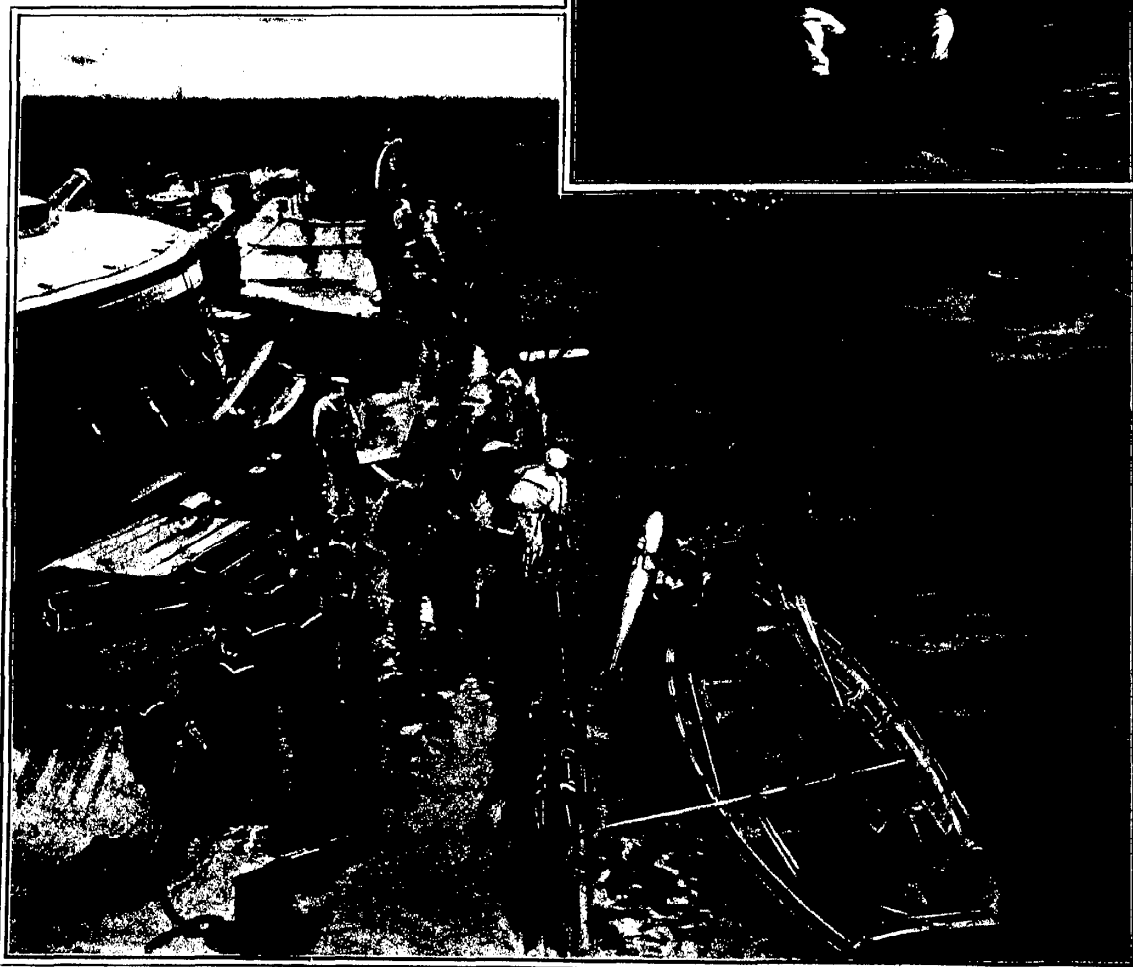
This illustration, which is from a photograph by Staff Paymaster Lionel Davy, shows the track of torpedo which has just missed and is passing across the wake of the vessel aimed at.



This torpedo, which is being taken on board H.M.S. "Aboukir," hit its mark, the soft copper head being driven in. Drawn by D. B. Waters, from a sketch by Robert Carr.



GREAT attention is now devoted in the British Navy to torpedo drill, and one or two features in this practice are shown in the accompanying illustrations. A favourite method adopted is for a cruiser or battleship division to be divided into two groups, which steam away in opposite directions. They then turn and pass each other in single column line ahead at a distance of 1,500 yards, and at an average speed of about sixteen knots. As they pass each ship fires a torpedo at its immediate opponent in the opposite line. The torpedoes are fitted with collapsible copper heads in lieu of the gun cotton charge, and show very plainly when they are recovered whether they have hit their mark. In the large illustration a torpedo which has missed its mark is being recovered.



HOISTING A TORPEDO ON BOARD A BATTLESHIP AFTER IT HAS BEEN FIRED FOR PRACTICE  
MODERN TORPEDO PRACTICE IN THE BRITISH NAVY

From a photograph by the "Topical" Press Photo Agency.



"Sir Piers develops his intimacy with the household at Moyden."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### SIR PIERS BAITs HIS HOOK

SIR PERS BLAKISTON'S extraordinary decision to remain at the Rose and Crown, a petty hostility with no conveniences such as a tried and seasoned Londoner demanded, occupied Captain Miles's curiosity. He himself had no distaste for the country; on the contrary he had already been offered some good hunting by the Squire, and had almost been tempted to accept it. That was before he heard his friend's deliberate statement as to his intentions to remain. Harry Miles looked forward now to some sport, for which pursuit he was physically and mentally well equipped. But Sir Piers, who never hunted—what amusement would he find in the place unless, indeed, it was true, after all, that he had surrendered to the charms of Miss Garraway? Though the Captain remembered the enthusiasm with which his companion had

described the points of the girl, and adulated her distinction, he could neither see for himself the remarkable qualities discovered in what appeared to him merely an uncommon pretty girl, nor quite believe that Sir Piers was not sarcastic at his expense. He was never really aware how far his friend was serious, and when his questions on this occasion met with enigmistic or ironic answers, he gave up the puzzle. There was a good deal in Sir Piers's life and character which a plain man did not understand, and the Honourable Harry Miles was not likely to be at the bother of solving the riddle.

"My dear Miles," said the Baronet amiably, "I begin to feel that the country holds much for us town-folk which I had not thought. I enjoy the manifold scents, the variable sight of flowers, the expanse of pure heaven, and I shall presently, no doubt, be taken by the cooing of the billing doves and the mating thrushes. Moreover, my country presents itself in a new light so far from St. James's and Carlton House. There is a simplicity which goes to my heart, something quite alien to the ordered artifice of our

society. For example, what more entertaining and more charming person than your Squire, who lives near the earth and draws his blood from it? And the daughter also! I have already expressed my opinion about Miss Barbara. I have hope, she and I may be friends."

Yet knowing how indifferent Sir Piers was as a rule to mere beauty (valued in the charm and spirit of dress and art), Captain Miles dismissed these sentiments again as mere pleasantry, and, as I have said, abandoned his speculations for the pleasanter occupation of hunting. It was during several of these excursions upon which the Captain had the willing company of the Squire, that Sir Piers developed his intimacy with the household at Moyden.

"You will wonder why I tarry," he wrote to his Royal Highness, "and that in a place so remote from human knowledge and so destitute of human consolations. But you are wrong. There is one of these latter, and I can see your Royal Highness's face broaden in derision when I speak of rustic life and I am at your mercy, sir; if you desire to spend about the table, and damn Piers

Blackston at Brook's and Brighton, I have given you the engine. Yet I conceive that you may pause and take thought, when you shall remember the coat of hardness my heart wears. I tell you Royal Highness of rustic beauty. Consider. Should I forge the very weapons against myself? You know my sentiments and my opinion of double virtue. I have lived too long to retract even to modify. Yet the flower that grows in a hedge-row to-day may in changed circumstances adorn a vase in the palace to-morrow. It is all a question of circumstances. Meanwhile, if I admire who am celebrated for such coolness, how much should your Royal Highness? The question can only receive an answer in time. At present conceive me enjoying the forest air and eating bad food. Thank God, I have my own wine at last. I hope your Royal Highness may find time to write to one who is pursuing phantoms."

The delight of Mrs. Garraway at the friendship (as she had come to call it) of the fashionable baronet was frank and honest. She was a good woman in her house, and inclined to severity by her traditions, but more forcibly inclined to vanity and ambition by her sex. She blossomed anew into youth under the compliments of the beau, and would never tire of plying him with questions as to his relations with great people. He told her and her daughter tales of celebrities with a gentle indifference, and was seen by them both to be the adviser and confidante of a princess. He brought to that lovely Hampshire village the air and glitter of the Court, and the picture ever in Barbara's eye was of the pomp and glory of a royal pageant, with Sir Piers Blackston in the front and foreground, the company of kings and the admiration of grand ladies. And still he tasted, for his business in the neighbourhood was still incomplete.

During this time he made little progress in the affections of the Squire, who yet had come to give him a grudging respect. His attainments were manifest, and he had a high position. He was not like the George Hangers of their day, a body of indifferent or obscure birth and no manners. The Prince had improved on his earlier ways, and his earlier companions. Moreover, his wife's attitude intensely but materially affected the Squire, who, rough as he seemed, was open to her influence very largely. Add to these facts that Sir Piers's friend, Lord Beverley's son, was a man after his own taste, and you will see that Mr. Garraway's natural hostility to an alien character underwent modification. On the other hand, Faversham's interest, daily with the reports of the baronet's intimacy with the family, and with his own suspicions and fears. He had encountered Sir Piers at the house on the day following their first meeting, and the necessary introduction was effected.

"I am delighted to know any friend of yours, Mrs. Garraway," declared the beau most urbanely, and Gilbert Faversham's defiant and somewhat arrogant manner in return did not compare well with this delightful graciousness. But Faversham was quick of temper and hasty of judgment, and he detected the man for his happiness as well as for his deliberate attentions. And now he displayed a jealousy which was gnawing at his heart.

"Look here, Squire," said he abruptly one day when they were alone in the stables. "What does that fellow at your house so often—and what does he here at all?"

The Squire lifted his head from the locks of a horse he had been examining and stared stupidly.

"What's that? Who d'ye mean? Oh, that chap Blackston. What's he doing here? I don't want him."

"With his pretty clothes, he thinks he can catch any woman's eye. I should not," sneered poor Faversham.

He had come from Kingwood that day and passed Miss Barbara upon the road with the stranger; which may plead in excuse for him.

"Women!" says the Squire with a grin. "Aye, they can think of little but clothes. There's my Lucy's lost her heart over the man. Gad, she has, my boy, and he's a fine-looking fellow all day long with Princess that and His Royal Highness this, and, damme, I would kick 'em out for a penorth of snuff," he ended in his broadest dialect.

There was, however, little consolation in this, as Faversham was aware. He had, as a matter of fact, good ground for feeling sore at the neglect with which not only Barbara but her mother treated him. He had known the Garraways all his life, and had always been upon the footing of an intimate. An only son, he had inherited early in life a small property near Kingwood, and this his careful mother had husbanded during the term of his minority. At twenty-five he was a healthy, good-looking, and spirited young man, fairly well to do, and of a better intelligence than his neighbours. He had served in the Yeomanry, and was credited with being a smart soldier. When Bournemouth lay at Boulogne and the Militia, Yeomanry and Volunteers were being organised all up and down the county, Gilbert Faversham, young as he was, had been in charge of some warlike preparations at Christchurch, and returned Ensign Gilbert, with all his honours, to the arms of a proud mother. Barbara Garraway had been at Kingwood, an excited and interested witness of that triumph. She was only fourteen then, but a handsome growing girl, with enthusiasm, for ever bubbling over, and the boy of twenty had begun even then to like her lively companionship. A few years bring a revolution at such an age, and at the time of this tale, the girl had grown to be the end and goal of Faversham's ambition. He had known it for some time, and she knew it also, nor had she offered any open objection to his suit. They were excellent friends, and he believed and hoped that soon they would be more, particularly as their intimacy seemed to receive the countenance of their elders.

This was why he regarded the elegant wedding stranger with dislike, and this was why he found in the changed manner of Barbara and her mother, signals of danger and reasons for fear. They seemed to be facing quite another way, even in so short a time as was marked by the sojourn of the Londoner in the Forest. Faversham could recall the moment when he had first realised that the strange feeling he had for Barbara was what he had since determined it to be. He brought to mind also, a day in midsummer of the last year, when he had dared very greatly, and had been amazed and frightened at the result. Under the trees of Brookhurst Park, as they went down to Boldre, he had come to a pause, pointed out a squirrel in the young poplars, and then felt his heart stop. "Her

face, turned athwart the light of a falling sun, was luminous and lovely; of a sudden a fever took him, and, almost unawares of his act, he had seized her, and kissed her. Barbara fell away from him, with a cry of terror, then stared at him with fury in her eyes, and next upon that burst into tears. The sobbings shook her; she knew not what she wanted. But at the sight of those tears, and of the poor bosom rent with emotion, his limbs trembled under him, and his voice quivered. He had ravaged a white lamb that would have walked and talked with him, and dreamed not of any nearer intimacy than kindly friendship. He begged pardon with the quaver in his note, and got no answer; she averted her head; he had no comprehension of women, and in a confusion of dread, and pity, and remorse, he left her, and strode away through the glade. The astonishing part was that when he next met her, she was by no means so distant as he had anticipated. He had looked forward with terror to the meeting, and had shunned it successfully for a fortnight. When it was inevitable, he had been possessed and overcome with discomfort, but was wonderfully surprised at his reception, as has been said. He was "Mr. Faversham" to be sure, and not "Mr. Gilbert," or "Gilbert," as it had sometimes been; but this address was given with no air of offence or distaste, merely as from one who had been obliged to retire a little further away, but on the whole did not object to it. Encouraged by these signs Faversham pushed the position, and was rewarded for his audacity and intelligence by a most decided rebuff—after which he sat down uncertainly and miserably to consider matters. The result of his meditations was negative, now inclining him to believe in his presumptuous theory, that Barbara cared for him, and again to think her cold and unresponsive beyond the habit of woman. Yet at last, by the very persistence of his affection and his constant devotion, he had won his way, or thought he had. Barbara was never asked definitely for an answer, but she grew to lean towards him, and was, if often capricious and unkind and cold, as often, certainly gentle, friendly and appreciative. They lived together, as it were, on the warm terms of relatives who are not near enough to preclude the possibility of love. In Faversham's case there was no doubt whatever as to the love. With a woman things are not so simple.

The advent of Sir Piers had, it is certain, bewildered the girl, and thrown her out of perspective. She recognised that she was not using her old friend with the consideration to which he had been accustomed, and she was aware, too, that he felt it. They did not meet so frequently, and when they did, there was some restraint in their talk. This he had endeavoured to overcome, but it can hardly be said that his attempt was satisfactory. Barbara was innocently full of the stranger's stories and sayings; she quoted him, sometimes unconsciously, but the source of her new style was clear to jealous eyes, and moved him to deeper resentment.

"Would you like to live in town, Mr. Faversham?" she asked. "It must be wonderful to live in all that gay whirl. I should love it. There is always something in progress—roust and balls and parties, and—oh, it would be delightful."

"I find the Forest well enough," said he unresponsively. "Ah, but it is dull. The old life goes on in a very sober way. I should like to feel myself in the centre of things. Think of the fine assemblies and the beautiful dresses. I should be wearing pretty silks and wonderful costumes instead of these poor things."

"You would look beautiful in anything," he said impulsively.

"Sir Piers says," she pursued meditatively, "that the mode is changing, and that it is the coming fashion now to wear huge sleeves above the elbow, and muslin tippets about the neck. It is said they do so because of the cold and that so many have caught their death. But," she looked down at her simple clinging gown and her square open bodice, where the slight bosom showed. "But Sir Piers says that he prefers the old mode, and that he will use his influence in his favour on his return."

"Confound the mode," said poor Faversham, between his teeth. She had not heard. "I think, however," she added wistfully, "that I should like to try the new fashion. Everyone will be wearing it soon—unless he stops it, of course," she added, in perfect simplicity of faith.

But this was a red rag to the unhappy young man. With his constitutional quickness of thought, he saw that the intruder had been overpowering the girl with his flatteries, and it enraged him that she should not only be exposed to these imprudent attentions, but also appreciate them.

"Who is this Sir Piers, I should like to know?" he demanded, turning on her with vehemence.

"What d'ye know of him, and what does Mrs. Garraway know of him? What does he here? He is under false pretences, I will swear."

Barbara looked in astonishment at this outbreak. "Why," she answered, "it is well known that he is Sir Piers Blackston, a friend of the Prince of Wales, and an intimate about Court. He is very well known," she pursued emphatically, "and as for what he does here, indeed, Mr. Faversham, it is his own business, I suppose," ending this upon a note of coldness and with a metaphorical toss of her head.

"His own business!" he sneered, carried beyond himself. "Yes, and what's that? To put foolish ideas, maybe, into a silly pretty head, and to make eyes. Oh, I know some of that kidney. I have met 'em in town and at Portsmouth too, and Bath, with their airs and graces and pretences, and their canes and insolence, and their pretensions and—their manners—and—"

"That's a pity, indeed, that there are not others who have their manners," broke in Barbara with haughty displeasure. "For I cannot fancy Sir Piers so rude and gross of speech. Mr. Faversham, you are unmanly, and I will beg you to leave this conversation. If living in the country brings such lack of courtesy you should pray to live in town, for you need it badly."

And with this piece of severity was the topic discharged for the time. Barbara would hear no more, and Gilbert Faversham was bitterly conscious of his own folly, and was angry simultaneously with himself and the man who had drifted from London to this remote spot to destroy his dawning happiness. Yet Sir Piers, it seemed, did not reduplicate the mistake. He had more than once passed remarks of a pleasant nature upon young Faversham, as Miss Garraway remembered in the heat of her honest indignation.

"He is a fine up-standing young man," he had said, gazing at him through the quizzing-glass. "I think, Miss Barbara, you were good enough to give me his name once, but I confess I have forgotten. Faversham? Ah, of course, Faversham; I will remember." After which he added that such men were of great use in a time of national warfare.

"He is a soldier," cried Barbara, not ill-pleased to sound the praise of her old friend. "He has served in the Voomany at Christchurch."

"Excellent! Admirable," said the Beau, nodding, "a very proper youth informed by the right spirit. But the Voomany! He should be with the Army. I must see if something cannot be done towards securing him that privilege, since your mother—" he looked full at Barbara for a moment—"takes such an interest in him."

It was, perhaps, fortunate that Mr. Gilbert Faversham did not hear Sir Piers's promise of patronage, and as Barbara, for some reasons she did not attempt to analyse, did not carry the offer to him, it never reached the young man's ears. The Squire, however, heard of it, as Sir Piers repeated it in his presence when the talk had ranged to Faversham.

"A young man of excellent quality," he declared, "and sure to rise, should he get the opportunity. I will make it my business to see that he does get it. I will see that he gets a commission."

At which Squire Garraway looked up and grinned, a joke lumbering vaguely in his rude mind. "Where'll you get that?" says he. "You can't buy 'em from Mrs. Cix's any more," and laughed heartily.

"Sir," answered Sir Piers to this bout, "my friends do not sell me, they give me. My recommendation is sufficient, and Mr. Faversham convinces me that my recommendation will be justified."

The Squire grunted, but the sharpness and assurance of the tone had had its effect on him, and he made no reply. Certainly this man was a monstrously civil fellow, and seemed influential. His Lucy's arguments and attitude had already begun to move the Squire's sluggish mind. It will be clear how these evidences of Sir Piers's friendly disposition towards Faversham prepared Barbara for annoyance with the latter's surly views about the baronet. The elder man appeared, in a gracious and kindly light, willing to recognise merit when he found it, and anxious to put himself about to help a young man to a career, whereas the other showed as ill-natured and tritabile as a cat, that would snarl at any stranger. Inevitably the picture of Gilbert Faversham which Barbara carried in her mind's eye began to change—a process which was stimulated by Sir Piers's remarks, although she was not conscious of it. The consideration of the visitor was not confined to Faversham and his future. He showed an inclination to take the whole Garraway family under his wing. He discoursed with the Squire on cock-fighting, and told of mains he had witnessed in the Prince's company, recommending to him a peculiar breed of bird, which he promised he would send down to Moyden when he reached town. This was the turning point in his relations with the Squire, who was afterwards heard to give his opinion to young Faversham that Blackston "was a main jockey for clothes, but not a bad cully at bottom." It was Miss Barbara who heard this high praise, and it pleased her greatly, for it was only additional testimony to Sir Piers's charm, which she and her mother had always felt. That her papa should have succumbed was a triumph indeed.

Mrs. Garraway was won, if she had wanted more winning, by the condescension of the great man in drinking tea in her boudoir, and in tasting and approving of her preserves and cordials. He would criticise, but it was with the air of an expert, and he would leave you with the impression that his very criticism expressed distinction. Your things were worth criticism in fact, and were not merely, so to speak, bowed civilly into oblivion. He sipped of many a glass to the sacrifice of his palate, for he was no lover of home-made liquors, and not elderberry wine, nor mead, nor rough cyder, and rougher perry had charms for him. On the other hand, the preserved plums were admirable, and he knew it, but unhappily had no tooth for sweets. As he sat in the stillroom, to which he had pressed for an invitation, he felt that he was of a truth a martyr to an idea. But what was the idea? Sir Piers surveyed it in his mind with deliberation and in the coldest of blood. He could look any idea in the face, and it would not shock or shame him. Yet now as he surveyed it so coolly, it retreated, withdrew into something vague, and he was fain to turn back to the immediate present.

"I thank you, madam," he said in answer to his hostess's persuasions, after the fourth cup, "but I find that a fruit between meals is apt to cloy the stomach. It is wisest to abstain, however alluring the temptation. And if," he continued sweetly, "I might be so bold as to ask you for a small glass of *sau-de-vie*."

"Faith, yes, Sir Piers. Dear me, how anxious I am in my hospitality," cried the good soul, jumping to her feet, and then, on a sudden inspiration, stopped. "Why, a glass of rhubarb wine will be better. You have not tasted my rhubarb wine, Sir Piers."

The beau met faintly smiled. "I fear," he said, "after the sweets, I shall be unable to do justice to your brew. If I might—another day?"

The *sau-de-vie* put him in another mood, and, having done his duty and thus paid his debt, he turned towards his purpose. But what was his purpose? He forebore to think out the puzzle, and talked of town.

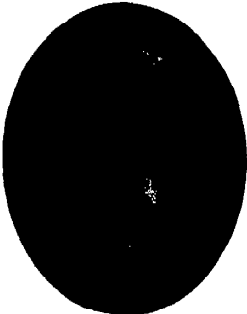
"There is a great likelihood that the town will be more than usually gay this season," said he, with the air of one dealing out the news of the day. "I heard from Lady Marston this morning. Did you not say that you knew her ladyship?"

"La, Sir Piers," said Mrs. Garraway archly, "what chance have I to know your fashionable folks? 'Twas Lady Garnett I mentioned."

"True, true, I had forgotten," said Sir Piers. "Well, you would like Lady Marston. She's one of our wits, and was a beauty once."

"'Tis sad to think of 'once,' isn't it, Sir Piers?" said the lady with a sigh.

In his sharp way he saw where her thoughts ran, and answered



THE HON. LEOPOLD CANING

Married in Westminster Abbey on Tuesday.  
Photographs by Laphro, New Bond Street.



MISS CAROLINE RUNK



MISS MARGARET BRUCE

Married at Holy Trinity Church, Blooms Street, on Thursday.  
Photographs by Kate Praeger, Bloomsbury Square.



LORD NEWPORT

them. "Maybe some day, Madam, we shall be saying that of you," he said gallantly.

"Some day!" she echoed, but smiled quite handsomely. "Lady Marston is reputed to give some of the best entertainments in the season," he pursued equally. "I hope that some day you will have become acquainted."

"Oh, we're poor humble country cousins," said the lady. "Madam," said he, "there's no better stock in the country than our landed gentry. I would we could see more of them at Court. 'Tis what the Prince aims at—to fetch new blood into town. It would invigorate us. Lady Marston, too, is of that opinion, and I may say that I have always urged it in high circles. Indeed, this letter of Lady Marston bears very much upon that point. If Mr. Garraway would consent to spend a season in London, and others like him, no doubt but they would be welcomed with open arms."

"He would never consent, Sir Piers; he is wedded to his place; he cannot afford to leave."

"Yet not so, perhaps, his daughter and his lady," suggested Sir Piers, smiling.

Mrs. Garraway uttered a little sigh. "I am too old," said she. "I would have dearly liked it years ago. But now my roots are in Moyden."

"'Tis a pity," said Blakiston, "that Miss Barbara's roots should go down so fast and so firm. She is young. There's nothing like travel to open eyes."

"'Twould disturb her, sir," said the mother doubtfully. "She is not always a dutiful child, being wayward."

"She is very charming. The world would think so," persisted Sir Piers.

"The world would do her no good; I fear the world," said Mrs. Garraway soberly. She had coveted with the thought, but was too well-grown in her traditions not to be terrified by the outlook into the circle of rank and fashion. She shook her head. "We are poor country cousins," she repeated, falling back on her first thought, "we have no right in town," she said slowly.

Sir Piers Blakiston finished his *au-de-vie* and rose. "It is said we shall have a very gay season," he also repeated himself, as he bade his hostess good-bye.

"It must be very grand," she said wistfully.

(To be continued)

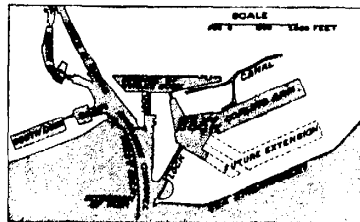
## The Extension of Swansea Harbour

The New Dock at Swansea, of which His Majesty cut the first sod last Wednesday, will cover an expanse of sixty-six acres, and will more than double the accommodation of this thriving port, the collective area of the existing docks amounting to sixty acres. With the exception of the passage connecting the New Dock with the Prince of Wales Dock, the whole of the new works will occupy a site which is at present below high-water mark, and a rubble embankment, about one and three-quarter miles long, will be constructed to exclude the tidal waters from the works. The area thus reclaimed, which is situated on the foreshore to the east of the existing entrance channel, amounts to 393 acres, and includes space for future dock extension to the extent of another forty acres. Vessels will enter the dock through a lock 875 feet long and ninety feet wide, with a depth of forty feet at high water, ordinary spring tides. The dimensions of the largest vessel afloat—the White Star liner *Baltic*—are: Length 736 feet, and breadth seventy-five feet, so it will be seen that ships of the largest size now or likely to be built will find accommodation in the new dock. The central portion of the dock will be used for general trade, and the eastern end will be reserved for a coaling arm. The Great Western Railway will erect on the north side of this arm coaling appliances of the most modern type, all worked on the high level, so as to leave the whole of the quay space below free for the main-line traffic round the dock. The other railway companies will have frontages on the southern side of the coaling arm. To protect the entrance to the dock, the present West Pier will be extended for 800 feet, and a new East Pier built, with an approach jetty extending from it to the lock, alongside of which ships will "lie up" before entering the lock. The joint engineers for the dock are Mr. P. W. Melk and Mr. A. O. Schenk, and the resident engineer is Mr. R. S. Oldham.

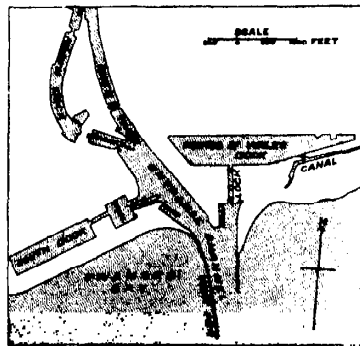
## Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE"

A DIPLOMATIST has been described as "a man who is sent abroad to lie for his country," but that definition is altogether incorrect now. The modern diplomatist has but three important duties: (a) to secure the respect and affection of those whom he has to deal with at his post; (b) to discover what agencies have influence at that post, and how they are exercising it; (c) and to communicate to whoever it may concern the orders that he receives from home.



SWANSEA HARBOUR AS IT WILL BE



SWANSEA HARBOUR AS IT IS



This is a race to a bunch on which is a bowl full of water with apples floating in it. The competitors ride to the bunch, and, dismounting, plunge their heads into the water, and try to seize an apple. The winner is he who, after securing an apple, is first back with it to the winning post with his trophy. From a photograph by W. A. Borch, Strand.

THE APPLE RACE IN THE PONY GYMKHANA AT BANCHLAGH ON SATURDAY

The scheming British diplomatist is not needed in these days by this country, and, besides, he would frequently complicate matters. "Deceive, deceive more, still deceive" would be a most misleading phrase for one of our diplomatists in these times to adopt as a guide. But the official at home has not yet had it removed from his mind that the conduct of public affairs must always be concealed from the public—even if occasionally a falsehood has to be told to enable that policy to be carried out!

Some ten years ago a permanent official who was at the head of one of the most important of the Government Departments wrote to the writer asking him to call at the office at an appointed hour. At that interview the official showed the writer several secret documents, saying, "We wish you to see these, as you are dealing with the matter, and, moreover, we are very pleased that you are discussing it, and we think the attitude you have assumed is correct." At the close of the interview the official added, "Now you know all that there is to be known in this direction. I thank you for the trouble you have taken in coming. Good-bye. . . . By the way, of course, it may be my duty to instruct my chief to deny all the facts in the House." In other words, were the public to take an undesirable view of the matter, the chief might find it his duty to deny the facts contained in the documents he possessed in the office!

It has continually been observed, but has never been mentioned in print, that when a contractor undertakes to do even some small work in the country for the Government he proceeds at once to enclose the site his labourers are to deal with by a high boarding of wood! As the employer is the Government, the public, presumably, must not be allowed to watch the development of the work! That policy controls the entire official world in this country. Visit a public office and ask for information; the official will, almost certainly, insist upon your dragging from him, item by item, the facts which he is there to provide, which the public pays him to accumulate and supply! Every member knows how difficult it is to obtain a satisfactory answer to a question asked in the House, and ingenious Ministers are in trying to avoid disclosing the most unimportant information. These answers are almost always provided by the permanent officials to be repeated in Parliament by the chiefs. Why are these officials so anxious that their employers, the public, should not become acquainted with the work dealt with by the Departments? A celebrated British politician has described the system in these words:—"Our apparent masters are prominent and temporary; our real masters obscure and permanent."

Within a few days of the publication of these paragraphs the railway stations all over England will be filled with men, women, and children starting for the holidays. It is said by those who are able to form an estimate that can be relied upon, that this year even more of our fellow-countrymen and women than usual are going abroad for their holidays! The fares to the Continent have been reduced considerably; it is cheaper to live abroad than in England; the life there is more new to the majority of British holiday-makers, and the food is better than it is in England. Meanwhile, the thousands of British men and women who hope to earn a livelihood by the visit of holiday-makers in the summer months will suffer proportionately. As it may be too much to ask the money-spenders to stay in this country for the country's good, it only remains to urge the money-seekers to copy the methods of the foreigners—to insist that the railway companies should run their trains cheaper; to themselves lower their rents and charges, and to make the local authorities provide newer and better attractions than the inevitable "Parade," the tenth rate-band, and sales where only children and women can ever be attracted to. The cabman who always charges too much, and even then grumbles, should be got under control by the local authorities, for if the fares are high visitors often do not see the surrounding country, which might make them attracted to the town, and if the cabman always makes scenes, the irritation caused by them gives strangers a dislike for the place. We may refuse to let the alien settle in England, but we can only persuade the Englishman to spend his holidays in this country by making it inexpensive and agreeable, as it generally is on the Continent.

## Paul Kruger

STEPHANUS JOHANNES PAULUS KRUGER was born in 1825 in the neighbourhood of Colesberg, in Northern Cape Colony. His family was of German descent, and its connection with South Africa dated from the arrival in Capetown, in 1713, of a young man named Jacob Kruger, in the employ of the Dutch East India Company. Paul Kruger at a very early age went to work on the farm. He was ten years of age when his family, and he with them, took part in "the great trek" of 1836-37, in which the great body of the Boers, becoming intolerant of British rule and anxious to become entirely free to govern themselves, left Cape Colony and "trekked" into what became the Orange Free State and Natal, and thence to the Transvaal. The Kruger family settled down when they reached the long ridge known as the Witwatersrand, the wealth of which was then, of course, unknown. Almost at once, however, the Boers became embroiled in a struggle with the natives, who opposed their further advance, and Paul Kruger may have taken part in the battles in which the Matabele, under Mosilikatse, the father of Lobengula, were driven back across the Limpopo. He had by this time become a good shot, and inured to the hardships and dangers of the trek. He had shot his first lion when eleven; his first Kaffir before he was fourteen. He could stand on his head in the saddle holding on to the stirrup-leads while his horse galloped; he could throw off his saddle when the girths broke without dismounting; he could bring down a running buck at 400 yards with almost absolute certainty; he could outrun a horse over half a mile.

At sixteen Kruger was a field cornet, and for some years, as mentioned above, he was engaged in fighting the natives, who received no mercy from him. Gradually he came to the front in Boer affairs. In 1852 the British Government recognised the South African Republic, and in the struggles between the different sections of Boers that form the history of the Transvaal for the succeeding twenty years, Kruger became the right-hand man of Pretorius, the nominal President. Pretorius fell in 1872; Burgers, an ex-clergyman of the Dutch Church, succeeded, with Commandant-General Kruger as Vice-President. From the first, Kruger set himself to drive out Burgers, who blamed Kruger for the ruin of the Republic. The Treasury was empty; Cetewayo threatened the country; chaos reigned. The batment longed for annexation by Great Britain, and in 1877 the Transvaal passed under our rule. Kruger accepted office under us; and resigned only because a request for an increase in his salary was refused. This determined his action. He came forward as the Doppe champion, objecting to the British flag and British taxation. Kruger, who had come to England a month after the annexation to urge an ineffectual protest



Mr. Frupp, describing a special interview he had with Mr. Kruger, said:—"At a round table with a coloured cover, whereon stood conspicuously among other things a handsome silver-mounted tobacco-box, sat President Kruger in a comfortable padded chair. His favourite attitude was to sit with his hands clasped and his chin resting on his chest, but when he spoke a great change in his voice and manner took place; he sat forward, sometimes roaring rather than speaking when apparently excited, and flourishing his arms vigorously."

BEFORE THE WAR: AT HOME IN PRETORIA

against it, again visited London, and when the standard of revolt was raised he held the reins of Government, while Joubert took the field. The brief campaign which terminated at Majuba Hill then followed; peace was patched up; the retrocession of the Transvaal took place, and Paul Kruger became President of the restored Republic in 1883. But misgovernment again prevailed; the Republic was on the verge of bankruptcy when gold was discovered in 1886. Kruger, a republican, ruled as a dictator. Hatred of England was his guiding motive, and he found a faithful ally

in Dr. Leyds, appointed State Secretary in 1889. But Kruger kept his power in his own hands. "Be trustworthy, but trust no one," was his motto. Hollanders swarmed into the Transvaal, and grew rich on plunder wrung from the Uitlanders. Kruger's treatment of the Uitlanders, the Jameson Raid which ended so disastrously, and the subsequent war which made of him an obscure exile—all these things will be fresh in the memory. Of English he had, it is said, a sound knowledge, but this he always did his best to conceal. As a statesman he seems to have exercised almost autocratic power in the Transvaal Legislature. On many occasions, when things were not going as he wished, he addressed them much as a Cromwell might have done, with reproaches and threats that generally got for him what he wanted. One of his most interesting and most strongly marked characteristics was his devotion to his religion—in fact, it was said of him that his rule of life was "To love God and—to try to circumvent Rhodes!" He was twice married. By his first wife he had one son, who died in his infancy; and by his second wife—the "Tante Anna," who was a Miss du Plessis, descended from the family to which Cardinal Richelieu belonged—he had no fewer than sixteen children. His salary as President of the Transvaal Republic was £7,000 a year, and his "allowances" included a house and £300 a year for "coffee." This "coffee" allowance is said to have covered his total annual expenditure and left a balance, though it is believed that he was a very wealthy man, who had made large sums of money by speculating in land, and who had been shrewd enough to pick out for himself excellent investments.

Although in the palmy days of the Republic he was escorted to and from the Raad by Pretoria police he never put on "side," but always remained, from choice, "Oom Paul." His house, and particularly the regular Boer foraging place, its steep overhanging verandah, was always open to every burgher as a place to which he might take his pipe and his grievances, and might sit for an hour or two discussing anything and everything. But with strangers who were not fellow-countrymen he was at times inclined to be reserved. As a rule, his first questions to such a visitor were: "Are you one of Rhodes's men?"—for nobody was a subject of more suspicion in his eyes than a man who had any connection with Mr. Rhodes, unless it was Mr. Chamberlain—and "What is your religion?" Mr. Poulsen-Diggle, writing before the war, gave a very interesting impression of him which will well bear quoting: "The President of the South African Republic," he wrote "is indeed a grand old savage from one point of view and a noble statesman from another. He is theoretically the first citizen of the most democratic community, yet in practice he surrounds himself with tawdry splendour that would shock many a crowned head of

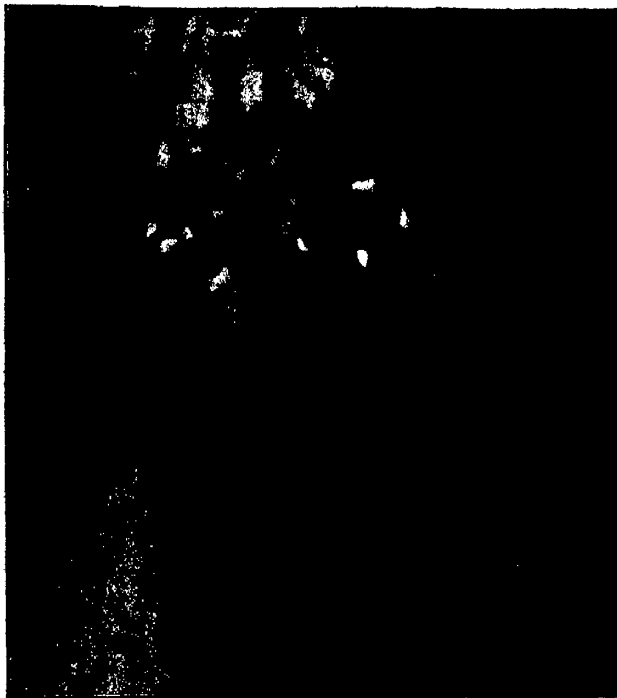


IN THE DAYS OF POWER: RETURNING FROM THE RAAD ESCORTED BY PRETORIA MOUNTED POLICE  
THE LATE STEPHANUS JOHANNES PAULUS KRUGER, EX-PRESIDENT OF THE TRANSVAAL REPUBLIC



Europe. . . . . When I first had the honour of meeting this anachronistic phenomenon he was drinking coffee and throwing out from his big pipe a cloud of strong tobacco smoke, but a still stronger volume of violent language, emphasized by the thumping of his massive fist upon the table. The room in which he received was crowded with long-haired, full-bearded and stolid-featured fellow-burgers, who reminded me partly of Russian priests, partly of Californian miners, and partly of certain alleged portraits of the Apostles. I feared that I had unwittingly interrupted a Cabinet meeting, but later it turned out that this was Mr. Kruger's usual 'at home,' when all burghers passing through Pretoria made it their business to resolve themselves into individual committees of one, and lay before their President any grievance or criticism they might think fit. When the President is not at his office he delights in nothing so much as entertaining his countrymen with coffee, tobacco, and political proverbs. He harangues his visitors with the voice of a bull in distress, and they like it. He governs by personal contact and spoken parables, and it is his boast that he knows personally every citizen of his Republic."

This was the man who struggled so disastrously to oust the British from South Africa, who entered for that purpose into an offensive and defensive alliance with the Orange Free State, and rashly issued the famous ultimatum, and was so assured that even if England did fight she could be as easily beaten as at Majuba. He was convinced that from the beginning Mr. Chamberlain intended war, and he hated Lord (then Sir Alfred) Milner. Although at the beginning of the war he took his place in the field his fighting days were really over, and he became a secondary figure. He left Pretoria when it fell into Lord Roberts's hands, leaving his invalid wife to fall into British hands, and ultimately escaped to France, where he mistook noisy demonstrations of



THE BEGINNING OF EXILES: ARRIVING IN FRANCE

sympathy for evidences that the Continent would practically support him, and vainly strove to bring about intervention. In the end he learned in a very cruel school how little value may be attached to such professions of support, and a saddened, disappointed man, who had struggled in a wrong-headed way for a great, though hopeless cause, he sank into an obscurity from which only his death has raised him. In his way he was a big man, but he was an anachronism. All his life he tried to avoid England and English people, and yet circumstances perpetually drove him into direct conflict with them. Obstinate and badly advised, he liked to abuse the gold which raised his country from obscurity, but at the same time he was by no means averse to utilizing the power which the newly discovered wealth gave him to further his dream of a Dutch South Africa. To the last he kept up the attitude of the old-fashioned burgher, but at the same time fell in with all the schemes of the ambitious Hollanders. He lived in difficult times, and a greater man than he might easily have failed to tread a successful path. The tragic end and the collapse of all his ambitions cannot but make one view him sympathetically. He was a grotesque but none the less imposing figure, and this for many years. It was his great misfortune that he had no sense of proportion, else he would scarcely have pitted the country he loved against a great Power, but the story of the splendid struggle which his burghers made will always be read as a notable chapter in the history of South Africa. A broader statesmanship would have taught him that the little State which to him seemed all-important and all-powerful, was not of sufficient importance to warrant any European Power incurring England's enmity by intervening in its support, but not all his "alliances" could teach him this. His faults were largely those of ignorance, and his pathetic downfall must have been a hard punishment.



RECEIVING VISITORS ON THE VERANDAH AT THE PRESIDENT'S, PRETORIA

In the old days all the Boers who came to Pretoria used to make a point of seeing the President, and would bring the most trivial grievances before him. They were treated to coffee, for which the Transvaal Government allowed £200 a year. Drawn from life by THE GRAPHIC Special Artist, Mr. O. E. Fripp, R.W.S.

THE LATE STEPHANUS JOHANNES PAULUS KRUGER: EX-PRESIDENT OF THE TRANSVAAL REPUBLIC

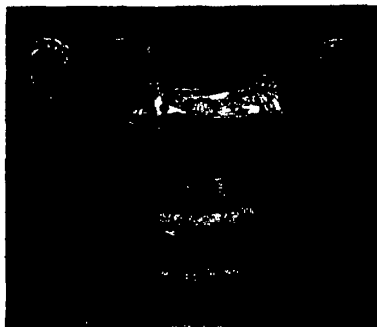
### The Court

THIS week has been a busy one for both the King and Queen, who travelled to Liverpool on Tuesday to lay the foundation-stone of the new cathedral at St. James's Mount. Before the ceremony their Majesties lunched at the Town Hall with the Lord Mayor, after which there was a presentation of addresses, and in the evening they embarked on the *Victoria and Albert* for Swansea, where the following day they opened the new dock which is to double the accommodation of that thriving seaport. On Thursday they travelled to Rhayader to inaugurate the new water supply for Birmingham at Elan Valley, lunching afterwards with the Lord Mayor of Birmingham in a marquee near the model village built for the accommodation of the workmen. Later their Majesties returned to town, and on Friday His Majesty opened the Royal Horticultural Hall in Vincent Square, Westminster, while the Queen presented certificates at Buckingham Palace to those nurses who have joined the Royal National Pension Fund for Nurses since Her Majesty's last similar reception two years ago.



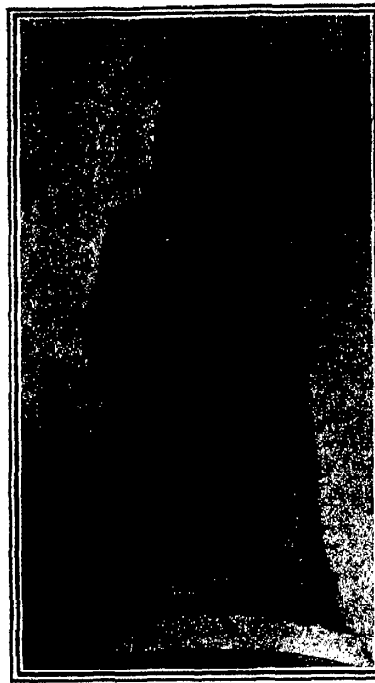
This statue was given to the Mayor and Council borough of the Town for the jubilee use of Roode, Lancashire, in order to commemorate His Majesty's accession to the throne. The donor is Colonel Thomas Myres Sandys, M.P. for Beattie for nineteen consecutive years. The statue, which was unveiled by the Countess of Derby on July 15, is the work of Mr. George E. Wade.

THE STATUE OF THE KING PRESENTED TO ROODE



At the regatta of the Royal Cinque Ports Yacht Club last Saturday the race for the King's Cup was sailed in a grand breeze. Of the twelve vessels entered, ten started. They got away from Dover all close together, making a fine show in the fresh west-south-west breeze, which, however, shifted so nearly south, and gave them a close haul over to the French coast, and a broad reach back to Dover. Sir James Pender's "Hyrnild" took the lead almost from the start, and retaining it, won the much-prized cup with nearly seven minutes from Mr. Ferguson's "Niandra," Mr. H. Seymour King's "Glor" taking third prize. The cup was designed and manufactured by Messrs. Hunt and Roskell.

ROYAL CINQUE PORTS CLUB: THE KING'S CUP



This bronze statue, which is the work of Mr. Frampton, R.A., was unveiled by the Mayor of Southport, on July 15, in the Municipal Gardens. The statue, which is the town memorial of her late Majesty, is 18 ft. high and stands on a granite pedestal. The cost was over £2,000. From a photograph by R. Booth, Southport.

THE VICTORIA STATUE AT SOUTHPORT



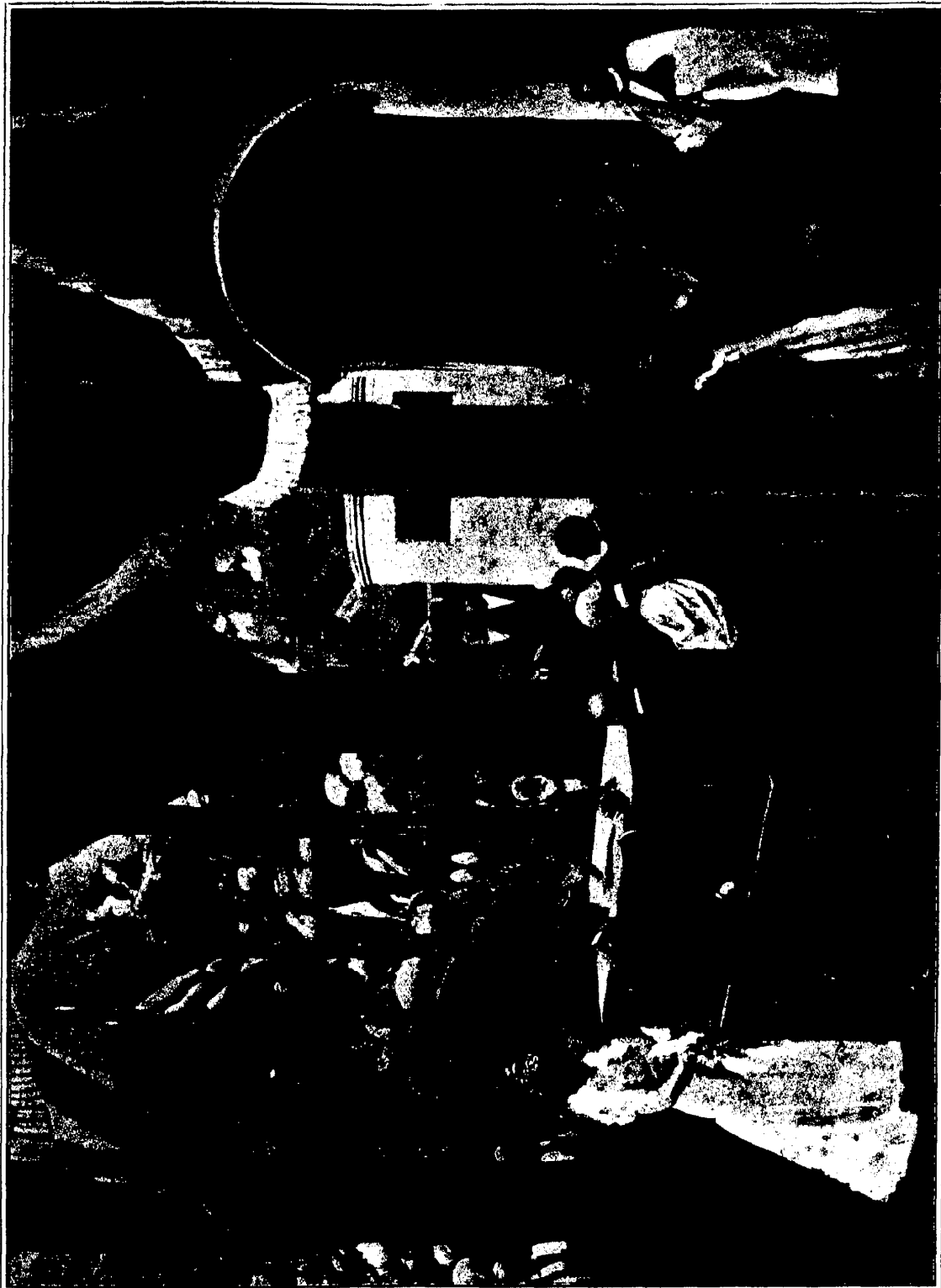
DRAWN BY F. J. WADSWORTH

After laying the foundation-stone of the new cathedral their Majesties drove to the landing-stage, where they embarked on the Royal yacht "Victoria and Albert," en route for Swansea. The Mayor was crowded with craft of every description, and as the Royal yacht steamed away amid the sound of bells

and thunders of applause from many thousands of people assembled on both banks of the river, and followed at a respectable distance by a host of large and small vessels, the river presented a very picturesque spectacle.

FROM A SKETCH BY A. COO

THE KING AT LIVERPOOL: THE ROYAL YACHT LEAVING THE LANDING-STAGE



THE KING LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL AT ST. JAMES'S MOUNT

After the recess on in Liverpool their Majesty drove to St. James's Mount, to perform the principal ceremony of the day. A huge stand had been erected on the Cathedral site, with a special dais designed and decorated by Messrs. Waring's Liverpool branch, and here, after two addresses by Lord Derby, President of the Cathedral Committee, and by Sir William Foxwell, the King laid the foundation stone, which was then capped it three times with a gold mallet, and in a loud voice declared the tower to be begun. It will last truly well.

FROM A SERVICE BY A. COE



All the foreign military attachés have been provided with useful mounts by the considerate Japanese authorities, and they are here shown choosing horses before proceeding to the front. Although Japan is a bad country for horseflesh, the Japanese cavalry have acquitted themselves well, and these attachés have been, in nearly every case, splendidly mounted, the majority of the horses being "waters."

FOREIGN MILITARY ATTACHÉS IN TOKYO TRYING MOUNTS PROVIDED BY THE JAPANESE

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. WHITING



DRAWN BY GEORGE MOORE

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. RUDOLPH JOHNSON

All the Japanese arrangements for the care of the wounded are of the most up-to-date character, and their surgeons are second to none. Not only their own wounded, but also wounded Russians who fall into their hands, are most kindly treated, and their field hospitals are remarkably efficient. The translation of the notice in Japanese which is seen on the post is "Dangerously Wounded Only."

AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE YALU: BRINGING IN WOUNDED TO A JAPANESE FIELD HOSPITAL



DRAWN BY F. J. WATSON  
 The method which the Japanese have pursued in making a landing under fire is well  
 shown in the above drawing, which illustrates the manner in which the first Japanese armed  
 force landed in the Liao-tung Peninsula. Under cover of the guns of Admiral Hwang's  
 squadron, a strong detachment of 300 picked men were landed ashore at dawn, and then they  
 had secured a landing place the disembarkation of the second Army Corps proceeded  
 FROM A BATTLE BY LUOYI JAMES  
 A JAPANESE NAVAL BRIGADE LANDING UNDER FIRE AT PITSANI







BEGINNING TO CLEAR THE PLATFORM, DECEMBER, 1903

### The Oldest Temple at Thebes

EVERY visitor to Egypt who has "gone up" the Nile and has stayed at Luxor for more than a day or two is familiar with the grand semicircle of lofty cliffs bounding the western plain of Thebes, at the foot of which rises the beautiful terraced temple of Deir el Bahari, built by the Queen Hatshepsut who used to be called "Hatshep", of the Eighteenth Dynasty, about B.C. 1550, and fully excavated at the cost of the Egypt Exploration Fund by Professor Naville, of Geneva, and his assistants, some ten years ago. All who have visited Thebes will have carried away with them a sunny memory of the white temple rising from the desert against the background of orange-yellow overhanging cliffs as high as Denby Head, with the ineffably blue sky of Egypt above them, and perhaps a solitary vulture or kite hovering in the blue just away from the cliff-edge. And those who remember this much will, perhaps, also recollect the confused heaps of yellow desert rubbish, debris from the cliffs above, the rubbish heaps of former excavators of the temple, and so on, which lie between the temple and the southern horn of the circle of cliffs. These have concealed for many years the remains of another temple of Deir el Bahari, lying side by side with the shrine of Hatshepsut, and to the south of it. This building, the excavation of which was begun during the past season by Professor Naville, assisted by Mr. H. E. Hall, is of a most interesting character. It is a thousand years older than the great temple, dating as it does from the reign of Mentuhotep Nebkherura, of the Eleventh Dynasty, about 2500 B.C.; it is therefore the most ancient temple at Thebes, and, further, it is apparently the prototype on which the great temple of Hatshepsut was modelled. The peculiar character of the great temple, with its colonnades and terraces, its great ramp or inclined plane leading from terrace to terrace, and its sixteen-sided "proto-Doric" columns, has always distinguished it as the most remarkable in Egypt, and various theories have been devised to account for its eccentricities. The excavations of this winter have shown us that Hatshepsut's architects merely imitated the small temple of Mentuhotep Nebkherura, which had existed for a thousand years under the shadow of the cliffs in the place which they intended to adorn with the new sanctuary. Professor Naville's new temple is in its outward arrangements a smaller edition of Hatshepsut's. It has an outer colonnade and a ramp, and the remains of "proto-Doric" columns, though these are eight, not sixteen-sided. The square pillars of the colonnade are, of course, not perfect, being broken off at various heights above the ground; the best preserved of the stumps of the octagonal columns of the hypostyle hall are nine feet high. One of these columns is shown in the photograph in actual process of being excavated. These pillars bear the name and style of the builder of the temple, King Mentuhotep.

The ramp, which is not yet fully excavated, leads up to an artificially squared platform of rock, on which stand the remains of the pillared hall already referred to. The walls of this hall were once decorated with coloured reliefs, depicting scenes from the life of the royal court at the period, the king seated before processions of persons bearing offerings or driving cattle, or standing in supplication before the images of the gods, the great warriors and magnates of the kingdom coming before him, etc. All these were at some time unknown thrown down and ruthlessly destroyed by spoilers, who smashed up the fine reliefs with mallet and chisel and threw the debris to the winds. Hence, while hundreds of fragments of reliefs have been found, few of them are fairly complete.

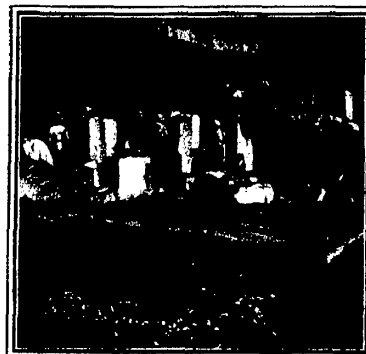
The entrance to the hall at the end of the ramp is marked by a door-threshold of finely polished red granite, of which a photograph is here shown. This is one of the most interesting objects in the new temple. The sides of the platform are faced by a wall of beautifully squared and fitted blocks of fine white limestone, which we also illustrate. This stonework is among the finest yet found in Egypt.

The whole building, which thus presents many interesting architectural features, is the funerary or mortuary temple of the king who built it. Here he intended the funeral rites to be carried out for the benefit of his soul as long as his name should endure upon the temple walls. He so far succeeded that his spirit was in after days adopted as a sort of patron saint or guardian demon of the whole necropolis of Deir el Bahari, in which many personages of his own and later times were buried, and was venerated as a deity of the place, in conjunction with the Great Amun-Ra, "king of the gods, lord of the thrones of the world," and the lady Hathor, goddess of the waste, under whose protection the mountains and cliffs of Deir el Bahari had always been placed. This worship, however, did not save his temple from destruction, probably in Ramesside times, in the days of the Nineteenth Dynasty. Towards the middle of that dynasty the temple was, it is evident, beginning to fall into ruin. Its ancient sculptures were scarred and damaged, the pillars of its colonnades chipped and covered with the names of learned visitors, a scribe Seti and a scribe Userhat, who chronicled their visits in a way not unknown to a more modern age, and with the sketches of priestly scholars practising the proper way of delineating a king's head, a boat, a bull, an uræus



THE GRANITE THRESHOLD

breathing flame, etc.; rubbish and dust filled its courts, which the priests of the popular neighbouring Hathor-shrine, in the great temple, used as a dust-heap on which to throw the superfluous ex-votos which had accumulated in the shrine; the roofs began to fall in, and brick pillars and piers were built in a vain attempt to stave them up; and, finally, the fiat came forth that the temple *Akhet-ant*, "Glorious are its Seats," of King Nebkherura was to be broken up and, presumably, its stones used for buildings elsewhere. When this



EXCAVATION OF THE PILLARED HALL, JANUARY, 1904

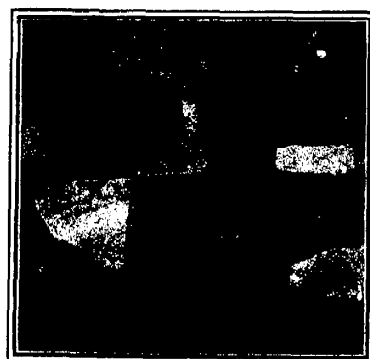
was done, we do not know as yet. It was after the Nineteenth Dynasty, certainly. Meanwhile, for at least two hundred years, the two temples, the great *Imen-jeser*, "Holy of Holies," of Hatshepsut's building, and the thousand-years-old and much smaller *Akhet-ant* had existed side by side; and it is hoped that further excavations on the part of the Egypt Exploration Fund will enable the future visitor to Thebes to see both temples side by side again, the remains of the most ancient existing Theban shrine side by side with the splendidly restored face of the Eighteenth Dynasty, which, when built, was an archaic, an adaptation of the ideas and plan of the smaller and older building at its side.

Several tombs were opened in the court between the two temples. These tombs were of the same date as the Temple of Nebkherura, which seems to have been a sort of Eleventh Dynasty Westminster Abbey; the members of the King's Court were buried in the immediate vicinity of the mortuary chapel of their sovereign. Robbers had violated these tombs of the king's followers even so early as the time of the Eighteenth Dynasty, and nothing remained to the modern excavators beyond the quaint little wooden models of granaries, and of bakers at work taking bread, the covers of the model funeral boats, etc., which are so typical of interments of the Middle Empire. A pyramid of the model bakery, one of the most interesting of the miscellaneous objects found was a perfect three-cornered loaf of unleavened bread.

A large number of miscellaneous antiquities was found in the course of the removal of the rubbish-heaps covering the temple. Among them may be mentioned specimens of fruits and shells dating to about 1500 B.C., and a number of the tools used by the destroyers of the temple, including wooden mallets and a copper chisel with hardened edge, which should be of interest to metallurgists. Numbers of the ex-votos, already mentioned, from the dust-heap of the Hathor shrine, have also been recovered. All these smaller objects, together with the Eleventh Dynasty reliefs, are now shown at the annual exhibition of the Egypt Exploration Fund at University College, Gower Street.

We are indebted to the Egypt Exploration Fund for the use of the photographs here published, the first two of which are especially interesting as showing the progress of excavation. They are both taken from practically the same spot, one in December, 1903, the other in January, 1904. In the background of both is the shrine of Hathor, in the great Temple of Hatshepsut. In the foreground of the first we see the workmen clearing the debris away from the beginning of the platform, on the top of which are the remains of the hypostyle hall; in that of the second we see the ruined octagonal pillars and the door-threshold of the hypostyle hall, brought to light a month later.

Subscriptions and donations for the work of the Egypt Exploration Fund will be gladly received by the Secretary at the offices of the Fund, 37, Great Russell Street, W.C.

THE 11TH DYNASTY COLONNADE DISCOVERED  
DECEMBER, 1903

FACING WALL OF THE COURT

AN 11TH DYNASTY PILLAR OF HYPOTYLE HALL WITH  
CARTOUCHE OF MENTUHOTEP COMING OUT



# THE CAPTURE OF KINCHAU

Russian Infantry in Verdunah Piring.

Russian Bombers arriving through Gateways.

Japanese Rushing In.



DRAWN BY F. J. WAUGH

The old Chinese walled town of Kinchau was the point d'appui from which General Oku led his final attack upon the Russian works. It was held by a regiment of Siberian rifle and a field battery. After working up to it all day on May 22, during the night a brigade of Japanese troops was

pushed forward, and at sunrise, after a most sanguinary struggle, the place was carried at the point of the bayonet. The street fighting which it lasted was of a very fierce and desperate character.

JAPANESE CARRYING THE WALLED TOWN OF KINCHAU AT THE POINT OF THE BAYONET

GERMAN BIG GUNS  
RUSSIAN BATTERY

JAPANESE SHIPS BURNING

ABANDON AND ENTANGLEMENTS WHERE MANY JAPANESE FELL



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.L., AND H. M. PAGET

The final assault on the Kinchau heights took place at sunset on May 26. Firstly, after six days of strenuous fighting, three Japanese divisions captured the walled town of Kinchau  
enormous sacrifices

A GREAT JAPANESE COUP DE MAIN: THE FINA

ANTRY

DISTANT HILLS OF FORT ARTHUR

JAPANESE SHELLS BURSTING OVER RUSSIAN BATTERIES

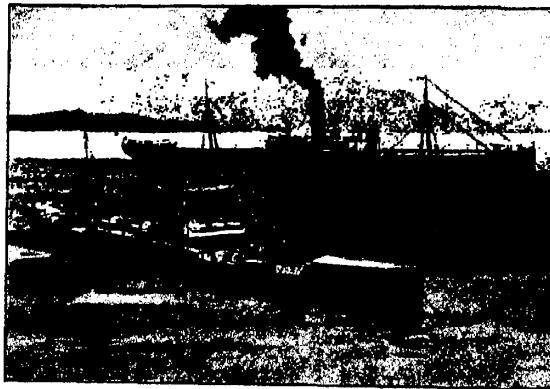


JAPANESE INFANTRY ATTACKING WITH FIXED BAYONETS

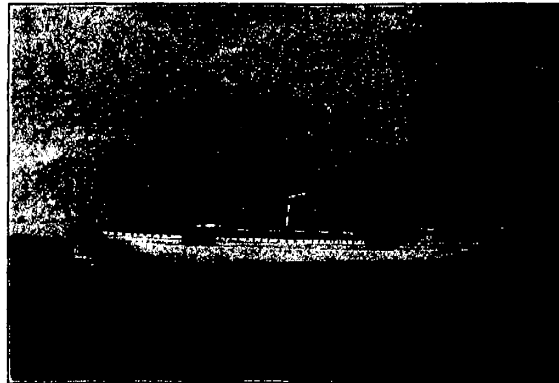
FROM A SKETCH BY LIONEL JAMES

attack, and, subsequently, after a further sixteen hours' desperate infantry attack, General Oka, by sheer weight of numbers, forced the Russians from their works at sundown. The Japanese made the victory was complete.

BATTLE ON AND CAPTURE OF THE KINCHAU HEIGHTS



"Malacca."



"Prinz Heinrich."

BRITISH AND GERMAN SHIPS CAPTURED OR OVERHAULED BY THE RUSSIANS

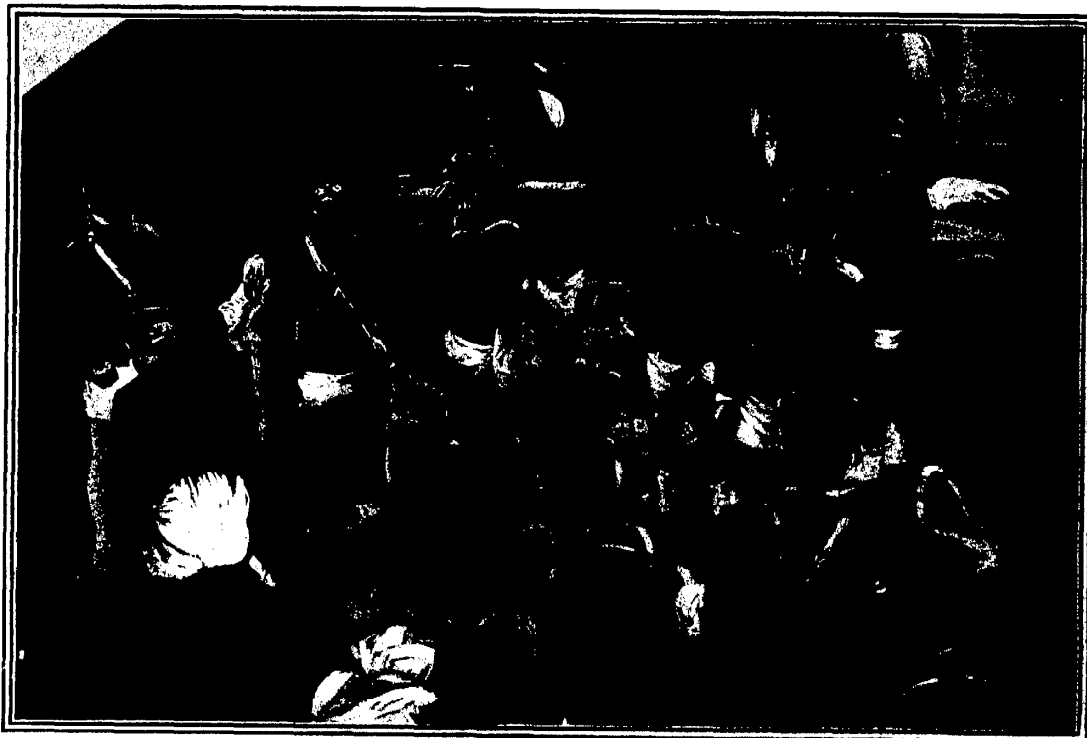
DRAWN BY F. L. BLANCHARD

### The Seizure of Neutral Vessels

CONSIDERABLE excitement has been caused by the stoppage in the Red Sea of several British and one German steamer. It would appear that two Volunteer Fleet steamers, *Peterburg* and *Smolensk*, which recently sailed from Sevastopol with coal cargoes for undeclared destinations, carried large amounts of ammunition and many guns. The first captures made by these quick-change cruisers, who came through the Dardanelles flying the commercial flag and then threw off this disguise, were British. The *Dragoman*, from Batum to China, was stopped and delayed for an hour, then the British mail steamer *Malacca*, belonging to the P. and O. Company, was seized and conveyed back to Suez. The *Malacca* carried no munitions of war, but a general cargo for Yokohama. The Russians took complete possession, putting a Russian officer and crew on board, and resuming the P. and O. agent admittance. A little later the German mail steamer *Prinz Heinrich*, on her arrival at Aden, reported that she was stopped by the Russian Volunteer cruiser *Smolensk* and compelled to give up thirty-one sacks of letters and

twenty-four sacks and boxes of parcels, all intended for Japan. The *Prinz Heinrich* is a North German Lloyd steamer. Subsequently the British steamship *Perzia* was forcibly detained for one hour in the Red Sea by the Russian Volunteer steamer *Smolensk*, which transferred to her the Japanese mails she had taken from the North German Lloyd steamer *Prinz Heinrich*, and took possession of two bags of mails for Nagasaki. The German Government has entered a protest, and questions have been asked in our House of Parliament as to whether Russia is not unwarrantably violating the treaty which forbids the passage of the Dardanelles to any war vessel. Meanwhile it is not unlikely that we may soon hear of two more wolves in sheep's clothing in the shape of the *Oriz* and the *Savastopol*, the former of which recently sailed through the Dardanelles in the character of a hospital ship flying the Red Cross flag. Meanwhile, two more Volunteer steamers have left Odessa for Sebastopol to coal, and the *Standard's* Constantinople correspondent states that the third-class cruiser *Tchernomorsk* has passed the Golden Horn, in palpable defiance of the Treaty of London. The *Times* correspondent, writing from Kronstadt, says:—

"Both the *Smolensk* and the *Peterburg*, whose well-authenticated departure has long been officially denied in St. Petersburg, were designated for 'Government service outside the Black Sea' six weeks ago. Even their commanders were, however, kept in the dark as to their real *role* and their real destination. The orders of the commanders of the two vessels were sealed, and the senior officers were enjoined to observe the closest possible reticence. When the vessel reached Constantinople the officers were informed that they were destined for the East, that they were to consider themselves on active service, that their quick-firing guns had been taken to equip them in certain eventualities as combatants, and that their vessels, in the terms of the Admiralty order conveyed to the commanders, had been raised to the rank of Russian cruisers of the second class." The *Altantien* did not fall a victim to these *cruisers*, but was stopped by the Russian Squadron under Admiral Skrydloff and taken to Vladivostok. She was laden with coal, and was going south from the Island of Hokkaido. The Russian Prize Court has decided to retain her.



The transports and lighters which carry the Japanese to the Liao-tung Peninsula can very seldom approach sufficiently near to land, owing to the shallowness of the water, for the soldiers to make a dry landing, as before disembarking one and all prepare to wade ashore. From a photograph by M. Haynes.

JAPANESE INFANTRY GETTING READY TO LAND



This portrait shows the Pope in full pontifical vestments and wearing the famous Papal tiara. From a copyright stereograph by Underwood and Underwood, London and New York.  
THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF PIUS X.



The avenue of Winchester is considered very meritorious because, unlike a large number of schools, Winchester has no range, and the cadets have to journey to Browdown, near Portsmouth, for practice and tuition.

THE WINCHESTER TEAM: WINNERS OF THE ASHBURTON SHIELD

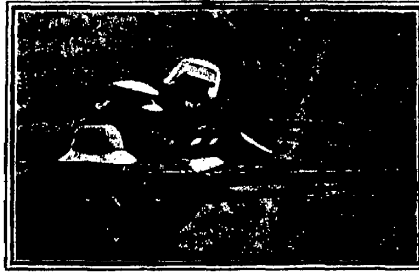


In the "Ashburton Shield" competition forty-two teams, representative of the Volunteer corps of the Public Schools, had to fire seven rounds at 300 and 300 yards.

SCHOOLBOYS FILING FOR THE ASHBURTON SHIELD



PRIVATE WETHERILL AND ARKILL, ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.  
Winners of the Cadets' Challenge Trophy.



MISS LEWES  
Who made 32 out of a possible 35 at 300 yards.



CORPORAL CRIPPS

Winner of the Spencer Cup. This cup is open to one competitor from each of the teams shooting for the Ashburton Shield. Seven shots at 500 yards.

## The Week in Parliament

BY HENRY W. LUCY

Signs of approach of the Prorogation multiply. Most ominous is intimation that on Monday the Twelve o'Clock Rule will be suspended for what remains of the Session. Meanwhile, Money Bills being exempt from its operation, the House had on Tuesday experience of a late sitting. The circumstances under which this was made necessary sharply illustrate the conditions of life at Westminster when a Government has outstayed its welcome and an Opposition correspondingly grows in activity. Had the House diligently set itself with single mind to deal with the Budget in Committee, it could easily have disposed of it between its hour of meeting, two o'clock, and midnight, its accustomed time of adjournment.

But that is not the way they have at Westminster. It must be admitted that the charge of obstruction does not exclusively lie against the Opposition. As soon as Mr. Lowther took the chair on Tuesday, the House resuming committee on the Finance Bill, he put the question, "That Clause 4 stand part of the Bill." Having been long debated on Monday, the natural thing seemed to be straightway to take a division and proceed with the next Clause. But the Government Whip, nervously counting heads, discovered that forces were divided with dangerous equality. It would not do to risk defeat, or even considerable diminution of the majority. Accordingly, Mr. Fitzalan Hope, Sir Fortescue Flannery, and other practitioners in good training, were put up to talk against time whilst the Ministerial forces straggled in. For a full hour the farce was carried on, the Opposition jeering

successive speakers, and whenever Sir A. Acland-Hood was caught sight of, cheering him with the assurance that he had "got his majority now."

Upwards of an hour being thus wasted, the Committee had only approached Clause 6 when the dinner-hour struck, and adjournment till nine o'clock took place. The Opposition now took their turnings in the game of obstruction. Having at the morning sitting obtained leave to move the adjournment, Mr. Lloyd George brought on the case of Lord Dundonald. It was generally understood that a blocking motion, placed on the paper by a loyal Ministerialist, guarded this particular avenue of talk. The Speaker, however, ruled that the Welsh member's reference was not included within the scope of Major Wynne's motion, and he had no option but to submit the request to move the adjournment. It was, of course, carried, the Opposition rising like one man to support it.

Here again opportunity of a counter move from the Treasury Bench was overlooked. According to the terms of his motion, Mr. Lloyd George desired to call attention to the conduct of Lord Dundonald, who, whilst still an officer in the British Army, had taken part in a political agitation in Canada. It turned out that the War Office had already taken action in the matter. Mr. Arnold Forster stated in debate on the motion for the adjournment that Lord Dundonald had been ordered home to give an account of his action in the matter. Nothing would have been easier—in analogous cases nothing is more common—than to get a member to put a friendly question on the subject. Had this been done at



LIEUT.-COLONEL HOPTON

In shooting for the Albert prize at four of the longest ranges that can be obtained at Bisley, Lieut.-Colonel Hopton, the Chief Inspector of Small Arms, with 49 at 800 yards, 43 at 900, 46 at 1,000, and 37 at 1,100 yards—50 being the maximum at each distance—took first prize of £20 for an aggregate of 175.



THE "GRAPHIC" PRIZE

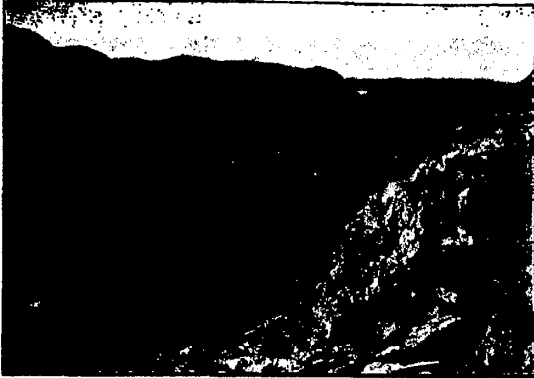


ARBOREY CROWE

Who made a remarkable score of twenty-one consecutive bulls at 300 yards and won the Alexander Martin Competition.

## PRIZES AND PRIZE-WINNERS AT THE BISLEY MEETING

From Photographs by G. Knight, Akershol.



A mountaineering fatality occurred on the Buttermere Range, in the Lake District, on Sunday, the victim being a young man named Bernard Wood. The Haystacks are a bunch of rugged peaks situated at the head of Buttermere Lake, and are about 1,000 feet in height. Mr. Bernard Wood, his brother Norman and a cousin, Frederick Wood, climbed the Haystacks by an easy route. On reaching the top there was some discussion as to which way they should return, and the two brothers apparently decided to go back down the face of the crag. These cousin Frederick, not liking the look of the path, said he would go a longer way round. No sooner had he left his companions than he heard a shout, and on looking round saw the two brothers fall over the precipice together. A search party found the body of Bernard Wood lying in the gully a little to the left of Great Stack, life being quite extinct; while Norman Wood lies in a very precarious condition. From a photograph by G. P. Abraham, Keswick.

THE FATAL ACCIDENT IN THE LAKE DISTRICT: THE VIEW FROM THE HAYSTACKS



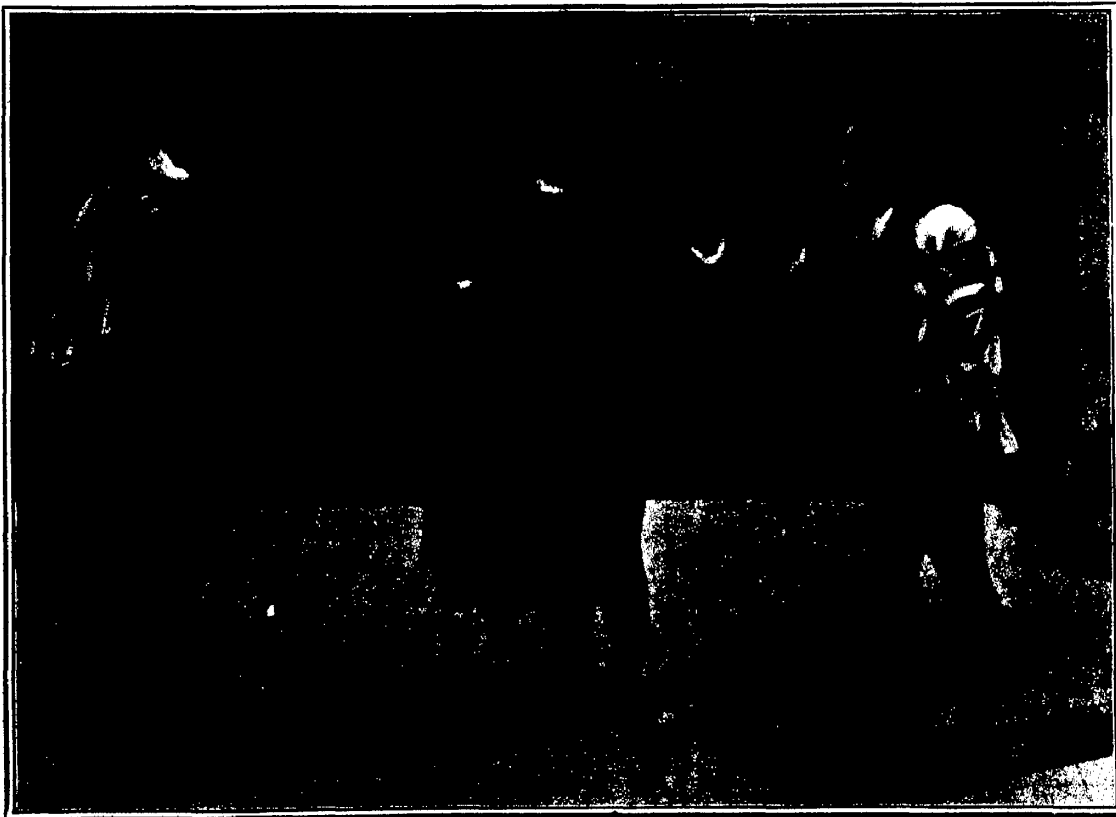
Southsea South Parade Pier and Concert Pavilion were almost completely destroyed by fire on Tuesday afternoon. The Pier is situated at the eastern end of Southsea Esplanade, and is about 500 feet long. It has a large concert hall at the seaward extremity. The work of destruction was completed within an hour and a half, only a portion of the land end of the pier being saved. The progress of the flames was witnessed by a crowd numbering thousands of people, who gathered on Southsea Common and beach. Two parties of concert artists, who were fulfilling engagements on the pier, lost all their costumes, music and effects, and the party who were giving a performance at the time of the outbreak had a narrow escape, some of them having to make their way through smoke and flame. The fire is believed to have originated owing to a lighted cigarette or cigar being thrown on the deck of the pier. From a photograph by G. O. Pullman, Bath, Southsea.

THE FIRE ON SOUTHSEA SOUTH PARADE PIER

Question time on Tuesday, Mr. Lloyd George would have been forestalled, and the waste of time and temper that followed at the evening sitting avoided. As it was, it being absolutely indispensable that the Budget Bill should be got through at the sitting, the House sat throughout the night, sleepily at work upon one of the most important Bills of the Session.

The Lords are beginning to grow restive in their condition of enforced idleness. During the more than five months spent since Parliament met they have had no work to do. Now they have been advised that the Licensing Bill will be in their hands next week, and are urgently entreated to remain at their posts to keep up the Ministerial majority. This Bill is only the forerunner of

work accumulated in the Commons. There are thirty-nine Government Bills of more or less importance which must pass the Lords. As from Monday next there will not be more than three weeks before the Prorogation, the Lords will be invited practically to compress within that period work nominally spread over six months.



Guilkenstern (Mr. Paul Rubens)

Hamlet (Captain Robert Marshall)

Rosencrantz (Mr. Leo Trevor)

A very amusing entertainment in aid of the Rushey Heath Cottage Hospital took place on Tuesday at the Garrick Theatre. The opening piece consisted of "The Fairy's Memento," rendered by the principal members of the original cast, and this was followed by Mr. W. M. Gilbert's clever parody of "Hamlet," "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern," a "tragic episode in three tableaux" founded on an old Danish legend. Mr. Gilbert himself played Claudius, Lady Orla Campbell was a striking Gertrude, and Mrs. Maudslayi played Ophelia. As Hamlet, Captain Marshall showed himself an excellent comedian. The First Player revealed the well-known histrionic power of Mr. Francis Burnand,

while Mr. Leo Trevor and Mr. Paul Rubens displayed much humour respectively as Rosencrantz, who is in love with Ophelia, and Guildenstern. One great point in this delightful parody is that the unfortunate prince is never allowed to bring his soliloquies to a conclusion, but is constantly interrupted by Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. In the scene depicted, Hamlet, having with difficulty got as far as "who would bear the whips and scorns of time," is immediately taken up by the two courtiers, who treat it as a riddle, and beg him to stop a minute while they try to guess it.

"ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN" AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

DRAWN BY NALLJOL RALMON

# THE DEBT OF ENGLAND.

**ILLUSTRATED BY TABLE, CHART AND DIAGRAM.**

*Extract from the Budget Speech of the Right Hon. the Chancellor of the Exchequer, April 19, 1904:—*

"The figures of our Local Indebtedness will well repay attention. . . . The per-cent rate of its increase is two and a half times as great as it was in the period from 1880 to 1890. . . . Sooner or later it will be necessary to call a halt in this process."

| Years     | Municipal Debt ( <i>a</i> ) | Population ( <i>c</i> ) | Rates raised ( <i>d</i> ) | Value of Assessable Property ( <i>e</i> ) | Rate of Debt per Head of the Population ( <i>f</i> ) |
|-----------|-----------------------------|-------------------------|---------------------------|-------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------|
|           | £                           | No.                     | £                         | £                                         | £ s. d.                                              |
| 1874-5    | 92,830,100                  | 23,724,834              | 19,198,379                | 115,686,631                               | 3 18 4                                               |
| 1879-80   | 136,934,070                 | 25,371,489              | 22,160,990                | 133,769,875                               | 5 7 11                                               |
| 1884-5    | 173,207,968                 | 26,922,102              | 25,666,552                | 145,527,944                               | 6 8 6                                                |
| 1889-90   | 198,671,312                 | 28,448,239              | 27,713,409                | 150,485,974                               | 6 19 2                                               |
| 1894-5    | 235,337,049                 | 30,104,201              | 33,855,283                | 161,130,575                               | 7 16 3                                               |
| 1899-0    | 262,077,152                 | 31,583,245              | 38,882,162                | 166,403,683                               | 8 11 7                                               |
| 1898-9    | 276,220,008                 | 31,517,775              | 39,934,764                | 159,985,676                               | 8 17 2                                               |
| 1899-1900 | 292,864,224                 | 31,881,365              | 42,004,841                | 163,605,407                               | 9 4 0                                                |
| 1900-1    | 316,794,222                 | 32,246,187              | 44,323,256                | 168,418,759                               | 9 16 4                                               |
| 1901-2    | 343,416,582                 | 32,621,263              | 47,767,997                | 174,589,036                               | 10 10 7                                              |

Brought down ... £343.416.582

Total Debt of Scotland . 46,234,450

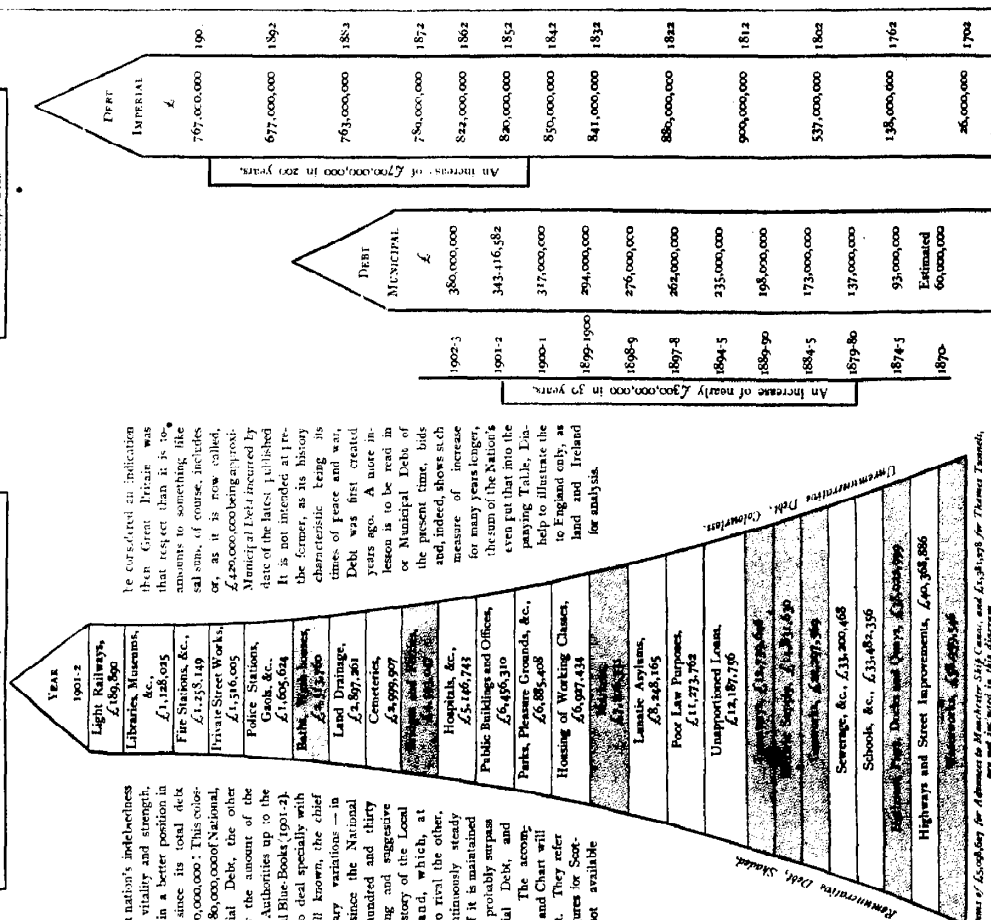
**Do. of Ireland. 15,000,000**

**Total Municipal Debt  
of Great Britain  
and Ireland .....** £494,651,032

[illegible]

**"THE LIGHTHOUSE"**

DIAGRAM showing the Ratio of the Sums of Debt Incurred (Total amount outstanding) and the Principal Purposes there to applicable as in 1912



The sums of £5,000,000 for Advances to Manchester Ship Canal, and £5,381,978 for Thames Tunnel, were not included in this diagram



Street Whiteknives, London, E.C.



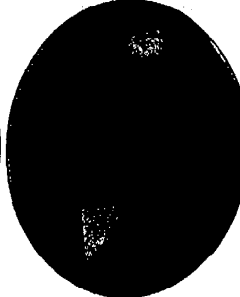
THE LATE SIR REGINALD PALGRAVE  
Late Clerk of the House of Commons.



THE REV. SYLVESTER WHITEHEAD  
President of the Wesleyan Conference.



MISS LEWIS  
Distinguished Lady "Shot" at Bisleigh.



THE LATE HERBERT CAMPBELL  
Music-Hall Comedian.



LIEUT.-GENERAL PRINCE OBOLENSKI  
New Governor-General of Finland.

### The Debt of Great Britain

FROM a glance at the figures shown in the table, chart and diagram on another page, many suggestive inferences may be drawn, but there is one important conclusion that is inevitable—viz., that while the sum of Imperial debt rises and falls, or *vice versa*—is, indeed, a quantity entirely regulated by Imperial necessities, that of municipal debt is inherently a steady unvarying progression from less to more, and—what is the essential point to be remarked—must continue to be so for some time to come. The vast and complex machinery for the creation of municipal debt has lately been working in such a manner and at such a pace that it is now almost impossible to check it without a serious displacement of the existing order of things affecting, at a hundred different points, the industrial and social life of a people acknowledged to be in the van and fore-front of civilization. Unlike the motive power that regulates the varying movements of our Imperial debt, this machinery has been utilised in a manner and for purposes that were never contemplated, never dreamt of, by its original inventors. But now that it has received the Parliamentary sanction of, practically, free play at the hands of its manipulators, it would seem as if it had almost got beyond their control, and become such a serious problem as to make legislators and financiers alike lift up their hands in despair. There is a widespread belief that, because the public rates are made to pay for municipal debt, no expense need be spared by the local authorities concerned in creating that debt, whatever may be its purpose. An extra penny or two in the pound—who, *forsooth*, will feel that to be a burden, especially when such a scheme as, say, a new reservoir or improved system of drainage is required for the community? Now it is just in connection with these very matters that two of the heaviest items of municipal debt are to be noted, and where the "no expense to be spared" idea prevails. It will be seen from the diagram, that the cost of providing waterworks, and of maintaining the sewerage system alone is not very much short of £100,000,000 sterling, or a

little less than one-third of the total outstanding debt of England and Wales, and double the amount of debt incurred for railways, electric supply and gas supply taken together! A sixty-million debt for water may not be considered too great for the benefits conferred, but a debt of thirty-three millions for sewerage—an unremunerative debt pure and simple—seems to call for inquiry. Forty millions for the up-keep of highways and street improvements appears, on the face of it, to be also an extravagant sum, and, in many instances, scarcely to warrant the debt, which is about an eighth part of the total. When the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his Budget speech referred to the matter of municipal debt, and its phenomenal increase during the past few years, and said that "sooner or later it will be necessary to call a halt in the process," it is to be hoped that he fully realised the tremendous difficulties in the way of this being done. At all events the "call" must, in the first place, come from the Legislature, and local authorities must be made to answer promptly to it.

ALEXANDER CARGILL.

### Our Portraits

MISS LEWIS has created quite a little sensation at Bisleigh, where a good "Lally shot" has not been seen since Miss Leale, of Jersey, competed some few years ago. Miss Lewis, who is the daughter of Professor Lewis, of Staines, was taught to handle a rifle by Mr. Gray, of the London Scottish Volunteers, last year's Silver Medalist. She is a member of the South London Rifle Club, and she has had considerable practice at the Staines ranges. Firing at the 200 yards target in the *Daily Graphic* Competition, Miss Lewis scored thirty-two out of a possible thirty-five. Our portrait is by Charles Knight, Alderhot.

Lieut.-General Prince Ivan Michailovitch Obolenski has been appointed Governor-General of Finland, in succession to the late

General Bobrikoff. Prince Obolenski is a typical, stern, and unbending Russian official, and his selection for the post is consequently an assurance to all the Russians that the Tsar has no intention of relaxing or modifying the policy of repression hitherto pursued in Finland. He is now forty-nine years old.

Sir Reginald F. D. Palgrave, K.C.B., late Clerk of the House of Commons, was born at Westminster in June, 1809, and was the son of Sir Francis Palgrave, K.H., Deputy Keeper of the Rolls. During Sir Reginald Palgrave's long official career he made many friends, and his death has created general sorrow.

Mr. Herbert Campbell, the popular music-hall comedian and Drury Lane favourite, was sixty-two years of age. He first made his public appearance as a member of a nigger troupe. Thirty years ago he was a member of the old Grecian Theatre (City Road) Company, under the management of the late George Conquest. He first made his appearance in the halls, at Collins's, more than thirty-five years ago. Altogether he had appeared in some thirty-three pantomimes. Our portrait is by Ellis and Watley.

The Rev. Sylvester Whitehead, the newly elected President of the Wesleyan Conference, is a Yorkshireman, having been born at Aygarth, in Wensleydale, in 1841. After spending some time in business, during which he interested himself in Church work, he was accepted as a candidate for the ministry in 1863, and entered Richmond College for training, one of his tutors being the late Dr. Moulton. At the expiration of three years he was ordained, and at once proceeded to China, where he laboured with those who founded the Wesleyan Mission in China. After ten years' service in China, Mr. Whitehead returned to England, and has ever since been actively engaged in the home work. Our portrait is by J. Cooper and Son, Darlington.

By Special Appointment  
Silversmiths to H.M. the King.



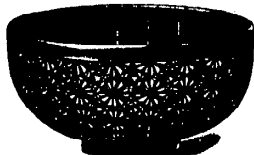
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# THE MAKING OF LINOLEUM.

How many times a week does the thrifty and careful housewife have cause to bless the inventor of linoleum, though it is extremely unlikely that she ever heard his name! It was in 1857 that Mr. Frederick Walton hit upon a method of oxidising, and thus hardening, linseed oil. The product formed a cheap substitute for indiarubber, and five years later Mr. Walton took out the first patents for linoleum floorcloth made from a mixture of the oxidised oil with gum, resin and ground cork.

Down to this time the public had had to be content with oil-cloth, the disadvantages of which were considerable, though its merits were great. Linoleum was speedily found to possess all and more of the merits of floorcloth, with only one of its defects—that of having a surface pattern only. That is to say, the pattern wore off long before the material itself was worn out, and an unsightly floor-covering was the result.

Mr. Walton set himself energetically to remedy this defect, and he presently succeeded. The Inlaid Linoleum which has long been produced by the Greenwich Inlaid Linoleum Company is not printed. The beautiful patterns appearing upon it go from front to back, so that, however severe the wear to which the fabric may be subjected, the colours are always bright and the pattern clear. Needless to add, the most vigorous washing with the most cleansing soap cannot possibly have any disfiguring influence.

If the past achievements of the Company have been great, they are likely to be greater in the future, for a new factory has just been completed at Greenwich, and endowed with one of the most remarkable machines ever invented. So remarkable is it that a short time ago a distinguished company, including the Lord Mayor of London and the Lady Mayoress, accepted the invitation of Sir William Treloar and his fellow-directors to go and inspect it. They saw a wonderful mass of machinery seven stories high, weighing 600 tons, covering over 50,000 square feet of space, and built upon a solid bed of concrete thirty feet thick. And they saw the process of inlaid linoleum manufacture from start to finish.

First there are the almost numberless tanks of linseed oil undergoing the oxidising process. A by-product of fungus character is first thrown off and removed. Then the oil gradually thickens and hardens until it is in the condition to be taken to the bakery, where it simmers for a while, though it is never allowed to boil. It now assumes a sponge-like aspect, is torn into fragments, and then spread upon the ground to dry.

The next process requires the assistance of amber resin and Kauri gum, with which the oxidised oil amalgamates in a

sort of stew-pan. The mixture which results forms itself into slabs nearly as solid as indiarubber. It is then rolled and mangled into a kind of dough, and is coloured as desired. Then a wonderful arrangement of electric rotary magnets are brought into play, and infallibly detect any small piece of metal which may have inadvertently found its way into the substance. The latter is now ready for the final process of being converted into the inlaid linoleum known in every household.

And a wonderful process it is. No mere description can do it justice; even after watching it, one feels bewildered alike by its complexity and its perfection. There is in the centre a drum, round which are cutting cylinders, adorned with many knives which work upon a system of pattern-cutting which permits of as many variations of pattern as

shareholders over which he presided the other day; but he told them many other interesting things. He recalled the time when the directors of the Company had a very up-hill fight against circumstances, but conquered all the same. As an instance of the progress made in recent years, it may be mentioned that while the net profit for 1898 was £15,381, it has this year reached the handsome total of £50,766.

Since the earlier year named the Company has earned £254,000 net profit, and has distributed £131,700 in dividends. And it must be borne in mind that these profits have been made by one factory and one machine. What will be accomplished now that a second machine, capable of turning out inlaid linoleum at the rate of from 30,000 to 40,000 square yards a week, is actively at work, can readily be surmised. No wonder that the Directors regard the business as only in its infancy.

For the marvellous development of the Greenwich Inlaid Linoleum industry thus indicated, a great expenditure of money has been necessary. More than this, the company is bound to keep a very large stock of the finished material, for the demand for it is increasing by leaps and bounds. As Sir William Treloar told the meeting of shareholders, every month's return shows an advance in the amount of the sales; and now that the company is making a quality which is sold retail at 2s. 3d. the square yard, the demand is likely to become enormous.

Obviously the erection of costly factories and machines, the holding of larger stock, the purchase of huge quantities of raw material whenever this can be advantageously done, necessitates the employment of more and more capital. But when it can be so successfully employed it is all in the interest of the investor. Accordingly it is not surprising to learn that the proposal to issue preference shares to the amount of £100,000 was endorsed by the meeting without one dissentient voice.

The new issue bears 5½ per cent. cumulative interest, and it will first be offered to the shareholders in the proportion of one share for every five ordinary shares now held. Should any shareholder not care to avail himself of this opportunity the available shares will be offered to the debenture-holders. And only those left over after this has been done will be obtainable by the public.

It is certainly gratifying to see an undertaking of this character making such excellent headway. The Greenwich Inlaid Linoleum is a product in which beauty and usefulness are combined to an unusual degree. That its manufacture should at the same time be very profitable is additionally satisfactory.

W. J.



MIXING DEPARTMENT: NEW INLAYING MACHINE

there are variations in music. And the finished product is a beautiful material which is fitted to adorn either a palace or a workman's home.

But a process of seasoning has yet to be gone through. The linoleum is placed in drying stores, where the heat ascends at a given temperature from radiating pipes below. Then the operations of the trimming-room are carried out, and Greenwich Inlaid Linoleum is ready for the market. And that market is continuous with civilization. Although American customers have to pay a duty of fifty per cent, in addition to the price, they buy an ever-increasing quantity every year.

Sir William Treloar did not tell all this to the meeting of



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## "THE DEVOTEES"

"The Devotees," by O. Shakespear (William Heinemann), is the portrait of one of those people—in this case a woman—who, by force of sheer unmitigated selfishness, acquires and tyrannises over a fuller measure of eagerly self-sacrificing devotion than seems to be obtainable in any other way. Mrs. Atherton, to employ the first of her three married names, has nothing save faith and vices to secure the adoring love and service of those two amiable young people, her second husband's daughter, and her own son who was her first husband's, merely by presumption of law. She does not in the very least degree respond to an affection which is proof against a scandal, absence of moral sense, indulgence in morphia—even when, for her own pleasure, she has parted from the two whom she has done her best to spoil, with the coarsest and coldest of nature, the son picks up and kisses a handkerchief of hers that she has left lying about, with a sense of bitterness and loss, instead of relief and gain. Of course it is difficult to sympathise, in theory, with devotion to an unworthy object carried to a point of self-annihilation. But it is pathetically human and, paradoxically enough, it is just the strongest nature that is the most susceptible to the influence of the weaker. The paradox is effectively developed in this curiously able story.

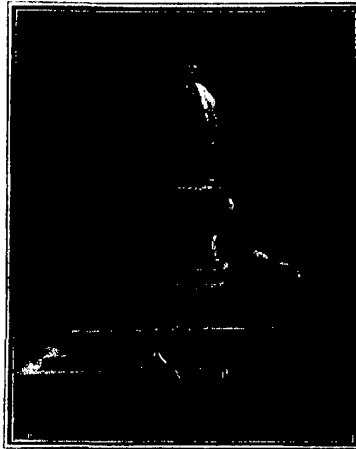
## "A FOOL WITH WOMEN"

"There's been too much blood-letting already," observes young Mr. Keith Adams, within a few pages of the end of Mr. Fred Whishaw's story (John Long), of which he is the hero. The reader will have reached the same opinion long before. Indeed, it seems to us—though the statistics of the subject are not easy to get at—that a good many of the gang of thieves and murderers who annexed a hundred and eighty thousand pounds' worth of bar gold, and buried it in a desert island, must have been killed several times over. Not often has the British bar been depicted in quite such ugly colours as by the pen of Mr. Whishaw. The one exception, of any importance, to Jack's practical propensities in respect of what he is made to call "swag," as familiarly as a Cockney beggar, is the before-mentioned Keith Adams, whose peculiarity gives his story its title. His folly consists in his inability to understand, or rather his extraordinary ineptitude in misunderstanding, his sweetheart's utmost efforts to make him see that she is more than willing to be his for the asking. Of course, the "fool with women," or rather with a woman, is a lion among men; and of course, happiness throws itself into his astonished arms as soon as the story ends for want of enough unlaughed characters to keep it going. Seekers after excellent will find plenty of congenial incident in Mr. Whishaw's novel, and of a decidedly unusual, not to say unlikely, kind.

## "A WEAVER OF WEBS"

Despite the solemnity of some prefatory stanzas—"To every weaver our golden strand is given in trust by the Master Hand," and "The threads we see, but the pattern is known To the Master Weaver alone,"—the Weaver of Mr. John Oxenham's new novel (Methuen and Co.) is just a professional brigand of the Balkans, who knows the pattern of his web perfectly well. That it is a temporary puzzle to others is owing to his skill in posing in Viennese Society as a Hungarian Count, and in Constantinople as a Turkish Pasha. The adventures of a young English attaché

at the hands of this one single gentleman rolled into three form a story of no extraordinary interest, but at any rate a fair specimen of the apparently inexhaustible supply of a certain sort of fiction to meet a correspondingly insatiable demand. It certainly has none of the qualities that gave distinction to Mr. Oxenham's "John of Gerisau," or "Barbe of Grand Bayou."



Goethe enthusiasts have long felt that there was something wanting among the imposing monuments of Rome while no statue of the great German poet and philosopher who drew so much of his inspiration from the Eternal City was to be found within its venerable walls. This German Emperor has experienced this feeling himself on his many pilgrimages to Rome, and he resolved some time ago to supply the required memorial. He accordingly offered to present the Municipality of Rome with a worthy statue of Goethe. His offer was accepted with enthusiasm, and his fine gift has now been erected at the Villa Borghese, now the Villa Umberto I., which is so closely associated with Goethe's residence in Rome. There it was that Goethe, under the shadow of the noble cypress, dreamed of his "Iphigenia," wrote his "Faust," and laid the foundations for his "Tasso," and his "Pamela." The statue, which is of Carrara marble, is a bold and imposing conception, the work of the distinguished sculptor Kneidl. Goethe is represented as he appeared during his sojourn in Rome. The figure is in no way idealised, but it is none the less dignified and even imposing. Groups of figures—Mignon, Iphigenia, Tasso, Faust, and Nephthys—are arranged at three corners of the plinth. The statue was unveiled by King Victor Emmanuel, in the presence of a large gathering of notabilities.

THE STATUE OF GOETHE PRESENTED TO ROME BY THE GERMAN EMPEROR

## "ONE DOUBTFUL HOUR"

The ten short stories brought together by Miss Ella Hepworth Dixon under the title of "One Doubtful Hour" (Grant Richards), are quite worth collecting from the periodicals in which they appeared separately into a less ephemeral form. There was no occasion to give them an appearance of unity by describing them on the title-page as "Side-Lights on the Feminine Temperament." They are certainly mainly about women, as was to be expected; but the reader who looks forward to obtaining any psychological light, "side" or otherwise, on that perplexing subject from Miss Dixon's lively pages will find his knowledge much where it was before. The stories, however, are none the worse for that. Inevitably of unequal merit, they are alike in their keen, but at the same time kindly, sense of what is superficially absurd; and in pathetic suggestion. So on occasion. Indeed, in the last of them the pathos goes beyond mere suggestion. It tells of a poor old woman, worn out with mental service, who had none the less, in her youth, inspired the famous "Psyche" of the most famous painter of his time. This, to our mind, decidedly the best of the ten—of course, without prejudice to the claims upon various tastes of the remaining nine.

## "A WOMAN OF BUSINESS"

"Little Mrs. Beab," as everybody who knew her called Mrs. Beabson Blaine, Major Arthur Griffith's "Woman of Business" (John Long), will be best comprehended by supposing Becky Sharp to be conducting a present-day society journal, and to have dealings on the Stock Exchange. She is a decidedly clever and—despite her faults—a rather taking little person, and she would have been a very successful little person too but for a past that had implicated her with a gang of foreign anarchists, and from which she could not shake herself free. Occupying Major Griffith's entire stage, she amuses far too well to merit a necessarily cruel end.

## NEW EDITIONS

From Mr. Anthony Trollope come some more of their thumb-nail edition of Shakespeare, bound in green leather—"Macbeth," "King Lear," "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," and "Much Ado About Nothing," also, in the same shape and binding, "The Eve of St. Agnes," by Keats, and Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese," and the first volume of a new series, entitled "The Vagabond's Library," containing a selection of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass." Mr. Grant Richards has added to his admirable shilling series, "The World's Classics," Vol. I. of Browning's Works, Vol. II. of the Works of Chaucer, and of Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations" and Hazlitt's "The Spirit of the Age." The same publisher has also begun the publication of a similar series, "The Boys' Classics," in which the first six volumes are "The Captain of the Guard," by James Grant, Mayrath's "Mr. Midshipman Easy," "The Scottish Chiefs," by Jane Porter, Harrison Ainsworth's "Tower of London," "The Last of the Mohicans," by Fenimore Cooper, and Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe." Another capital series is Mr. John Lane's "Pocket Library," which contains "Midshipman Easy," with an interesting introduction by Clark Russell, that other master of the sea story, and Herbert Melville's two South Sea stories, "Omoo" and "Typee," also with prefaces by Clark Russell.

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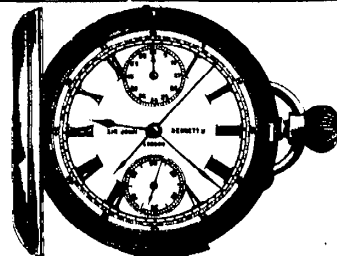
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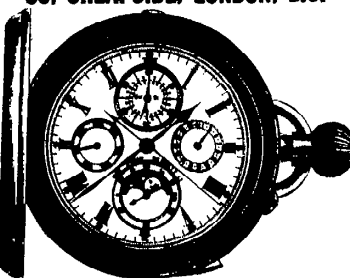


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## Rural Notes

## THE HAY

THE hay crop of 1904 has been got in under most favourable circumstances, and the quality is all the better for so little rain having been upon it in the cut state. When quite free from wet and all but free from its own sap, the hay on being stacked settles firmly and does not overheat. Farmers prefer to make the hay up in small lots into large stacks, as there is a saving in covering them, and also to the quality; for the outside hay is always inferior to the centre, and, of course, the more numerous the stacks the larger the outside areas. The erection of the stack on a regular stand will pay the farmer, but where he is loth to incur this expense he can do a good deal by cutting the near hedges, the ditch weeds, and the like, and making a two-foot bed of such vegetable matter at the bottom of the stack. It will save that amount of hay from getting mouldy and mucky. Rick cloths are simply invaluable, and no farmer should be without a full supply of them in a country with our capricious climate. It would be interesting to know of haystacks within the London radius. One has just been got up in Brockwell Park, Herne Hill, but in former years a haystack in the meadows of Holland House was a rural feature of Kensington, which is certainly more urban than Herne Hill. We are told that hay was once made in the Tower moat, but this may be a ragging reminiscence, misundoubtedly.

## AGRICULTURE AND PRICES

The farmer just now is doing very well with combed wool, which has not sold as it is now doing for many years. Other sorts of wool are remunerating the sheep farmer, though not so well as that from the combed. Another item on the right side of accounts is the sale of horses, which is exceptionally brisk. The demand embraces hunters, hackneys, vanners, and agricultural horses, also polo and other ponies. Wheat and barley remain far below cost price, but oats have picked up fully a shilling per quarter from the depression of June, and the straw left over from last year is another thing for which better prices are making. Hay being abundant is naturally cheap. Strawberries are cheap for the same reason, but farmers growing large quantities, and having them promptly marketed, have done well. Bush fruit is also paying the grower. The fine weather naturally makes the market for beef, mutton, and pork dull.

## WELSH CATTLE

Local patriotism has many good features, and the so-called separatist leanings of Wales will do nothing but benefit, so long as they are confined to making local features not only distinctive but worthy of preservation. In nothing has there been greater advance in the last ten years than in the breeding of Welsh cattle, which so far from being the scorn of the showyard are now often its pride. None the less, there is immense room for improvement, or, to be

more accurate, for a general levelling-up. The farmers in the distant uplands need helping, and the agricultural societies of Wales need funds to enable male animals of fine type to be established for breeding purposes in the chief agricultural centres. The average Welsh cattle are weak in flank and thigh, though well covered on top. The meat is excellent and the animals are hardy, so that we hope for steady advance in Welsh cattle-breeding. The breed is very ancient and connected with the Cymry from time immemorial.

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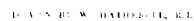
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1. *Principles of Mathematics* (1958)



## Topics of the Week

**The Duration of the War**

There seems to be a vague hope in some quarters that if the successes of the Japanese continue, with the result that the power of Russia in Manchuria is completely destroyed, there may be a chance of securing peace through the intervention of the Powers on terms which will at once satisfy the interests of Japan and the dignity of Russia. It does not need a very profound investigation to show the hopelessness of this anticipation. The dignity of Russia will for some time to come not be satisfied with any conclusion of the war short of victory, and the interests of Japan—not to speak of her ambitions—require that any peace that may be concluded shall be a durable peace and shall leave her national security unmenaced for at any rate a generation. How can these conflicting standpoints be reconciled? So far as Russia is concerned the question is not one of terms. She has not realised and she cannot realise that in fighting the Japanese she is fighting a Great Power, who is her equal in civilisation. Perhaps she does not stand alone in this view. There are a good many Japanophiles who prate about Japanese civilisation and the "New Great Power" which has arisen in Asia, and yet who do not in their inmost souls fully admit that the Yellow Man has made his place permanently in the family of nations. And yet the admission is not such a very large one to make. When we remember that Turkey—also Asiatic, even Mongol—was formally admitted to a place among the civilised nations in 1856, the prejudice which would exclude the Japanese must seem ludicrously untenable. Still it exists and exists very strongly, and until it is eradicated from the Russian mind it must be hopeless to talk of negotiable terms of peace. Moreover, it is very doubtful whether Japan, if she continue victorious, can afford to offer any terms which would not accentuate the humiliation of Russia. The national security of Japan requires that there shall not be a repetition of the strain and anxiety of the present war for many a long day. How is this to be obtained? Obviously not by leaving Russia in a position to organise a war of revenge in the Far East. Japan will certainly require that the flag of Russia shall disappear from Port Arthur, Manchuria, perhaps even Vladivostok, and she may want a great deal more as an irreducible minimum. In these circumstances the prospect of an early termination of the war must be the vainest of illusions. Russia will fight until she is exhausted, and this will not be after one or two or even three campaigns. There never was a war in which the final outcome was more obscure. The idea that Japan, even if victorious, will be obliged to accept moderate terms because her resources are not equal to a long struggle, and it will be found that with her usual foresight and ingenuity she has made ample provision for carrying on such a struggle at a minimum of cost. A protracted war, however, need not be altogether a calamity for the world if the Powers act together harmoniously for the protection of their common interests. The important thing is that the war shall be strictly localised. That ought not to be beyond the reach of diplomacy.

**Revolt in the House of Lords**

An incident occurred in the House of Lords last week which may perhaps lead to some interesting developments in the future. The debates upon the Finance Bill in the House of Commons had been so prolonged that this important Bill did not reach the Lords until Friday, July 29. The object of the Finance Bill, it should be explained, is to give statutory authority for the levying of taxation, and it had long been foreseen that the Bill must be passed before August 1, because otherwise the power of the Government to levy various taxes would expire. One can imagine the scene that might have been witnessed at the Customs House if through any accident it had happened that on a working day of the year, Customs House officials found themselves without legal authority to demand the duties on imported spirits, wine, and tobacco. To guard against this danger, the Government pressed the House of Lords to rush through the Finance Bill in a little less than an hour on last Friday afternoon in order that the Royal Assent might be given before the House of Commons adjourned. This was too much for the patience even of the House of Lords. The Liberal peers complained bitterly, and even the representatives of the Government hardly ventured to defend the muddle in which the House and the Government were involved. Some of the Opposition peers determined to show their resentment by refusing to allow the Bill

to be passed in time for the Royal Assent. Their task was not a very difficult one. It was merely necessary to keep the debate going until half-past five. At that time the House of Commons would adjourn and the Royal Assent would have to be postponed to another day. The other day would naturally have been Saturday, but this was impossible, because no notice had been given in the Commons of a Saturday sitting. Thus an apparently hopeless situation had been reached. At this point, however, it occurred to somebody that as Monday was a Bank Holiday, the Customs House would in any case be closed, and, therefore, no inconvenience would be caused if the Act received the Royal Assent in time to come into operation on Tuesday morning. Having made this discovery, the House adjourned in the best of good tempers. The Liberal peers were pleased with the protest they had made, and the members of the Government were pleased because no damage had been done. It may be, however, that the minority in the House of Lords, now that it has once tasted blood, will not be content on future occasions to take its habitual treatment from the Government lying down. There has been a growing tendency of late years for the Government to ignore the House of Lords in all its arrangements for legislative business, and it is not surprising that this ancient assembly seems at last resolved to take some steps to assert its authority.

**South African Adversity**

Hasty theorists are drawing the conclusion, from the revenue returns of Cape Colony, that South Africa has bidden a long farewell to economic prosperity. This supposition receives further endorsement from the large diminution of imports into the Transvaal. All the same, the hypothesis of impending ruin rests on entirely fallacious premises. After the termination of the war, the enormous destruction of property consequent on that unhappy strife had to be made good, chiefly by borrowed capital. For a time this process of rehabilitation stimulated trade, and thereby increased railway receipts, greatly to the advantage of the local revenues. Now, however, that large numbers of the ruined colonists are economically re-established, there is not the same demand for imports, and trade is so much the less brisk. But it is only a passing period of stagnation; the more the resources of the colonies are developed by the resumption of industry, the larger will be the demand for necessities not produced in South Africa. It is palpable, therefore, that the blight on commerce which so scares alarmists has only an evanescent character. After the Franco-German War came to an end, pessimists freely predicted that France could never recover in full from the enormous losses she had suffered, and it is well known that "the man of blood and iron," when fixing the amount of the money indemnity, would have demanded twice or thrice the amount but for his conviction that the crushed country could not pay more than the sum he stipulated for. Yet it is a matter of history that, thanks to her intrinsic wealth and the thriftiness of her population, France very soon became more prosperous than at any previous time in her glorious annals.

**Military Equipment**

The peace-at-any-price fanatics will fasten like limpets, no doubt, on the white paper giving details of recent national expenditure on military equipment. Ten and a half millions sterling have, it is true, a very formidable appearance, and the taxpayer may be pardoned if he grumbles at such an addition to his burdens. But necessity left the Government no alternative. After the exhaustive reports furnished by the Mowatt and other committees, Ministers would have saddled themselves with the gravest responsibility had they refused to honour the bill jointly presented by these inquiring bodies. New ordnance, both heavy and light, machine guns, reserves of stores and clothing, additional warehouses, and other costly requirements were set forth in the long list of wants, and the Cabinet deserves some credit for reducing the total outlay by a little more than a million. As matters now stand, our land forces are in a far more forward stage towards campaigning efficiency than has been the case for many years. A few finishing touches are still needed here and there, but these should not involve much additional expense, and after that is defrayed any exceptional strain on the taxpayer will cease. It is greatly to be hoped, however, that this happy state of things will continue. In the past there has been too much of a disposition at the War Office to humour Chancellors of the Exchequer by permitting military equipment to deteriorate after reaching a high standard during war. And then, should occasion suddenly arise for military action on an extensive scale, the nation finds the Army only half ready to cope with the emergency.

## The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

The new building of which I complained some weeks ago which interfered with the footpath of the ratepayers and imperilled their lives by compelling them to walk in the roadway, is not yet completed, and I am afraid it will be some considerable time before everything in the especial street alluded to is in proper order. As my daily walks take me past the aforesaid symphony in bricks and mortar, I am naturally able to know something about it. But, after all, symphony is the wrong term for it. It may arrive at that distinction when it is finished—at the present moment it is nothing of the kind. There is no suspicion of harmony about the entire concern; the whole place resists with discordant sounds. There are raucous shouts of "Arry!" and "Bee-low!" there is the feeble clank of hammered iron, there is the clatter of falling bricks, the tink-tank of the trowel, and the everlasting whirr of the steam-crane. It is true I am once more allowed to walk on the wooden staging which serves as a temporary pathway, but I do this at considerable risk. Sometimes I have a length of iron piping thrust into the small of my back, at others I have a massive girder nearly landed on my toes, to say nothing of having to dodge "fours" of bricks being skilfully pitched from one labourer to another across the pathway. Now I am anxious to know if I were not successful in my dodgery and the bricks happened to land on my new hat, who would be responsible for the damage—the builder, the proprietor of the building, or the London County Council?

The Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings continues its good work in its own quiet, unobtrusive fashion. No threatened building seems to escape the eye of its indefatigable secretary, Mr. Thackeray Turner, and the committee are ever ready with their advice and assistance with regard to judicious preservation. This is emphatically an iconoclastic age, and never has the society before referred to been more requisite or more worthy of substantial support. During the past year no less than two hundred and fourteen ancient buildings have come before the society. I am glad to see it has taken in hand two picturesque churches that I am well acquainted with. The one is that of Sutton Courtenay, hard by the Thames, the other is that of Coln St. Denis, in the upper part of the valley of the Coln.

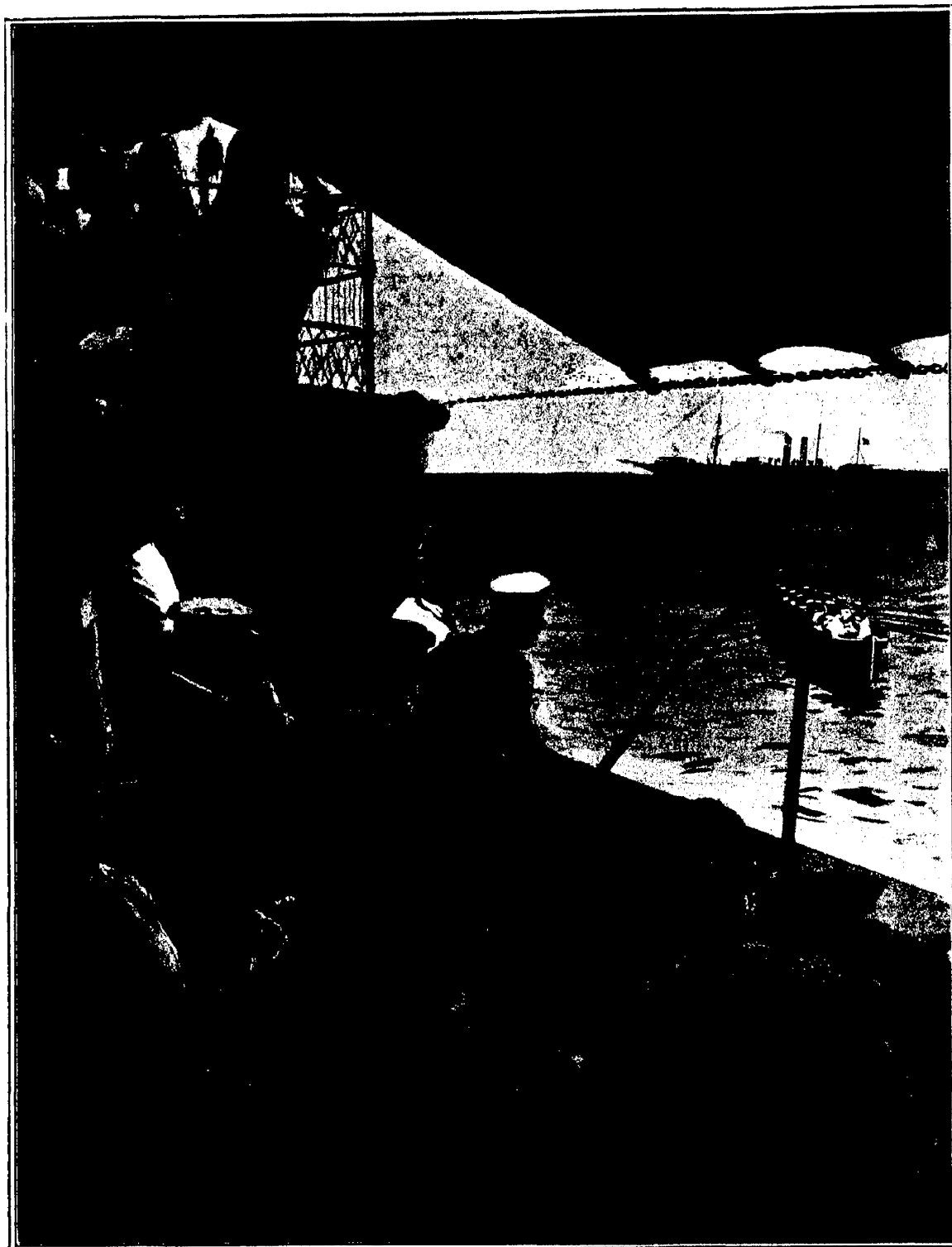
There is no doubt that people read too much at the present time, and that is probably the reason why there is so little originality of thought, and so much of the writing of the moment appears like a reflection of something we have read somewhere before. If you see a man about to take a journey by rail through an entirely new country, does he employ his time in looking out of window? Not at all. He takes a bundle of newspapers and two or three novels, and reads steadily, with intervals of sleep. If a man is waiting for his turn at a hairdresser's, instead of observing the peculiarities of the other customers, he devotes his attention to a periodical, and the same course is often followed by people who might be studying their fellow-creatures at the seaside. And yet we are apt to look upon a man who does not read on any of the occasions referred to, but who stares pretty hard at everything, as a lazy and ignorant person. Whereas he really is a man of superior intellect, acute observation, and striking originality.

A long and interesting letter reaches me from Toronto, signed "A Constant and Delighted Reader for Fifteen Years." In the course of this the writer comments on my remarks with regard to the scarcity of genius in the present day. He says: "What is called education consists chiefly in training the cranning faculties, and the more that is done the more it tends to the non-development of genius, and to leaving it unknown when developed. By the present system of exams. most of your best men would be plucked. A genius in writing, speaking, conversation, or diplomacy could acquire no degree anywhere till he had been stuffed with dead languages and mathematics." My correspondent appears to be of my opinion, that education may have a certain power in the development of talent, but it has nothing whatever to do with the production of genius.

Most cordially—albeit somewhat behind the time—do I wish Mrs. Mellon many happy returns of the day. That gifted actress, who charmed us in the days of our youth in *The Dead Heart* and *The Colleen Bawn*, as well as in comedy and burlesque, only recently celebrated the eightieth anniversary of her birth. I am delighted to learn she is in excellent health and spirits. The first verses of mine ever printed were written for and sold by her at one of the Dramatic Fêtes at the Crystal Palace years ago. I am afraid the lines were not so good as they might have been, but I know I was very proud of the number of them she sold at aspenance apiece, and still prouder of a charming letter—which I still possess—from the accomplished lady, in which she said many kind and pleasant things about my rhymes.

In these days of street perils, when every poplarn thoroughfare is more dangerous than the railway-track at Clapham Junction no one is really safe but a policeman. It is pleasant to see how calm and composed he is as he stands amid the whirling crowd of carriages, cabs, omnibuses, motor-cars, and cycles. It is delightful to behold his placid smile as this controller of a thousand wheels regulates the traffic by a wave of his hand, and calmly stands at ease before the most reckless of drivers with no fear of being run over. The only way I can see to achieve absolute safety in the London streets nowadays is to assume a policeman's uniform. But then I dare say you would be run in for personating a constable. So perhaps my remedy would be worse than the disease.





DRAWN BY FRANK DARR, R.I.

A passenger on board the P. and O. s.s. Malacca writes:—"On July 19th, about ten a.m., when ninety miles north of Paris, we were stopped by a Russian cruiser, the St. Petersburg. A boat was lowered, manned by a crew of very rough-looking Russians, and two officers came on board and interviewed the captain of the Malacca. All the men were fully armed, the officers carried loaded revolvers

FROM RUSSIAN WARMS BY A PASSENGER ON BOARD THE S.S. MALACCA

in addition to their sword, and their whole behaviour plainly showed they meant war to the knife." After two conferences between the Russian officers and those of the Malacca, one on the latter ship and the other on the St. Petersburg, an armed Russian crew formally took possession of the liner, which was subsequently taken to Algiers where she was handed over to the British authorities there.

THE SEIZURE OF THE MALACCA: A BOAT'S CREW FROM THE CRUISER ST. PETERSBURG ABOUT TO BOARD THE LINER



## "Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

Last week was a wonderful week for weddings. In fact matrimony has been very fashionable this summer. The brides have been particularly pretty and particularly happy-looking, and the wedding ceremonies particularly picturesque. Miss Clare (Florence) recently introduced an innovation in the regulation etiquette, neither bridesmaids nor pages accompanied her, while her dress was artistically simple, and composed of soft white silk muslin and lace, expensive but not so showy as the orthodox white satin. Miss Irene Ponsbury also wore chiffon with old lace, which seems more appropriate to the hot weather than a thicker material, and a beautiful lace veil which had been worn by her grandmother. This fashion of hanging down veils is becoming popular, and seems to be taking the place of the family christening robe which formerly served for several generations.

The most delightful and lovely racecourse in England, Goodwood, this year fairly kept up its reputation. The weather was fine, and the shady lawn as charming as usual. Dress was of a high order. The ladies wore Ascot frocks and the gentlemen high white hats, the new headgear approved of by the King. Under those spreading trees, all manner of colours tone in with the green, and afford bright touches which fall gratefully on the eye. Ladies took advantage of this, and appeared in every variety of tone, from the glorious coat of scarlet satin worn by Mrs. Langtry to the palest of blue and the most ethereal of pink costumes—pink, by the way, having become a special favourite this summer.

And after Goodwood comes the great exodus, when the smart world of London scatters for several months to all the places in England or abroad where health or pleasure calls them. Aix-les-Bains, the German Spas, even the homely Buxton and the healthy Harrogate appeal to some, while others—who shall say they are not the wiser?—return to their English homes and shoot, read, or garden to their heart's content. This is the moment when the great packing question engrosses every man and woman. How to pack, what to take, how much?—these are deeply important matters. Some people solve them by taking everything they possess, others by cramming a quantity of useless things into their bulging boxes, and forgetting a few much wanted necessities. Others depart with many well-filled trunks, and a few with a small portmanteau. These are the very wise or the very foolish, according to their needs. It is always well to take a moderate quantity of things so as to be equipped for all occasions; but, of course, foreign travel being very expensive, the majority of us have to dispense with luxuries. A great many books certainly add to weight, and a few new well-chosen gowns can be made to answer the purpose as well as a mass of half-worn, wholly tumbled remnants of the season. The Frenchwoman indulges in a *nouveau trousseau* for her visit to "Les Eaux," but the Englishwoman usually only makes a few additions. Muslins and dresses that crumple much do not pay for the packing, so that the choice of costumes for a fairly smart place is always a little bewildering. For Switzerland, of course, the ever welcome serge looks both serviceable and neat.

It is said that people are spending less, and that the cry of economy is rising shrill and high. I have not observed it with regard to ladies' dresses. Never were they so expensive, so elaborate, and so fragile, as they have been this summer. Quantity, too, is on the increase; where our mothers had five we have ten dresses. Life altogether is so much more expensive in every way. We amuse ourselves all the year round, and every amusement, except the simple country tastes, which are undiminished, is costly. Meats, even if less long, are more refined and dearer, the service of a house is much more elaborate. Knick-knacks lie about in greater profusion, electricity, abundance of flowers, perfumes, cosmetics, and bath appurtenances are the necessities of every woman of fashion. If a return to more simplicity and wiser economy is on the increase, it will be a boon to all, for great luxury does not make for happiness, it only increases our needs and renders life more difficult, creating bigger impediments to simple enjoyment.

The advocates of fruit and vegetable diet have had it all their own way in this glorious weather. It is not necessary for illustrious people like the Emperor of Germany and the King of Italy to show us an example to refrain from meat and indulge chiefly in fruit. We have all felt the need, but the average British housewife blindly continues in her ways. She ignores fruit and vegetables as expensive, is not sure fish is wholesome, and believes that a light diet tends to weakness. In all truly British hotels the only green food set before one is a dripping lettuce, a few radishes and a raw cucumber, which, eaten with a heavy meal of cold meat, very likely causes indigestion. Well-made salads run entirely beyond the average conception, yet such variety may be attained as would suffice the most critical diner. The Americans, with their iced water and their numerous vegetables, introduced the fruit salad, and have given us any quantity of other palatable dishes. Salads have appeared made of apples and celery, fruit and watercress, fish and vegetables. Cold curry of vegetables, too, is very nice, and if only one could persuade English people that the taste for green food in summer is as human as is wholesome as it is natural to animals, much improvement in health and much variety of diet might result.

Holiday reading is an important consideration. Too many novels, too many light magazines, too much of the snippet quality, are apt to pall. It is always well to have a more serious book in hand—a history, a biography, a book of travel or philosophy; and even in our novels we may choose sensible tales a little more solid in texture. Such stories as "Brothers," "The Lady with the Fan," "Sail the Fisherman," "The Magnetic North," "The Call of the Wild," "The Queen's Quair," "The Magdalen's Husband," "The Ragged Messenger," and others, give food for serious thought, and do not merely pass an idle hour.

## Mountaineering in Switzerland

BY FRANCIS GRIDBIE

There are fashions in climbing as in other things. The early mountaineers devoted themselves chiefly to snow and ice work. It was natural that they should do so, since the glaciers and snow-fields were to them *terra incognita*. They seldom knew exactly what lay on the other side of any given ridge, or round any given corner, and, like good explorers, they set themselves diligently to find out. The period of exploration lasted rather a long time, because the explorers were few. Real topographical discoveries were still being made in the early fifties and sixties—the period when the Alpine Club was formed, and "Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers" was published. John Ball and his companions were more concerned to ascertain the general "lie" of the Alps than to perform gymnastic feats upon their peaks. They, in fact, and the guides of their generation, were not very good on rocks. The long snow grind, and the monotonous hours of step-cutting on hard ice were a good deal more in their line. But the time came when all the topographical work was done, and all the outlines in

the map were filled in. Then the best climbers developed into gymnasts, and attention was turned to apparently inaccessible rock peaks. Mr. Whymper proved that the Matterhorn was not inaccessible in 1865, and the same demonstration was applied in due course by other climbers to the Aiguilles.

The first Aiguille ever ascended was Mont Aiguille, then known as Mont Inaccessible, near Grenoble. The Lord of Dornpulan and Benard ascended it in the sixteenth century, in compliance with the orders of the King of France, and, taking a priest with him, duly baptised the eminence in accordance with the rites of the Church. There is also an interesting account of an early attempt upon the Aiguille du Dru in a book of travels written by Dr. John Moore, the author of "Zeluco," and father of Sir John Moore, who fell at Corunna. The party, however, which included Dr. John Moore's travelling pupil, the Duke of Hamilton, were stopped, at an early stage of the ascent, by "a part of the rock which was perfectly impracticable." Serious climbing among the Mont Blanc Aiguilles began in the late seventies and early eighties, and the best-known of the climbers there was the late A. F. Mummery. It was Mummery, in fact, who made the first ascent of the Grépon Aiguille, shown in the first illustration. It has no well-defined top, but



When the Swedes seized the P. and O. steamship *Malacca* in the Red Sea they pulled down the British ensign and substituted the Russian naval flag for it. The British crew were replaced by a prize crew, and securities were placed at various points, the duty of one being to guard the Russian colours.

## UNDER ALIEN COLOURS: A SENTRY GUARDING THE RUSSIAN FLAG ON THE BRITISH STEAMER MALACCA

From a snapshot taken on board the *Malacca* by a passenger.

resembles a great comb, with gigantic teeth. Mummery got to the top in 1881, being obliged to use an extra rope in order to negotiate the sheer drop of sixty feet between the minor and major summits. With him were Alexander Burgener and Benedict Venetz. No one followed in his steps until 1885, when M. Danod, with François and Caspard Sinoand and Auguste Talraz, made the same ascent by an alternative route of about equal difficulty.

The Aiguille de la Za, shown in another picture in our supplement, is not in the Chamonix, but in the Arolla district, a district which I have reason to know something about, since it was there that, many years ago, I had an adventure, not of a climbing character, which was related and illustrated in the *Daily Graphic* at the time. The Aiguille is one of the most conspicuous features of the landscape. From the valley it looks like Cleopatra's Needle, twisted a little, and then stuck on top of a straight, steep ridge. The ascent, however, is not so difficult as it looks, though there is one nervous moment when you crawl across a slanting slab of rock, with nothing very obvious to hold on to, and plenty of opportunities of falling off. It was first climbed as long ago as 1668 by a party of guides. It was ascended in 1889 by that intrepid lady mountaineer, Miss Katherine Richardson, and it is now ascended a good many times in the course of every season.

## Music Notes

### THE PAST SEASON AND THE FUTURE

Usually there is a distinct break between the musical seasons of the autumn and winter, a recess during which it is possible to indulge in retrospect, and—which is still more interesting—in a prospective glance at the music to come. This year, however, musical performances will be almost continuous. It was only last week that we summed up the opera season, and there were still some concerts to come, such as a pianoforte recital last Thursday by Madame Emma Agar at Brinsmead's, and the *début*, on the previous evening, at Steinway Hall, of the young South Australian violinist, Miss Doris Cloud. The newcomer, who is a girl of about eighteen, is a pupil of Mr. Johannes Wolff, and she seems to have assimilated much of the charm of her teacher's style, although neither her tone nor her technique is as yet fully developed. These may be considered the last performances of the summer; but to-night (Saturday) will see the opening of the autumnal Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall, under Mr. Henry Wood. During the season of sixty-six nights, we are promised, besides many favourite symphonies and other works, forty new compositions of large dimensions, nearly half of them being from the pen of young British musicians. Long before the series has concluded, the regular autumn concerts will have started.

### AUTUMNAL MUSIC

This winter it is possible that the course of concert-giving may be more or less changed by the closing of St. James's Hall. All the remaining concert rooms of London, with the exception of the Albert Hall, which is too large for anything but special performances, are owned or leased by pianoforte manufacturers, and in some cases the proprietors do not allow any but their own pianos to be used. Pianists are rather touchy upon this point, and the situation certainly presents some difficulties. The little prodigy, Florent von Reuter, is to return next month for London concerts and a provincial tour, and Señor Sarasate has put off his summer visit in order to play in London and tour in the provinces during the autumn. Dr. Richter will not conduct in London this winter, but the newly formed Symphony Orchestra and the Queen's Hall band will give serial concerts; the London Choir, under Mr. Fagge, will resume their performances of the less familiar oratorios; and the usual Albert Hall oratorio concerts will take place. Whether we shall have any more "Pops" must depend, to a certain extent, on the fate of St. James's Hall, with which building they have for more than forty years been associated, but we shall certainly have the Ballad Concerts, and Messrs.



At the station at The Hague, whither the body of Mr. Kruger has been brought from the South of France, the coffin was removed to a hearse, which was drawn by four horses and was covered with magnificent wreaths. In all forty carriages followed the hearse. Ex-President Kruger was in the procession, and among the deputations was one from the Pan-African Association. Most of the deputations were from South African societies or bodies, and the other mourners included a number of former South African officials and dignitaries. Mr. P. Maritz-Botke, an Ambassador of Pretoria, had come to The Hague to attend the ceremony. Large crowds respectfully lined the route to the cemetery. On the arrival of the procession the coffin was carried into the chapel, and placed on a catafalque for the service. A beautiful wreath was sent by Queen Wilhelmina and the Prince Consort.

### THE FUNERAL OF EX-PRESIDENT KRUGER: THE PROCESSION THROUGH THE STREETS AT THE HAGUE

Brinsmead's concerts will be transferred from St. James's to the Adlon Hall. Later in the year there is still a talk of a Richard Strauss Festival, while between the end of October and Christmas there is every probability of a series of Italian operatic performances at Covent Garden at theatrical prices, the programmes being partly formed of operas which although in the repertory of Italian companies, are more or less unfamiliar to the present generation of British amateurs.

### THE PAST SEASON

The retrospect need only be a rapid one. More than a thousand concert-goers have been given during the year, and a hundred or more new pianists, singers, violinists, or other performers have been heard. The marvel is that so few of them have left any abiding mark on the memory. More executive ability nowadays goes for little or nothing. We expect it as a matter of course, and unless the performer is well equipped in this respect the case is hopeless. Some of the newcomers were either students, or were not destined for the profession, their public appearance being merely intended to gratify their friends or their own vanity. There were other *débütants* who would thirty years ago have been considered first-rate artists. But the British public have become exigent, demanding not only the highest technique, but also an emotional temperament, a sensibility, and an individuality granted only to the few. Hence so many good musicians who come to London with every hope fail to reach the highest ideal and drop out. Others, of course, become the fashion, and this during the present summer has been especially

the case in regard to two of the numerous juvenile "prodigies" to whom we have been introduced, namely, Von Vecsey and Von Reuter. When tales (some of them true tales) get about that the earnings of a boy violinist of twelve have, during a portion of the fashionable season, exceeded £500 a week, we can well understand why so many prodigies are bored. There is only a small demand for girl prodigies, the chief patron of the immature performer being the British marion, who loves little boys, but has no patience with little girls.

Earlier in the year we had musical performances of a more important sort, such as the Quartet Concerts of the veteran Dr. Joachim, the recitals of De Pachmann, d'Albert, Sauer, and numerous others who wisely prefer the spring and autumn, the Weingartner Festival, which was not supported as it deserved to be, and the Elgar Festival, which introduced his oratorio, *The Apostles*, and his *Alejo* overture for the first time to London, and which partly, perhaps, because it was the first musical festival held within living memory at Covent Garden, partly because each performance was attended by the Queen, attracted a good deal of attention. One result was that the composer at the King's birthday received the honour of knighthood.

Royalty has taken a prominent part in musical matters this season. The Queen has been indefatigable, and on three consecutive days Her Majesty attended a concert every afternoon, and was at Covent Garden in the evening. Out of the seventy-one operatic representations the Queen was present at thirty-seven, and the King at twenty.



A statue of Cecil Rhodes was lately unveiled at Bulawayo by Mr. John E. Booth, the Mayor. The statue is of bronze, 12 feet high, and is mounted on a pedestal of granite from the Masopon, 22 feet 6 inches in height. It is the work of Mr. John Tweed, and is the only statue existing for which Mr. Rhodes sat. It has been erected by public subscription and by the Municipality of Bulawayo.

### MEMORIAL TO CECIL RHODES AT BULAWAYO



This monument has been erected in the Matopos Hills to the memory of Major Alan Wilson and his patrol party, who lost their lives in the Matabele War while making a reconnaissance. The patrol, which numbered some 150 men, was attacked by overwhelming numbers. The monument, which is the work of Mr. J. Tweed, was lately unveiled by Mr. William Milton. It stands within 800 yards of Cecil Rhodes's grave.

### "TO BRAVE MEN": THE UNVEILING OF THE SHANGAI MEMORIAL



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

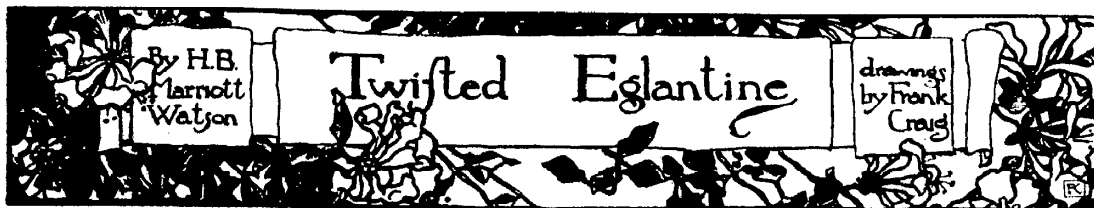
The entry of Brigadier-General Macdonald with reinforcements into Gyantse was marked by a somewhat severe fight at Naini Monastery, six miles out, which had been the scene of fighting on two previous occasions. The Tibetans obstinately held the monastery and the small villages surrounding it, fighting with the intensity of wildcats caught in a trap. The initial assault was delivered by the 2nd Mounted Infantry and the 40th Pathans, who were later reinforced by the 2nd Pioneer. The enemy held their fire till the troops were within a few hundred yards of them, but were unable to check the onward rush of the Pathans. Finally, after some assistance from shell-fire, the Pathans and 2nd Mounted Infantry captured the monastery. Meanwhile the 2nd Pioneers were engaged in clearing

FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT STROT

the village on the left, where the resistance offered was just as obstinate as elsewhere. The enemy refused to leave the house, despite the fact that we brought up guns and shelled them at a range of 300 yards. The fighting here was rendered noteworthy by a gallant exploit on the part of Lieutenant Turnbull, who had walked up to a house full of the enemy with only a few men. Two of these were immediately shot down, one falling immediately beneath a series of torpedoes. Lieutenant Turnbull carried the wounded men into safety under a heavy fire. After four hours' fighting the last shots of the enemy died away, and the order was given for the force to march on towards Gyantse camp. Major Lye was killed during the assault.

THE FOUR HOURS' FIGHT AT NAINI, IN TIBET: THE SCENE INSIDE THE COURTYARD OF A LARGE HOUSE





"He took horse at full speed, and galloped fiercely on the road to Baulieu."

## CHAPTER VI.

### IN THE BARN

SIR PIERS stood still in the doorway without movement, and facing him was young Faversham.

"I think Mr. Garraway," he said mildly, "that even in Hampshire a man may keep a secret."

"Let 'an keep it," said the Squire cheerfully; but he had fortified himself against the rain with spirits at the last inn, and was in a merry mood. "Let 'an keep it, but you must pay toll of us country-folk, Sir Piers. Bring forth the girl, and I swear we'll pass judgment on her. Come, Gilbert, man, fetch her forth, hey!" and he cracked his whip.

He was still seated on his horse, for he had ridden with Faversham from a meet, and the steam rose alike from his damp clothes and the animal's flanks.

"Go fetch her, Gilbert, I tell you," he pursued, "or must I get off and do it myself? I see you've been poaching on our

Hampshire beauties, Sir Piers. Fie, man, fie! At him, Gilbert."

Faversham stood where he was, and Sir Piers answered. If he were nettled by this tone, or embarrassed by the situation, it did not appear in his words or voice.

"I entreat you, sir, to spare my blushes," he said. "I admit your Hampshire beauties. 'Tis a country well celebrated for its fair maidens. But, indeed, I am no poacher, I give you my word, and if I were, why, should I be likely to own it? Come, Mr. Garraway, which way go you? and you, Sir?"

to Faversham. "I will give myself the pleasure to accompany you."

Faversham turned quickly from him. "Let him be, Squire," he said with singular passion, "we are but country bumpkins and may not intermeddle with a fine London gentleman."

Even on the muddled Squire his accents fell with a sense of surprise.

"Hallo, whoa, what!" said he, pulling together his wits. "Did you say he wouldn't be driven by us? Gilbert, I care not whether he be Londoner or countryman. Let 'an fetch her out, and we'll spy her. I wager five guineas to two, lad, that she's either Peg Martin or that girl of Vincent's."

Having regained his hilarity, the Squire pushed forward his head to the open door, and stood looking into the darkness over Sir Pier's head.

"Come, come, Squire, let the jest end," said the Baronet with a little touch of tartness in his tone.

"Squire, come away," said young Faversham hoarsely, and clutched at his reins.

"Let go, young Heelehub, let go, I say," said the tipsy Squire, and rapped his heavy crop on the young man's knuckles. "Let 'an see the sort o' case Londoners have; let 'an see what petticoats they admire. Oh, he is a dog, Gilbert, is Sir Pier here. Who'd ha' thought it of hisly, sleek face? He's an old billy-goat, he is," and he chuckled without restraint.

Sir Pier's features were impassive, but into his face crept a darker colour, as if he were strongly moved, behind his mask. As the horse was urged forward, even into the entrance of the barn, and seemed about to cross the threshold, he put up an arm swiftly and threw it back. The animal staggered and awayed.

"Godd's life, lead go, sir," shouted the Squire, frowning. "Would you keep me out of my own barn, hey?"

"I care not whose barn it is," said Sir Pier in his stern and peremptory voice. "No one shall enter here against my will," and he thrust the horse further back as he spoke.

The Squire was so taken aback that for a moment he did nothing, but gaped and stuttered; then, uttering an oath, he lifted his whip high above his head. It descended wildly twice: the first time it was arrested by the lintel of the doorway, and the second time it struck the empty air. Next moment it was torn from his hand so sharply as almost to pull him from the saddle. The enraged Squire recovered his balance with difficulty, to find Sir Pier still cool and unmoved to outward seeming, his face and figure fast melting into the closing night, and in one hand the whip. He stood there, obscure, merging in the gloom, yet with something sinister in that aspect of him, as if he were a menace that cared for nothing and would stay at night. But ere the Squire could sufficiently come to his senses to take any further action, Faversham had seized his bridle, and pulled the horse round.

"You must come away," he urged him impetuously; "time enough to see to this afterwards."

Remonstrating and swearing, Squire Garraway was moved almost by force, and Sir Pier watched the two disappear into the darkness. Then he turned about and called softly.

"Barbara . . . Barbara . . . !"

His voice rang musically through the barn, echoing from the rafters, for his voice was one of his finest properties, and he had cultivated it to perfection. He heard a sob somewhere in the darkness, and called again. Presently she answered, and he guided himself to her. She was taken into his arms, where she lay for a moment quiet, but weeping softly, and then she struggled from him.

"You are cruel! Ah, how cruel you are!" she said vehemently.

"My sweet child," he said, "there is no wonder you are so shaken. 'Twas an unhappy chance. Yet, why did you fly, Barbara? There was no need to fly. 'Twas your flight made the difficulty and the suspicion."

"I—I know not why," she faltered. "It was dark, and—"

Indeed, she was hardly aware of the reason of her act, which had come in part from her mental disorganisation, in part from a vague feeling of guilt, and in part also from the sudden appearance of Gilbert Faversham. As for Sir Pier, although he gently made her responsible for the situation, he was not at all ill-pleased with it.

Her blunder had given them a secret in common, for he was no longer in any doubt what he wanted and at what he should aim. The Prince must be prevented from the visitation he threatened, for Sir Pier's plans had undergone a wonderful change, and he wished for no interference. To this end he must go to town by Wednesday; but that was yet some days distant. He calculated that he had plenty of time to carry matters as far as he desired for the present. He was a man of very genuine emotions, yet he had learned patience and was in no haste. The satisfaction he had anticipated for himself, when he had first formed his scheme, was quite different from the pleasure which the present position gave him. He took her hand in his, and they were cold; she shivered.

"I fear you have taken a cold, child," he said tenderly, and as he spoke a light flashed out of the blackness upon them, throwing both of the figures into relief. Sir Pier turned with a swift movement, and over the lantern caught sight of a dim face.

"Ah!" he said slowly. "So I guessed. I am much indebted to you, Mr. Faversham, for assisting me to get rid of a very troublesome person."

Faversham uttered an oath, and, setting the lantern on the sill of the window, strode forward.

"Gilbert!" cried Barbara in terror.

Sir Pier looked from one to the other, as if he were the spectator of a little drama in which he was not himself involved. His glance of interrogation seemed to wonder what each of the others would do, but to wonder only mildly.

"I have got your father home," said Faversham, speaking tensely to the girl.

"I trust you got him to bed," murmured Sir Pier politely. The young man turned on him, swollen with anger and jealousy.

"There is something between us that must be settled, sir," he said passionately.

"Upon my soul," observed Sir Pier, eyeing him, "it looks as if there was or would be. Will you permit me to give this lady my attention, and I will then be able to give you my undivided care?"

"You shall not go with her. You shall not touch her," broke out Faversham fiercely. "Your company is degradation. Your touch is a taint."

"As you have observed," said Sir Pier drily, "it looks as if there would be something between us to settle shortly."

"I make no pretence, sir," thundered the younger man, "to imitate your effrontery or your fine London manners."

"The question rather is, 'put in Sir Pier coolly, do you make a pretence of imitating any manners?'"

"What good are you here for?" said Faversham, flashing his fury higher. "What do you here, skulking about the villages? I know something of your history, sir, and this I say to you that you shall not go unscathed. I find you here with this lady."

"I really wish you had not, Mr. Faversham," said Sir Pier frankly.

"Bah, you can only reply with insolence. But we shall have done with talk and get to deeds directly."

"I do hope we shall have done with talk," said Sir Pier amiably, "for I am afraid it is wearying Miss Garraway dreadfully. I say nothing of myself."

"I recognised your companion was," pursued Faversham, without heeding this, "and as soon as I could manage it, I got away and came back. I came back, Barbara, because—"

"I think we can discuss this better in Miss Garraway's absence," said Sir Pier in a sharper tone.

"No," said the young man, and there was less anger and more dignity in his voice now. "No, there is this, that must be said before her. Barbara, I came back because it was necessary that I should ask you how you stood to this man. Before I can go further, before I can take any step, it is necessary I should know how he stands to you. I ask you, Barbara, what is there between you of any kind?"

His voice was clear but uncertain, wavering under the emotions which stirred him. Barbara cast him a frightened glance.

"There is nothing," she said in a low voice.

"Then I am justified—then I am resolved," he said; but there was still that trouble in his voice and in his face.

Sir Pier had watched Barbara carefully while the question was being put, and she had avoided meeting his eye when she answered. Now he spoke in the same poised, even voice.

"Perhaps now Mr. Faversham will be good enough to listen to me, and later to explain the grounds of this amazing intrusion. After which, no doubt, we shall all be able to get home with the aid of that lantern which, I am bound to say, I at first had hoped that Mr. Faversham had brought on purpose."

Barbara stood with averted head, more than a little pale, and the misery hung in Faversham's eyes.

"Go on," he said harshly. "I will hear you first, and then—"

"And then, sir," broke in Sir Pier in his sternest note of authority, "I hope you will have the manners to apologise for insulting and distressing a lady. What is it that you have done, I ask you? Why, without questions asked, and with no personal right of your own to interfere, you have provoked a most violent and intemperate scene. Miss Garraway, who has been to Lynington, and whom I had the good fortune to encounter, takes shelter from a most desperate storm in her father's own barn. I trust," and he turned towards the girl, "I trust I was able to be of some slight assistance in the emergency. Upon the top of that comes me up two gentlemen who have, no doubt, ridden far and have, therefore, their excuses for their condition. Miss Garraway, alarmed by the sound of their approach, seeks refuge again in the friendly barn, and thereby, by an old and unhappy circuit of events, is developed a situation, for perplexity, for annoyance, even for ridicule, if you will, but not, by God, sir, a situation for insult and suspicion, and one rather, I should have said, for sympathy and respect."

Faversham stared at him, breathing deeply still with excitement, but with some bewilderment. Sir Pier made an inimitable gesture with his hands, as of one who deprecated what he must now say, and proceeded in a slow voice of authority.

"My I ask you, Mr. Faversham," said he, "to let your thoughts dwell a moment on the scene, with its awkwardness and its pain. The Squire's condition, obvious and glaring, his rough invitation, the threat of force, the impossibility of exposing a lady to the juxtaposition of his own ribaldry—these facts should raise in any generous heart a chivalrous tenderness for the feelings of even a stranger, much more of one who has been familiar to you for years. Sir! this attitude of yours becomes you ill. You are unjust and unkind, and I know no two greater offences against the moral code."

The rebuke, uttered with such dignity, delivered almost as it were from a bench of judgment, sent the blood into Faversham's face. It stung like a whip-lash, and there is no doubt that had Sir Pier read the younger man's character more clearly, he would have stopped short of the last repudiation. That sensitiveness flew to arms, and from embarrassed doubt, which had characterised his feelings at the outset of the Baronet's speech, Faversham passed at a stroke into indignation, pride and anger.

Sir Pier had aimed at peace; he had provoked war, and yet never had Barbara admired his qualities so greatly as now. Beside him Gilbert Faversham appeared as a barking dog beside the lion, as something in and contrast with his cold dignity.

"Sir, you shall not lecture me," declared the young man vehemently. "That you should talk of a moral code—you whose reputation is well known, ay, even in this outlandish spot where you are in exile for reasons of your own! You talk speciously, and there is your strength, I suppose, with unhappy women, who are so foolish as to believe what seems and what they would like to believe."

"Sir," interrupted Sir Pier sternly, "I forbid you to speak further. You gallop like a ploughboy. You shall speak no more in the presence of this lady."

"Nay, I will say nothing in Miss Garraway's presence," said Faversham furiously, "but I shall have much to say alone."

The Baronet raised his hand, as if waving aside the threat. "And now, if you will be so good, your lantern to light this lady home," he said curtly, and turned to her. "Miss Barbara, pray accept my

apologies for having been in a manner responsible for detaining you here so long. 'Tis high time you were got out of your damp clothes. Pray allow me to assist you."

Barbara's face was full of angry colour now, and as she went forward in obedience to Sir Pier's request, she moved with ostentatious spirit, and shot a furious and scornful shaft at the unhappy Faversham. But he stood by, the frown of passion fading from his face, his eyes cast down, and his heart absorbed in fear and misery. He did not see the glance, he would not meet her eyes, for indeed he would not have dared to throw a look at her, and shame her and read her shame. He little knew how she went by glowing with indignation at his usage of her, and honest innocence afire in her mantled cheeks. And so they went, and he saw them pass out of the barn, Sir Pier with the enemy's lantern in one hand, while the other was at the service of the girl. Somehow the affair had not ended as he had anticipated. He it was who seemed to be the guilty one, and the victor it was who passed from him, leaving him overcome with various racking emotions.

Yet the affair had not ended, for Sir Pier was met in the lanes half an hour later by a tall, cool, implacable young man alone, who had waited for him.

"Well, sir?" said the Baronet, coming to a pause, as the other's horse was deliberately drawn across the way. "Well, sir, is there to be another repetition of bad manners?"

"You shall give me a lesson in 'em," said the young man, dropping quickly to the ground.

"This portends, as I understand, a duel, Mr. Faversham," said Sir Pier quietly.

"You have a quick intelligence if you have had morals," observed Faversham mockingly.

Sir Pier considered him, although it was now quite dark, and he could make out nothing but the outlines of his adversary. Still it was rather with a mental eye that he summed him up. "Mr. Faversham," he said at length, "can you use a pistol?"

"What is that to do with you, sir?" demanded Gilbert haughtily.

"Merely this, sir," said Sir Pier coolly, "that I wish to find myself under no charge of murder, and to meet you, my dear sir, would be nothing short of that."

"Ah," said Gilbert Faversham with a sneer, "I see you are thinking of a very theatrical performance. Then, as now, you are a mere thing of stage postures."

"Mr. Faversham," said the Baronet, "I have caned young men for less than that."

"Well, you shall try your pistol on me," said he hotly.

"I do not use my pistol," said Sir Pier placidly, "on these occasions. As I have said, it is my cane I employ. If you will be good enough to stand aside I will finish my walk."

"You shall not budge one foot," declared Faversham, "until you answer my challenge."

"If you have no shame, and would fetch an innocent lady's name into bad odour, why, my good sir, I will be no party to the infamy," replied Sir Pier impatiently. "Stand aside."

"No," said Faversham, "her name will not appear. You and I quarrel, and you can invent any pretext you will. I will slap your face to-morrow, if you will."

"Well," said Sir Pier wearily, "if we are to wait until to-morrow to quarrel, let us part quietly now," and once more he made a movement to pass the other. The horse stood with his hindquarters in the ditch on one side, and the stalwart Faversham blocked the path upon the other. With a sudden turn of his wrist Sir Pier dexterously twisted the horse about and moved through the gap imperceptibly. For an instant Faversham wavered in his intention, and then, restraining himself, called out in tones of derision.

"'Tis settled, then. We shall arrange this to-morrow."

"Oh! I very much fear that I shall be lathered with you to-morrow," said Sir Pier's voice, but Sir Pier's head did not turn, and his footsteps marched serenely into the night.

## CHAPTER VII.

### "WHEN LUNN IS AWAY"

BARBARA had passed a night of misery and unrest. That her daughter arrived home late had not concerned Mrs. Garraway so much as that she had been wet to the skin. She fussed over her in her tender autocratic way, remonstrating on her folly, and dictating sundry remedies or restoratives. Barbara must drink a cup of posset in bed, and to bed she was sent forthwith, not as a punishment, for (to do Mrs. Garraway justice) she did not hold her daughter responsible for the storm, but as a precaution against chills and aches. So Barbara lay long a-bed, and found it difficult to sleep. The fire burned briskly on the hearth at the foot of her chamber, and the shalows leaped on the ceiling and the walls whenever her eyes were opened. Her mind was divided between half a dozen different and antagonistic thoughts. She had passed through more emotions than that afternoon than she remembered in all her life, and some had been strange . . . and . . . she did not know whether they had been pleasant or dreadful. Her agitation had been attributed by her mother to fear of the storm, and no word had been said of Sir Pier. Barbara had not been to bed, and had come back unconsciously. She was summoned to the dining room as long in Lynington as to . . . and . . . The picture of her father tipsily battering at the doors, so to speak, to fetch forth his daughter to shame, made her palpitate with feeling and cover her face in self-abasement. Yet it was impossible to withhold from Sir Pier a sense of gratitude and admiration for his defence of her, and she was still angry with Faversham for embarrassing her so. With all this there entered the fear of what would happen between the two men. It must be confessed that mingling with her terror was a curious feeling of expectation, even of satisfaction, at the thought of that duel which she dreaded. The idea held her with fascination, confusing all her original ideas and emotions. She wondered what had happened. Had Sir Pier met Faversham again? Had they quarrelled? Was it possible that they had fought? The thought aroused her

thoroughly, and her excited nose gave way. She had a sudden panic, which drew her swiftly out of bed and into her clothes. Then, realising the absurdity of her actions, she stopped hurriedly, and once more threw herself upon her couch and wept abundant tears. Gilbert was dead! Sir Piers was dead! They had fought about her honour! She sat up. Well, it was but justice if Gilbert were dead, who had wronged her so. What right had he to interfere in her affairs? As the sharpness of the picture she had invoked faded in her imagination, her anger broke out anew against Faversham. It was in the early hours of the morning that she fell asleep at last—fell into the profound untroubled slumber that comes to the succour of those who are exhausted in body and spirit. She slept, her closed and innocent eyes to the jansined window, through which, long ere she awoke, the young spring sun flung chequers on her face.

The post brought a letter to Sir Piera which changed the current of his thoughts, and, giving Horner his orders, he commanded the innkeeper to get ready a chaise. The Prince, it seemed, from Lady Marston's communication, had for lack of a better amusement resolved to pay his threatened visit to the exile, and might start any day the whisin scoid him. "He has been greatly chagrined as to the Duke of York's scandal," wrote Lady Marston, "and he longs for distraction, even though that should precipitate a scandal for himself."

"Sir Piers is leaving us," she told Barbara, who entered very quiet and very handsome, in response to her summons. "He is going back to town—that town which has spared him so long."

"Which I have spared, Madam," he said smiling, and looked at Barbara. She was a little pale, and showed under the surface of her manner a tremulous discomposure. Her glance met his with a question, which was almost a fear.

"Sir Piers, are you going—do you go to London at once?" she asked quickly.

"Letters, my dear Miss Barbara, carry me away forthwith," he replied; "my chaise is at the door."

"But this is not the road to town," she said anxiously. "Why go you this way?"

Sir Piers bowed towards her mother. "Would you have me such an ingrate?" he asked lightly; but he was still regarding her with significant eyes.

Barbara displayed some agitation, but at that moment the Squire entered. Sir Piers was fully prepared for an uncouth scene, and had his course of action ready. It was not likely that Sir Piers Blakiston of Hone would shrink from encountering such a rustic lout; or, indeed, consider him at all. But, to his astonishment, the Squire was very friendly—more so than on previous occasions—and went so far as to accompany him to the gate.

He understood and smiled. "I am driving to London, child," he said. "Never fear. I am meeting no one. Indeed, I am flying from a very hot opponent, who seeks my blood. I'de think you could care for such a coward, Barbara?" he asked.

"You are flying," she said, and saw the easy smile on his face. "Ah, you are full of jest and satire." Her demeanour underwent a subtle change, and she involuntarily moved away a step. She had stolen out to catch him in her fears, and now that these were gone, she was afraid for herself. "You are going?" she said weakly. "Do you—do you return, sir, or have we given you good-bye for good?"

"Why, d'ye think I'm ennobled of the country, child?" he said, watching her with his keen gaze.

Barbara laughed lightly. "If he were so careless she would repay him in his own coin. 'Surely, as much,' she said, 'as the country is enamoured of you.'

His eyes twinkled. "Is't young Faversham you mean?" he asked. "Who is't, Barbara?" He put out a hand and took hers. "I am a poor fellow, but I'll do my best for you, as I live. Do not be afraid, Barbara. I'll be with you all the while." He raised the hand swiftly and kissed it. "Now, Barbara, how was gone."

Barbara stood in the gateway forgetful of her father and her mother, reckless that she might be seen, and watched the chaise

[illegible]

## THE MOTOR-BOAT RACE FOR THE INTERNATIONAL CUP IN THE SOLENT: A WIN FOR ENGLAND

DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON, R.I.

"There shall be no scandal here in which his Royal Highness participates," said Sir Piers to himself, grimly, and straightway ordered his chaise to run to Winchester. Yet when he was set off with his baggage and the faithful Horner, it was not upon the Windsor road that he drove, but upon the Southampton. He had met in hostilities with the Squire, and he could not guess how much had come out, or if the girl had turned hysteric, as she might well have done; he did not even know if the impetuous young countryman would hold his tongue. Yet he was resolved to make a call at Moyden before leaving; and so he dropped out of the chaise before the gates of the Manor-House about eleven of a fine spring day.

He found Mrs. Garroway in the thick of her housewifery, and still at the same time of hospitality. She begged he would stay and dine with them, and when he declined, was disposed to throw aside all work, and enjoy one of their excursions to the society and fashion. But Sir Philip politely cut her short. He was bound for home, and his carriage was at the gates. He had called to make his adieux, and to return thanks for many hospitalities. Whereupon the good lady flew into a state of emotion, and sent messengers for her husband and her daughter to bid the visitor farewell.

"Well, Sir Piers," said he in his rough accent, and grinning at the Londoner, "you're a cool hand, so you are. Damn me, but I haven't seen a cooler no, not since I was a lad myself. Whom had you got there, eh? Gad, you was near having me out that horse. I had only a niggerin or so of brancly this side of Lyndhurst, and I keep my legs anything short of a bottle. But 'twas the whip did it. Ve've more strength in you than seems, man. Ah, I should ha' liked to see whom ye'd got there."

"These secrets of honour, Squite," said Sir Piero lightly, "must not be betrayed. They would cry to heaven for vengeance."

"Let 'em cry," said the Squint, laughing. "As for I, I was near fetching a kick out of the head—that's so. Indeed, I would, but for young Mr. Gilbert, who had more sense in his head, having only taken a pint of burgundy." He bade his visitor farewell in great good humour, and Sir Piers mounted. He had said good-bye to Barbara in her mother's presence, but he lingered. When reluctantly he ordered the postilion to drive on. As he did so he heard his name called out, and, looking back, saw the girl in the gateway. He descended and went to her. She was full of agitation and began at once.

"Sir Pier, you are not—you do not go—what are you going to do?" she cried in distress. "You must not."

drive down the Beaulieu road ; and her bosom was rising and falling with an amazing breathlessness and a wonderful pain.

It happened that same morning that Gilbert Paversham rode into Brockenhurst quite early for the purpose of carrying out the programme which had been arranged, as he considered, between Sir Piers and himself. At the Rose and Crown he learned that the man he sought had taken flight for London, which news filled him with bitterness and chagrin.

"He be gone an hour more, sir," said the ostler.

"He has fled from me," said the other.

"He has fled from me," said he, "I am afraid to meet me, the cur," said Faversham to himself over and over again, being unwilling to believe in his fury that the baronet had not even thought him worth while thinking of. But presently he heard something that pricked him into action. Sir Piers had ordered his chaise for Winchester, that was certain; but the ostler was puzzled why he should make for Winchester through Selby.

"Twill take him ten miles from his road, if he be going by Beaulieu," he said with an air of reckoning.

"Setley!" said Faverham, and the instant after was in the saddle again, and galloping along the road to Lymington; for it had flashed upon him that Sir Pier had gone to Mowden.

Arrived at the cross roads beyond the heath, Faversham turned

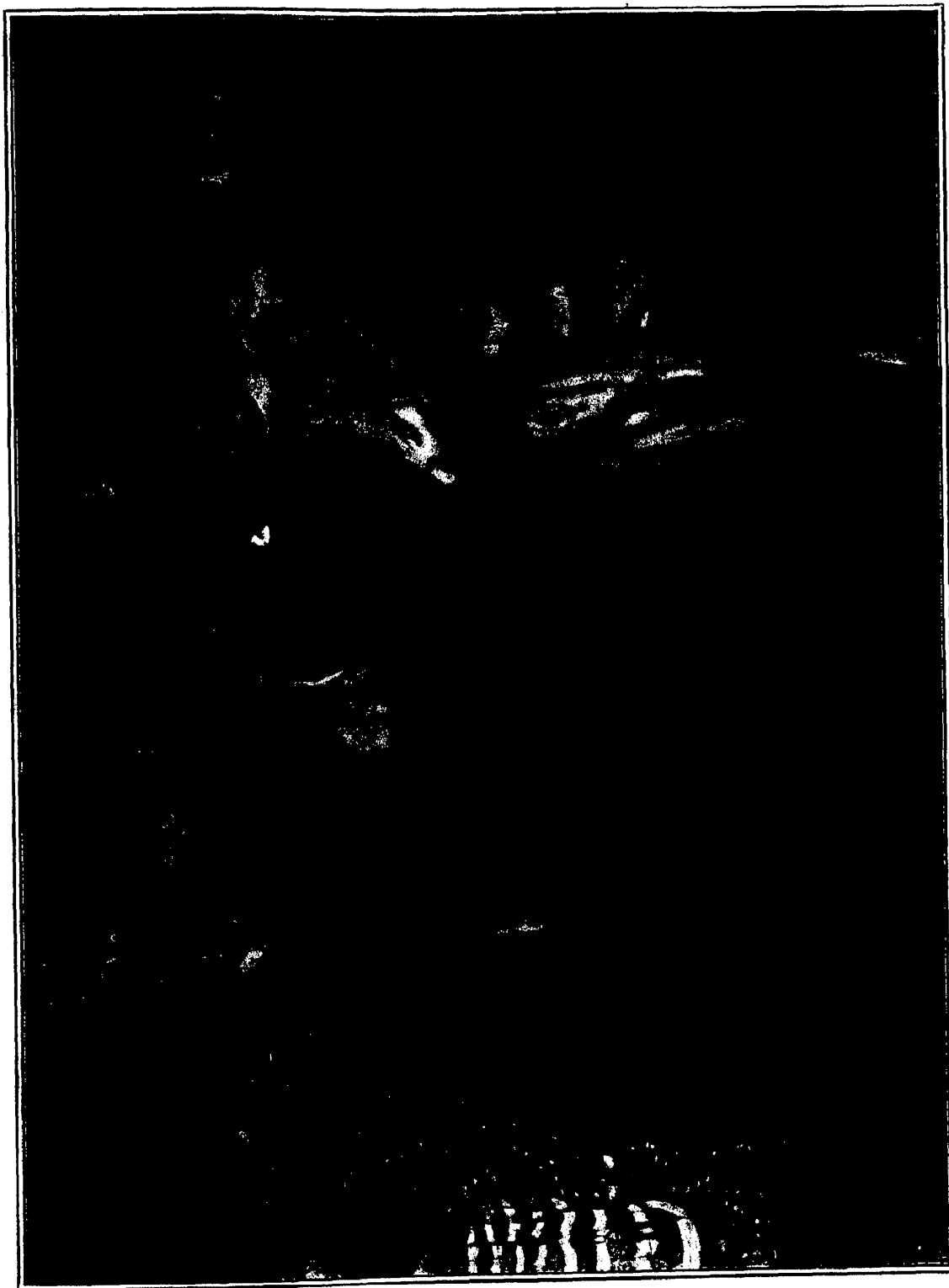


DRAWN BY F. DE HANSEN

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A CORRESPONDENT

After the battle of Kullinohong the wounded and disabled soldiers of the Russian army retired towards Fung-hwang-cheng, and afterwards through the mountain pass to Liao-yang. Several hundred soldiers limped on foot, and the wounded trundled through the mud and water with their arms in slings and their heads in bandages. Many died on the way and were immediately buried by their comrades by the roadside. A stream of two-wheeled carts brought in the severely wounded men.

A SOLDIER'S GRAVE: A COMMON INCIDENT OF THE RUSSIAN RETREAT FROM THE YALU



FROM A SERVICE BY ONE SPECIAL ARMY, PRACTISING BANDAGING  
LEARNING TO BE NURSES: JAPANESE LADIES PRACTISING BANDAGING ON A DUMMY  
PHOTO BY FRANK CRAIG  
The Japanese women are quite as enthusiastic about the war as the men. Ladies join the Red Cross Society and eagerly listen to the instruction given by nurses and practice bandaging on dummies, so that they may be of service in attending to the wounded.

sharply and went down towards Boldre, finally bringing up in front of Moyden. He was in a state of storm, but contained himself, so that nothing of his irritation should come out. Indeed, it was impossible that the Squire or Mrs. Garraway could guess at that, as they knew nothing of the quarrel. Only Barbara would suspect, and Barbara he did not see. For this he was thankful on two grounds, one of which was that he shrank from firing her. He, too, had spent a restless night, and knew not what to think. He distrusted that stranger from London, and hated him fiercely with a jealous heart. He would not believe that the man was earnest in his attentions; he was but lingering like a butterfly over a wayside flower, and would fly away, leaving mischief behind him. The question that exercised Faversham's soul was conveyed in this belief. Sir Piers had flown—was the mischief done? What mischief had been done? He was in an agony of mind, which he would perhaps have been spared had he seen Barbara's haughty expression when she left the barn. That defiant and indignant mien would have told him the truth, would have prostrated her for what she was, for what he had always held and revered her, the innocent and wayward girl who had not yet awoke to find life a momentous problem.

It was from Mrs. Garraway that he got his information, and calculated that Sir Piers was full half an hour ahead of him. From that lady he also incidentally heard that Barbara was indisposed. She had come down pale, had slept ill; and who could wonder, even after the posset, when she had been drenched to her skin in the atomical storm? Faversham rode off as soon as he might extract himself from the lady's civil company. He was on thorns to be gone, and on the chase after that inquisitive scoundrel, Barbara ill! Aye, now he knew at once that his suspicions and his fears and his guesses were well-founded. He took horse at full speed, and galloped fiercely on the road to Beaulieu.

(To be continued.)

September, 1822. When he was but fourteen years of age he won the "Isis" gold medal and the large silver medal of the Society of Arts, and also as a youth made several drawings of the Thames Tunnel, then in course of construction, as a commission from Sir Benjamin Hawes. His precocity did not end here, for before he was sixteen he went on a sketching tour through Normandy, and when but seventeen had exhibited a picture, "Card Players," at the Academy. On his return he joined a life school and received his first lessons in flesh painting. Encouraged by his success he worked hard, and the sale of some of his pictures and a trip to Ireland, where he made the acquaintance of Tom Moore, supplying him with the material for a number of domestic pictures, he devoted himself with redoubled energy to his art, and produced a long series of paintings which achieved for him an early, an enviable, and an enduring popularity. One of these early pictures, "The Return from the Christening," received a prize of £50 from the British Institution, and two others—"The Tired Soldier" and "Dancing on the Village Green"—were now in the national collection. At the age of thirty he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. He spent the winter of 1838 and the spring of 1839 in Egypt, and this journey to Egypt was the turning point in, and dominated the whole remainder of, his life, which to a very great extent he devoted to the study of whatever was picturesque in the land of the Pharaohs. In 1863 he was elected a full Academician, and the following year he exhibited his diploma work—an Egyptian subject, of course—"The Song of the Nubian Slave." Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Vice-Admiral Peter Alexeevitch Besobrasoff, who is reported to be in command of the Russian naval squadron at Port Arthur, was born in 1845, and until he has had no experience of war. He passed through the Marine Cadet Corps, and in 1866 was appointed a midshipman. In 1885 he became a second-class captain, and in

## The Theatres

After the conclusion of the run of *Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner*, at the IMPERIAL Theatre, Mr. Lewis Waller will produce, in the autumn, a new romantic play, entitled *The Master of the King's Company*. The rôle of the heroine will be taken by Miss Millard, whose charming acting in *The Prisoner of Zenda* and in *Paul and Francesca* will make her reappearance be awaited with much interest.

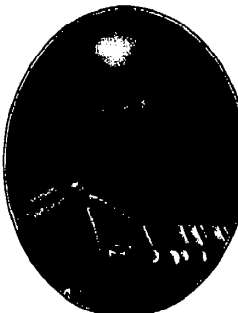
We are to have a new play by Mr. Picro some time in the autumn, and meanwhile Mr. Henry Arthur Jones some time since read his new comedy to the GARIBOLDI Theatre Company. The cast, in addition to Mr. Arthur Boucherier and Miss Violet Vanbrugh, includes Mr. Sydney Valentine, Mr. O. B. Clarence, Mr. A. E. Matthews, Mr. Nye Chart, Mr. Webb Darleigh, Mr. Walter Pearce, Mr. Arthur Chesney, Miss Ethelwyn Arthur Jones, Miss Margery Fane, and Miss Nancy Price.

At the end of the month (August 29) Mr. Arthur Boucherier will produce for the first time in England, at the newly decorated THEATRE ROYAL, Brighton, a play with Richard Brinsley Sheridan as its hero, written by Miss Gladys Unger. The cast will include Miss Elfrida Clement, Miss Rose Dupre, Miss Lena Halliday, Miss Van Baskirk, Mr. Junius B. Booth (a nephew of the celebrated Edwin Booth), Mr. Hubert Carter, Mr. A. B. Imeson, Mr. George Lane, and Mr. Jerrold Robertson.

Early next month *The Earl and the Girl* will be removed from the ADELPHI Theatre to the LYRIC Theatre, where there will be practically a second edition, as the piece will be entirely re-dressed, and there will be several new songs introduced. Meanwhile the first touring company opened last Saturday at Douglas. The company numbers between seventy and eighty, and is an exact reproduction of



THE LATE A. DE PLEHVE.  
Russian Minister of the Interior who has been assassinated.



THE LATE GENERAL COUNT KELLER  
Killed near Motiening.



MISS CORNELIA SORABJI  
Appointed legal adviser to the Government.



VICE-ADMIRAL BESOBRASOFF  
In command of the Russian Naval Squadron at Port Arthur.



THE LATE MR. FREDERICK GOODALL, R.A.

## Our Portraits

Vjacheslav Konstantinovich de Plehve, the murdered Russian Minister of the Interior, was born in 1846. His early life was passed in Warsaw. He entered the Moscow University to study law, took his degree, and in 1867 was gazetted for a vacancy in the Moscow Judicial Circuit. He became Procurator of the County Court, and was successively promoted to similar positions at Vladimir, Tula, and Volozhna. Then he was sent to Warsaw as Procurator-General. An able lawyer and an official of restless energy, the authorities in St. Petersburg became convinced that they had in him a valuable instrument, and though acting under the orders of Ignatieff he did not leave altogether unpleasant memories in Warsaw when in 1881 he was summoned to St. Petersburg to occupy a high position in the Ministry of Justice. This he speedily exchanged for the post of Procurator-General in the St. Petersburg High Court, where he soon proved himself one of the most redoubtable enemies of the Nihilists that the public service had produced. Owing to his wonderful police organisation, he was able to secure all the participants in the famous dynamite outrage in the Winter Palace. In 1884 the Tsar Alexander III. made him a senator and Assistant Minister of the Interior. This post he held for six years, virtually wielding the power of a Minister under the nominal authority of the somewhat dull reactionary, M. Durnovo. The oppressive measures directed against the German Colonists in Russia, the inability of the Baltic provinces, foreign travellers, and the Jews, and other non-orthodox sects, are all known to have been his handiwork. In 1896 he was advanced to the rank of a Privy Councillor, and in 1900 he was appointed Secretary of State for Finland. A firm believer in the national unity of Russia and the autocratic principle, he elaborated the measures of reform devised to deprive the Grand Duchy of its exceptional privileges, and especially of its Liberal institutions. He pursued this policy with unrelenting and unflinching severity, with the result that the whole of Finland became a vast whirlpool of dissatisfaction. Nevertheless, his reputation for a vast whirlpool of dissatisfaction. Nevertheless, his gratitude from the governing classes, and when in the spring of 1902 M. Sijaguine, the Russian Minister of the Interior, was assassinated, he was marked out as the only possible successor of the murdered Minister.

Mr. Frederick Goodall, R.A., was born in London in

that capacity commanded the gunboats Tutscha and Grossa. He then was promoted a first-class captain and commander of the cruiser General Admiral. His next command was to the iron-clad Navarin. In 1867 he received the rank of Rear-Admiral and was appointed Chief of the Kronstadt Harbour. In 1870 he served as junior admiral of the manœuvring squadron in the Black Sea. His promotion to be Vice-Admiral followed soon after, and he then took command of the second division of the fleet in the Baltic. When Admiral Skrydloff was sent to the Far East, two months ago, in succession to Admiral Mikhanoff, Admiral Besobrasoff accompanied him, with the appointment of Commander of the first squadron in the Pacific. The advance of the Japanese prevented him from reaching Port Arthur, and he consequently accompanied Admiral Skrydloff to Vladivostok. Here he distinguished himself by the organisation of the naval raids into the Sea of Japan, two of which he personally commanded. He is said to have reached Port Arthur in the torpedo-boat Lieutenant Burukoff, which ran the blockade to Yingkow and back some weeks ago, but which has since been caught and destroyed by the Japanese.

General Keller, who was killed at Motiening, came of a Prussian family which has long occupied a high rank in the civil and military services of Austria, Prussia and Russia. The Kellers were ennobled by the Austrian Government in 1737. The first to settle in Russia was Count Theodor Keller, son of the well-known Prussian statesman, Count Christoph Von Keller. He inherited estates in White Russia, and entered the Russian Army. His eldest son Edward is a Russian Privy Councillor and Senator, and two other sons, Arthur and Viktor, are major-generals in the service of the Tsar. The officer who commanded at Motiening is Count Theodor Keller, the eldest son of the Senator, Count Edward. He was born on August 15, 1850, and, having reached the rank of lieutenant-general, was appointed Governor of Ekaterinavsk. After General Samuilitch's failure to prevent General Kuraki from crossing the Yalu, General Keller was despatched to the Far East to supersede that officer.

Miss Cornelia Sorabji has been appointed by the Bengal Government as legal adviser to the Pundahashis, or women kept in renasas of the Court of Wards. The appointment is made in connection with the scheme proposed by Miss Sorabji to the India Office for providing Pundah ladies with qualified legal assistance in the administration of their estates. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

the piece as now playing at the Adelphi, both in scenery and dresses.

The new programme at the HYPODROME is a long one of fifteen interesting "turns." The wonderful *Siberia*, with its plunging horses, which brings the entertainment to an end, still finds favour and possesses an almost topical interest, while other features include Boswell's Miniature Circus and the Powells (equestrians), the Five Cronins in their wonderful act with the clubs, the Maningoes (head to head balancers), and Marceline the Droll. Carl Hertz still maintains his reputation as illusionist and conjurer with some bewildering feats of deception, while Wylie and his dogs, Salamonsky and his Fire Horse, and the Kellinos in their new and charming act, "Venetia," which represents "acrobaticism" with a pretty Venetian background, are all worth seeing.

BOOKS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.—"The Housewife's What's What," by Mary Davis (T. Fisher Unwin), contains information on manifold subjects, from housekeeping, cooking, servants and medicines, to games, cycling, clubs and clothing. Many useful hints are given on odd-and-end subjects, such as the best way to pack flowers for the post—forms of addressing persons of rank—French and Latin phrases in frequent use—and home doctoring. The idea of temporarily mending a hole in an umbrella with a patch of black plaster put on the inside is certainly ingenious.—"The Single-handed Cook," by Mrs. C. S. Veal (Constable and Co., Ltd.), is the fourth book of its kind by this author. It is cheering to learn the tempting dishes that can be prepared by the small staff, and many of the recipes are new, especially some of the sweets and savouries.—In "Cold Meat, and How to Diagnose It," M. E. Rattray (C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd.) comes to the assistance of the puzzled housekeeper confronted with the remains of a joint having already appeared twice on the table as hot and cold. The *housewife's* are daintily prepared, and the compounding of the sauces to be served as an accompaniment, and on which its success mainly depends, is clearly described.—In praise of the chafing dish, Frank Schloesser has written "The Cult of the Chafing Dish" (Gay and Bird, London), giving over 300 recipes which can be carried out on the dining-room table, and all the troublesome and unpleasant washing up of a saucypan is dispensed with. The main point is that food can be served piping hot and taken directly it is ready, not spoiled by waiting till the maid brings it from the kitchen. For dwellers in flats and those who like a hot meal after the theatre this little work should prove useful.



THE ASSASSINATION OF M. DE PLEHVE AT ST. PETERSBURG: THE EXPLOSION OF THE ASSASSIN'S BOMB.

Captain Travinaky, who was injured. | One of the secret police on a bicycle, who was injured. | The assassin, who was injured. | A woman with a child who was injured. | The Railway Station. | The Warsaw Hotel.

FROM RAZVANSKY'S SKETCHES TO THE CORRESPONDENT BY HIS VISITS.

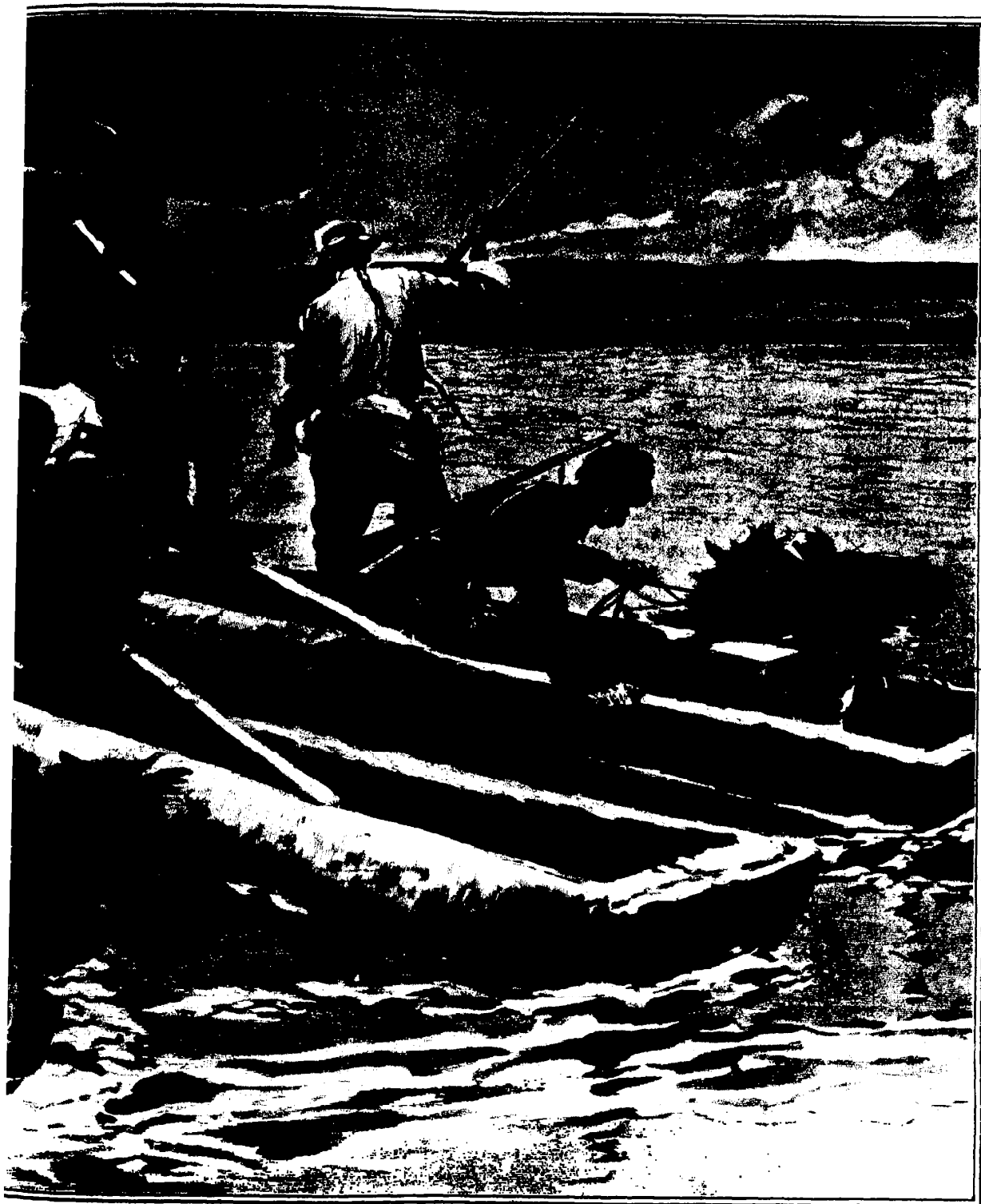
M. de Plehve was on his way to Petrograd to make a report to the Tsar, and was driving past the Warsaw Hotel, when a man suddenly burst a bomb at the Minister's carriage. The explosion was terrific. M. de Plehve was blown to pieces, and the coachman was also killed. Captain Travinaky, of the Guards, who was driving close to the Minister's carriage, was injured as were the rest of the party. A woman and child who happened to be near the explosion were also injured. A woman and child who were following the carriage on a bicycle, and



When a stream is too deep for fording, and yet not too strong or deep for punting, the Russians employ a very ingenious, though somewhat primitive, method of crossing it. The trunks  
stream. If there is no waggon to be taken over

AN INGENIOUS METHOD OF CROSSING A STR





l out, and two waggons are placed with the wheels and shafts in the hollows, thus tying the two logs together. The horses are swum across, while a coolie punts the improvised raft over the ed together by planks laid transversely across them.

PLOYED BY THE RUSSIANS IN AN EMERGENCY

HAEHN

## The Week in Parliament

BY HENRY W. LUCY

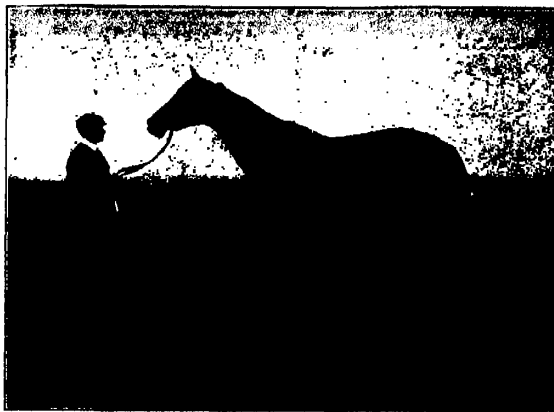
What is practically the last working week of the Session has had crowded into it a multitude of business. Limited by the metrical dimensions of a pint-pot, effort has been made to pour into it a full quart. So relentless was the effort that even the House of Lords, that worm of the parliamentary collocation, turned. On Friday last, the Finance Bill was dashed down upon it with command to run it through all its stages before the sitting ended. For Treasury purposes it was absolutely necessary that it should receive the Royal Assent before the first of August, a date which fell on Monday. On Fridays the Commons, meeting at twelve, adjourn at six, earlier if business on the agenda is disposed of. It was, therefore, necessary to the accomplishment of Mr. Balfour's little plan that the Finance Bill should be run through all its stages in time for the Royal Assent, to which presence of the Commons is indispensable, might be given.

The task is one which, in ordinary circumstances, the Lords would accomplish with ease. As it happens, the coming before their House of the Finance Bill is even more ludicrous than some other performances that take place in the gilded Chamber. They are asked to approve the measure. But they may not alter it by a comma, much less a sixpence. In such circumstances the perfunctory business is purely formal. In the practised hands of the Lord Chancellor the Bill might have been whirled through all its stages in six minutes. But the Prime Minister, in his happy-go-lucky method of managing business, had, if the phrase may be used in this august connection, "got up the backs" of the Peers. It was in their power to defeat the scheme by initiating the example of the Irish members, or the Committee on the Aliens Bill, and talking against time. If they kept it up till six o'clock the Commons would adjourn, and the Bill must needs stand over.

They succeeded in doing, the Government narrowly escaping a serious dilemma. Delay arising on the Budget Bill becoming law, it would not be operative on the 1st of August. Consequently it would be unlawful for taxes affected by it to be collected on that day. Happily the 1st of August is a Bank Holiday, and the Customs being closed, the operation of taxation was suspended. As soon as the House met on Monday the Royal Commission sat and the situation was saved by bestowal of the Royal Assent. But it was a close shave, and the Lords are hugely delighted at having given a lesson to an easy-going Minister without actually embarrassing a State department.

Bank Holiday was a day of exceptional lull in both Houses. While 'Arry and 'Arrles were enjoying themselves on Hamstead Heath, and their letters were frolicking in summer seas by Cowes, Lords and Commons were hard at work. The former took in hand the Licensing Bill, which they passed through second reading at a sitting. The latter was concerned with a fresh and, necessarily in this Session, a final vote of censure moved by the Leader of the Opposition. The manoeuvre was based upon the action of the Foreign Minister and the First Lord of the Admiralty accepting the office of Vice-President in the reconstructed Liberal Unionist Association. In a craftily drafted resolution, "C.B." invited the House to express its regret that "certain of His Majesty's Ministers have accepted official positions in a political organisation which has formally declared its adhesion to a policy of Preferential duties involving the taxation of food."

As earlier efforts have demonstrated, these frontal attacks on the Treasury Bench are ordinarily hopeless. But an important section of the Ministerialist Party, respectable in numbers, influential by individual position, equally resent the action of Lord Lansdowne and Lord Selborne. If they had the courage of their opinions they must vote in support of a resolution drawn up in the discreet, precise phrases of that submitted on Monday. There are reckoned to

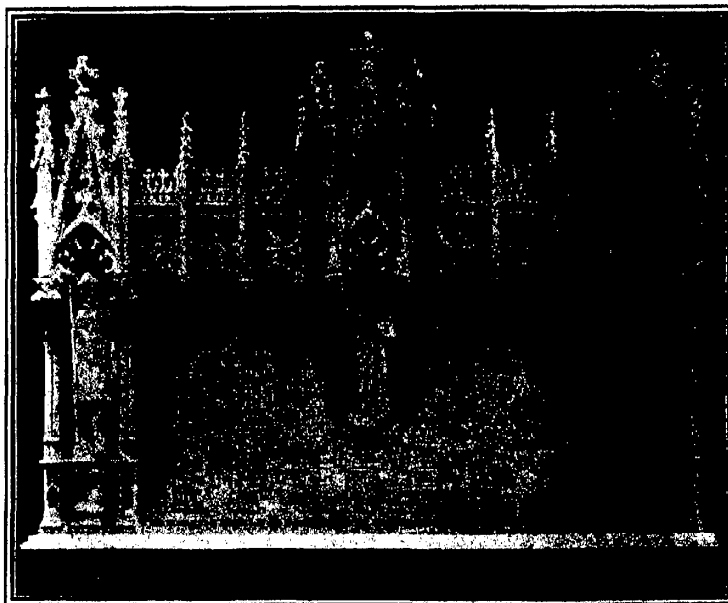


The Goodwood Cup was won by Mr. D. Fisher's *Saltpetre*, the King's *Chatsworth* and Mr. J. Musker's *William Rufus* being second and third respectively. *Chatsworth* was favourite at 6 to 4, the odds against *Saltpetre* being 5 to 1. Our photograph is by W. Booth, Bristol.

SALTPETRE, THE WINNER OF THE GOODWOOD CUP

be at least thirty-five stalwart Free Fooders in the Ministerial camp. If they supported the vote of censure it would mean a transference of seventy votes on a division, a prospect upon which even a Minister who still counts upon a normal majority exceeding fourscore could not regard with equanimity. But "C.B." counted without the acquiescence of the Discontented Unionists. Their most effective spokesman, Lord Hugh Cecil, worked off a scathing denunciation of the general conduct of the Premier in dallying with Mr. Chamberlain, and of the particular cases of his two Cabinet colleagues. Having thus delivered his soul, Lord Hugh walked out when the division bell rang, an example followed by the main body of the stalwarts. Seven actually voted with the Government. One, Sir J. Dickson-Poynder, carried his settled convictions into the Opposition lobby. Three dozen abstained from voting. The consequence was that, in a House which, including the tellers, ran up to the respectable number of 502, Ministers had a majority of 78.

This put Mr. Balfour in a good humour that brimmed over on Tuesday afternoon when, with a light heart, he dropped overboard twenty-one Government Bills, including the Scotch Education Bill, a sacrifice necessitated by the supreme necessity of, as he put it, "proroguing at the end of next week, or very soon after."



The memorial which has been erected in Chester Cathedral, and was unveiled last Saturday by Lord Roberts, is of the decorated period, 6 feet long by 7 feet high by 10 inches projection, carried out in the same keeping and style of architecture as the great north transept of the cathedral where it is set. The architectural portions of the monument are executed in white English alabaster, while the three statues and central panel (with inscription of names) are of white Carrara marble. The statue on the left represents the old soldier of the *Cheshire Regiment* when raised by the Duke of Norfolk in the year 1400, while the other statue on the right is a brother of the prisoner Sir John de Grey, the central canopy represents peace. The whole of the work has been designed and executed by Mr. Thomas Budge, sculptor, of Chesham Common.

THE CHESHIRE REGIMENT'S WAR MEMORIAL IN CHESTER CATHEDRAL

## The Court

The King and Queen concluded their stay at Goodwood House last Saturday morning, when they left for Cowes, accompanied by the Prince of Wales and Princess Victoria. They drove first to Chichester, where the Mayor presented a loyal address, it being the first occasion that the King had visited the city since his accession. From Chichester their Majesties travelled by train to Portsmouth, where they were received by Admiral Sir J. Fisher. After inspecting the Guards of Honour the King and Queen embarked on the *Victoria* and *Albert* for Cowes, subsequently witnessing the motor-boat race in the Solent for the International Cup, the King being greatly pleased with the victory of the English boat over her French and American competitors.

Their Majesties spent this week in the Solent on board the *Victoria* and *Albert*, enjoying their well-earned rest after the fatigues of the late season. The principal race of the opening day of the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta was that for His Majesty's Cup. This was a handicap open to all yachts belonging to the squadron. There were eight entries, the German Emperor's *Meteor* being scratch boat. The weather was fine, but the racing was disappointing, there being little or no wind most of the day. *Meteor* at one time looked like winning, but she was eventually beaten by *Brnyldh*. The King watched the racing from the *Britannia*, and in the evening attended the annual dinner at the Royal Yacht Squadron Castle.

At the end of the Regatta Week the Queen goes north with Princess Victoria, and will spend a few days with the Duke and Duchess of Fife at Duff House before going on to Balmoral, where she will remain ten days, and then leave for Copenhagen, crossing to Denmark either by Dundee or Aberdeen. The King is expected back in town on August 8, to remain for the Privy Council on August 10, for business connected with the prorogation of Parliament, after which he will leave for Marienbad. In September the King and the Prince of Wales will visit the Duke and Duchess of Fife in time for the great deer drive in Mar Forest.

The Prince of Wales remained with their Majesties for the Cowes week, and then started for the North of England to pay some visits. The Prince will visit the Marquis of Ripon at Studley Royal from the 17th to the 21st inst. Two days will be spent in shooting on the Dallowgill moors, probably the 18th and 20th. Next month he goes to Abergeldie Castle in Aberdeenshire, where the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales are staying, and where he will be joined by the Princess when she returns from the Continent.

The Crown Prince of Greece was one of the house party at Goodwood House last week, and on Saturday left for London and the Continent. His brother, Prince Andrew of Greece, and the Princess have been staying with Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg at Elstree, and will shortly leave for Germany, en route for Denmark, where they will join the family meeting in Copenhagen.

The Duchess of Connaught, with the Princesses Margaret and Victoria Patricia and Princess Ena of Battenberg, are staying at Bagnoles-de-l'Orne.

The Duchess of Albany, who sustained an injury to her ankle some time ago through being knocked down by a dog, is making such satisfactory progress towards recovery that she is now able to take carriage drives, and hopes before long to be able to attend to some of the many engagements she had promised to fulfil. Her Royal Highness, however, is not yet able to walk with ease.

# MOUNTAINEERING IN SWITZERLAND



A GIDDY CLIMB: ON THE TRAVERSE OF THE AIGUILLE DE GRÉPON (MONT BLANC)

From a Photograph by G. P. Abraham and Sons, Keswick



VIEW FROM THE TOP OF THE MATTERHORN SHOWING MONT BLANC, DENT D'HERENS, GRAND COMBIN, PIGNE D'AROLLA AND OTHER PEAKS  
From a Photograph by G. P. Alvaux and Sons, Keweenaw

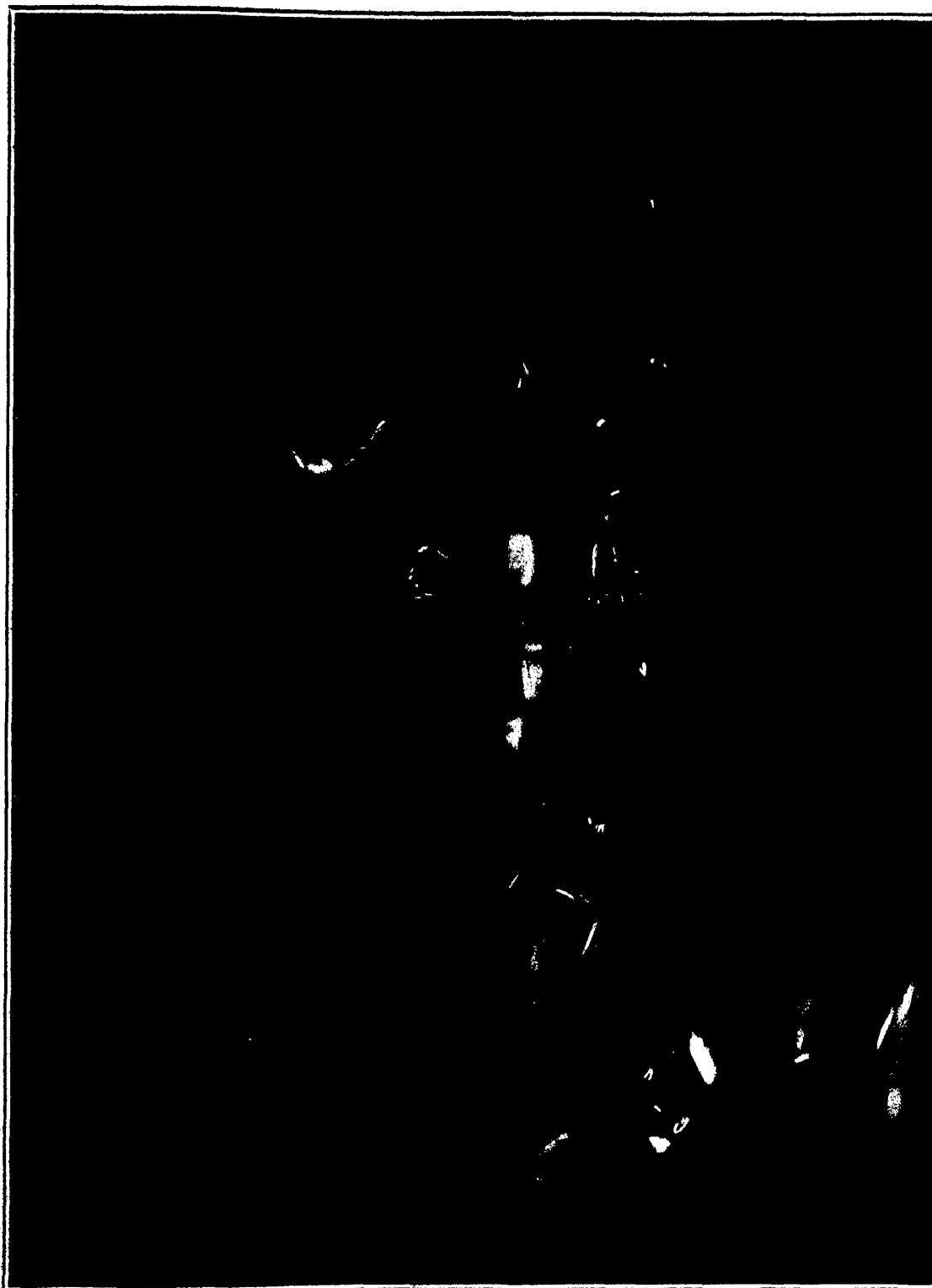


A MISTY MORNING: ON THE WAY TO THE AIGUILLE DE LA ZA (IN THE AROLLA DISTRICT)

From a Photograph by G. P. Abraham and Ben, Norway



ON THE WAY UP MONT BLANC: THE GLACIERS BELOW THE GRANDS MULETS  
From a Photograph by G. P. Alabart and Son, Kewick



The Prime Minister blamed problems on agitators for his own policy. He said as long ago. He said to the House of Commons, in their daily, stupid way, were not up to a score.

THE VOTE OF CENSURE DEBATE: SIR H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN ATTACKS THE ATTITUDE OF THE PREMIER

A SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS BY STUART F. HALL, N.Y.C.



DRAWN BY W. HAMPTON

AN UNWELCOME PASSENGER

FROM SCETCHES BY E. O. D. BOWEN





NO RUSSIANS IN SIGHT: PLAYING BUCKET QUOITS ON AN EASTWARD-BOUND LINE  
DRAWN BY JAMES DEEDE

## "The Graphic" Diary of the War

The past few days has brought news of severe fighting all along the line of the Japanese advance. The three Japanese armies were engaged, and each appears to have been successful in its operations. The information as to the actions is at present meagre, but the result has been the evacuation of Hai-cheng by the Russians. Haidcheng, it will be remembered, is the outpost to the south of Liao-yang, and it has always been regarded as one of the strong positions in Manchuria, the hills across the railway line forming a natural fortification. General Kuroptkin has not only been forced to retreat from his stronghold, but he is in some danger of having his retreat to Liao-yang cut off. The Russians must now abandon all hope of relieving Port Arthur. The attempt was made by General Kuroptkin against his better judgment, and in obedience to orders from St. Petersburg, where Admiral Alexieff's advice was followed, much to the surprise of European critics. The question before General Kuroptkin now is whether it is worth while making a stand at Liao-yang. If he decides to evacuate that position, Mukden must fall at once into the hands of the Japanese, and the Russians will be obliged to retreat to Kharbin. In the meantime, although of real news there is little, there seems to be no doubt that the Japanese are closing in on Port Arthur. Such, roughly, is the situation as we go to press. It should be added that Admiral Alexieff is about to make a tour of inspection in Manchuria, and no doubt General Kuroptkin will be the better able to act effectively during the absence of his chief. Below are set forth, in chronological order, the principal events of the past few days:—

**JULY 24.**—A squadron of Russian destroyers attacked Japanese torpedo-boats and two gunboats in the bay east of the Hsien-cheng Promontory. Three Russian destroyers reported to be sunk.

The German steamer *Tea*, bound from America to Yokohama with a full cargo of fish, was, according to Admiral Skrydlov's despatch, sunk by the Vladivostok Squadron.

**JULY 25.**—The German steamer *Chifu* from Newchwang stopped some fifty miles from Chifu by four Japanese torpedo-boats, searched and subsequently released. She was, so it is reported, afterwards fired at by the Japanese.

**JULY 26.**—The P. and O. liner *Farnese*, bound for Yokohama, seized by the Russians in the Red Sea.

Sir Claude Macdonald instituted a searching inquiry into the sinking of the British steamship *Knight Commander* by the Russians.

The Japanese reported to have occupied Ta-shih-chiao. The foreign officers attached to the third Japanese Army left Tokio for the front.

**JULY 27.**—An official Japanese report states that there was fighting at Port Arthur on that day, but no details are given. Other accounts speak of severe fighting.

The P. and O. liner *Malacca* arrived at Algiers flying the Russian flag. The vessel was hauled over to the British authorities, and at sunset the Russian flag was hauled down.

The German steamer *Holbatia*, which reached Suez in the morning with a Russian crew on board, released on her arrival.

**JULY 28.**—Result of the battle of Ta-shih-chiao (23rd and 24th): General Oku's report states that all positions commanding this position were captured by the Japanese after two days' fighting. Japanese casualties estimated at 800 to 1,000, while the Russians are said to have lost 2,000.

Ta-shih-chiao and Nin-chin-tan reported by General Oku to be ablaze.

**JULY 28-29.**—Artillery duel in the neighbourhood of Haidcheng.

**JULY 29.**—The Japanese occupied a pass near the railway line to the east of Kuchuan-tan.

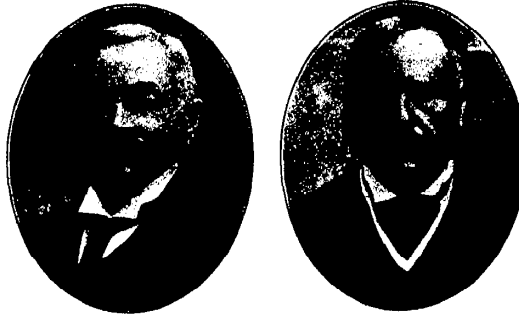
**JULY 31.**—Report published in Tokio that the garrison of Port Arthur had been summoned to surrender.

**JULY 31 and AUGUST 1.**—General attack begun by the Japanese on the Russian position facing Motienling. The three Japanese armies took part in the attack. The Japanese centre under General Nogi, took the town of Taowan; the left, under General Oku, occupied a position jeopardising the Russian right; while the right, under General Kuroki, carried a position against superior numbers. General Count Keller, commanding the eastern wing of the Russian force, was killed.

**AUGUST 1.**—Japanese Government decided to open Yankau (Newchwang) to trade.

**AUGUST 2.**—Reported at Tokio that after three days' fighting the Japanese captured Shentai-kau, an important defence of Port Arthur.

Reported evacuation of Haidcheng by the Russians.



MR. ADOLPH BECK. The extraordinary case of Mr. Adolph Beck has excited much interest. He appears to have been the innocent victim of one of the most remarkable cases of mistaken identity on record—a mistake which has cost him five and a half years of freedom as a penalty for crimes which he never committed, though he was sworn to by persons whom he had never seen in his life until he saw them in court. In the meantime William Thomas, sixty-five, described as a journalist, has been committed for trial charged with practising frauds on women similar to those of which Mr. Beck was accused and for which he has now received a "free pardon." Our photograph of Mr. Beck is by the London Newspaper Company, Regent Street.

MR. ADOLPH BECK AND HIS ALLEGED DOUBLER

## National Thrift

It is highly satisfactory to learn from Lord Stanley that although 1903 was a somewhat unfavourable year for our industrial population, the amount of deposits in the Post Office Savings Bank increased by a million and a half. This, too, in spite of exceptionally heavy withdrawals, consequent on the stress of economic circumstances. But the new deposits from the more fortunate classes aggregated a considerably larger amount, and so more than covered the shrinkage. It would appear, therefore, that the same spirit of economy which so distresses high-class hotel and restaurant proprietors, by diminishing their profits, has also become general among our hewers of wood and drawers of water. No doubt, waste of money was somewhat in evidence on Bank Holiday, but it may be safely calculated that thousands had practised thrift previously to secure the wherewithal for "letting themselves go." It is not, however, these occasional bursts of extravagance, regrettable though they may be, which impoverish so many work-people. The French spend freely enough when holiday-making, but at other times systematically practise every sort of domestic economy with a view of increasing their little investments in Rentes. It would be a right good thing were the British operative to have a similar yearning for Consols. But that has yet to come, and in the meanwhile, it is something gained that he steadily increases his savings bank deposits even in comparatively bad times. The cessation of strikes and lock-outs contributed in some measure, no doubt, to enlarge the amount of savings last year.

## Paris Gossipings

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

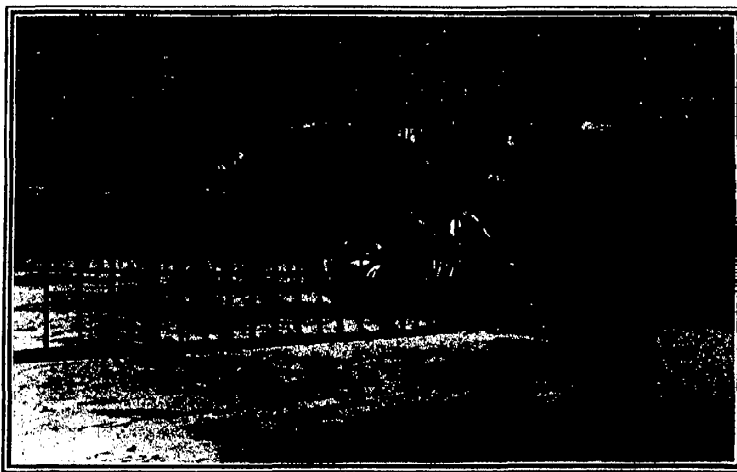
At periodical intervals the question of a Channel bridge or a Channel tunnel crops up in the Paris Press. The resurrection of the project generally coincides with the dog days, when the papers are hard up for "copy." This year has been no exception to the rule. But it is not a bridge and it is not a tunnel, but a combination of the two. The author of the project is M. Bona-Varilla, one of the chief engineers of the defunct Panama Canal. M. Bona-Varilla is of opinion that the aversion of the English people to anything that will abolish the "silver streak" and put an end to the splendid isolation of Britain's insular position is too strong to be overcome.

This aversion renders the tunnel out of the question. There then remains the bridge project. I remember to have seen in M. Bona-Varilla's office a picture of the Channel. It was a picture of a bridge, into which I was shown, there was on the wall an immense oil painting representing an immense girder bridge which ran off into the horizon, where, miles away, the further end disappeared in the fogs of the English Channel. The picture was an interesting combination of realism and imagination, and for the first time brought home to me the practical side of the bridge scheme. French engineers of eminence have assured me that from an engineering point of view the bridge is quite feasible. What renders it little likely of realisation is the immense cost and the possible international complications its construction would or could give rise to. For there is no doubt that the pier of the structure would seriously complicate the already difficult navigation of the Channel.

But France and England, supposing they should both favour the bridge scheme, have only territorial rights over a distance of three miles from land—that is, six miles out of the twenty-one which separate Dover from Calais. The remaining fifteen constitute the high seas, which are the common property of the world. The consent of all the foreign Powers would thus be necessary to the carrying out of the scheme. *Par le sang qui coule*, there would be little chance of this being obtained. This, then, seems to bar the bridge project. M. Bona-Varilla has, however, as I have said, found an ingenious solution of the difficulty. He proposes the construction of a tunnel from France to within three miles of the British coast. Here an artificial island will be constructed, connected with the land by a girder bridge. The trains will come to the surface at the island, and will continue their route across the bridge. Thus due respect will be paid to the British aversion to the tunnel, and the difficulties of the bridge project will be eliminated.

The French are a most ingenious people, but no more extraordinary means of earning a living has ever been proposed than that by the gentleman who dreams of becoming the proprietor of a "duellodrome," or an establishment where fire-eating Frenchmen may find every facility for regulating their affairs of honour. Of recent years one place after another has become the focus for meetings of this kind. The Ile de la Grande Jatte, the Long-champ Racecourse, the Saint Ouen Racecourse, and the cycle track at the Parc des Princes. But these places have none of the conveniences that this ultra-modern philanthropist proposes to put at the disposal of his countrymen. The "duellodrome" would supply the most up-to-date and perfect weapons, firearms, and cold steel. There would be rooms for duels with pistols, and others for meetings with swords. A doctor would be attached to the establishment, and list and bandages kept on hand.

The proprietor proposes, of course, to have a gallery running round the fighting rooms for the convenience of friends desirous of acting as spectators of the prowess of the combatants. There are also to be baths and massage-rooms, whence the duellists can get their muscular system ready for the demands made on it, or repose after the heats of the combat. I presume that there will also be a cinematograph on the premises, so that nothing will be lost to posterity. It would also be well to have a good restaurant on the establishment, as a French duel is excellent for giving one an appetite. In most instances, it is safe to order the meal for six persons, as the chances of either of the principals not being in a condition to partake of it are very remote. I have, however, a terrible suspicion that the whole scheme is a result of the dog days, and merely replaces in the columns of the newspapers the sea serpent and the big gooseberry, the good old stand-bys which have done such yeoman service that they deserve a period of rest.



The much advertised bull-and-tiger fight at San Sebastian ended in a complete fiasco. Ten thousand persons paid for admission, and so great was the demand for seats, that for days before the fight it was being offered for the cheapest seats in the ring. The animals were brought together in a large cage. At first they refused to engage in combat until the bull, goaded on by the attendants, charged the tiger. Then came a lull in the fight, and rocks were let off in the cage to excite the beasts. The bull charged again and forced his dispirited antagonist out of the cage. Amid the panic that ensued among the spectators the soldiers present opened fire on the tiger, shooting the unhappy animal dead and also wounding several members of the audience, including the Marquis Fidal, Vice-President of the Spanish Senate, and the Marquis Urquijo.

A DEGRADING EXHIBITION: THE BULL-AND-TIGER FIGHT AT SAN SEBASTIAN

From an instantaneous photograph



## Our Bookshelf

## "THE GREAT FRENCHMAN AND THE LITTLE GENEVESE"

"This book is a translation, by Lady Seymour, of Etienne Dumont's 'Souvenir sur Mirabeau,' the book concerning which Carlyle and Macaulay held such widely different opinions. It is surprising that a book which gives such an interesting account of the events and personalities of the early days of the French Revolution should not have found a translator before now. Dumont was a clever writer, and a far-sighted politician, and his comments on the vagaries of the Assembly are not only interesting, but of great value to the student of history. He felt a strong attraction for the personality of Mirabeau, and was a great admirer of his versatility. 'If anyone had given him the elements of a Chinese grammar I believe he would have written a treatise on this language. He studied a subject and wrote a book on it at the same time; all he required was a collaborator who would furnish him with facts, and he knew how to employ twenty others for additions and notes. . . . He would have liked nothing better than to be an Information Bureau for the Universe.' It was as a collaborator, as well as a personal friend, that he was connected with Mirabeau, but he fully recognised that it was Mirabeau's own genius which rendered the labour of his 'ghosts' effective; and he remarked to Dureau, who was belittling the power of his friend, 'What does it matter, supposing he does make his friends help him? If he knows how to make them produce what they never could do without his instigation, he is in reality the author of them.' In fact, Mirabeau's capacity for work poured into a proverb, and the word 'mirabeau' became a technical term for the centre horse in a post-team, on which the greatest strain fell. Dumont more than once compares English and French political methods, much to the detriment of the latter. In fact, his admiration for all things English, and the persistence with which he quoted the English political system as a pattern, often proved exasperating to his friends. There are many interesting anecdotes of other prominent men of the time. One is connected with Rochefoucauld. 'Tithes,' said the Archbishop of Aix in a sentimental tone, 'are the voluntary offering made by the piety of the faithful.' 'Tithes,' replied the Duc de Rochefoucauld, in his simple and modest manner, which made the remark all the more to the point, 'Tithes, the voluntary offerings of the pious faithful, on which are now proceeding forty thousand lawsuits in the kingdom.' On the whole, the translator has done her work well, and the book is very pleasant reading. It is illustrated with eight portraits.

## "THE CHALLENGERS"

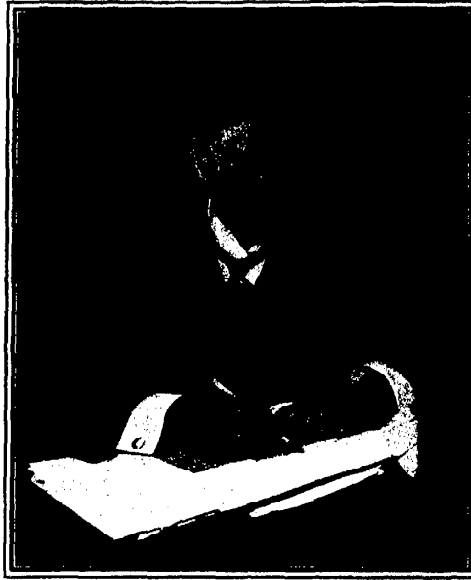
Mr. E. F. Benson's new novel (William Heinemann) is as full of purpose, and of purpose, too, that forces itself. "The Great Frenchman and the Little Genevese." Translated from Etienne Dumont's "Souvenir sur Mirabeau" by Lady Seymour. (London: Duckworth, 1904.)

upon the attention, as an egg of meat. But it is none the less more captivatingly lively than if it had no purpose at all. The combination is rare—perhaps there are not more than two or three works of fiction besides "The Challengers" to illustrate its mastery. The main motive is the result of the well-meant effort of an affectionate father to mould the lives of his children in accordance with his own views instead of their natures. Of course it would have been just as easy—at any rate for so versatile a pen as Mr. Benson's—to have written

a novel on the other side. But in the person of Martin Challoner, the musician of genius, whom that excellent clergyman and scholar his father intends for a career of successful examinations with a fellowship as their goal, he has taken a case in which failure was a foregone conclusion. Why he should have killed poor Martin, instead of allowing genius its natural triumph over even worse obstacles than those that troubled the infancy of the Ugly Duckling, we do not quite understand—unless it were for the sake of giving his readers the pleasant pain of moistened eyes. A subordinate motive is the discussion of musical matters in a vein of brilliant paradox—using the word "paradox" in its proper sense of truth in wit's disguise. Something similar may be said of the one-sided talk of that delightful creation, Lady Sunningdale, whose inconsequence, scarcely to be surpassed by Mrs. Nickleby's own, is still that of a clever woman, whose ideas happen to outrun her words. The novel is worth reading for more than amusement; but it will amply satisfy, and never weary, a reader in search of amusement alone.

## "HYSSOP"

Mr. James Prior appears to hold the psychological opinion that memory and personality are convertible terms: that the loss of one's past, that is to say of the consciousness of it, would be equivalent to a change of identity. Eva, a young woman of unknown surname, whose transmutation is the subject of "Hyssop" (William Heinemann), is among the victims of a terrible railway collision, with the result of a total loss of memory—in itself among the most ordinary incidents of fiction, but anything but ordinary as it is employed by Mr. Prior. Every effort to discover her antecedents being in vain, she remains as one of the family of the kindly people who had taken charge of her after the accident, and in the course of eighteen months passes rapidly through the phases of mental infancy and growth until, under the favourable influences about her, she matures into a pathetic innocence such as one would associate with a St. Agnes who was not above the everyday interests of everyday girls. Well—under the excitement caused by some spiritualistic experiments, and a sub-conscious memory dawns; and when other circumstances bring it wholly back she recovers the personality she had lost—and it is as coarsely degraded and vile as her second self had been delicate and pure. The repulsiveness of the contrast is proof enough of its author's power; much more so than the decidedly hazy and accordingly unconvincing suggestion of her final transformation into a third and purified self under an influence, of which no novel-reader of any experience will need to be told the name. "Hyssop" is not an agreeable novel. But its originality and ability are beyond question, not merely in respect of its main study, but in such portraits as of the spiritualistic tailor and his family, and, indeed, wherever there is an opportunity for a touch of mordant humour.



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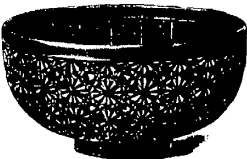
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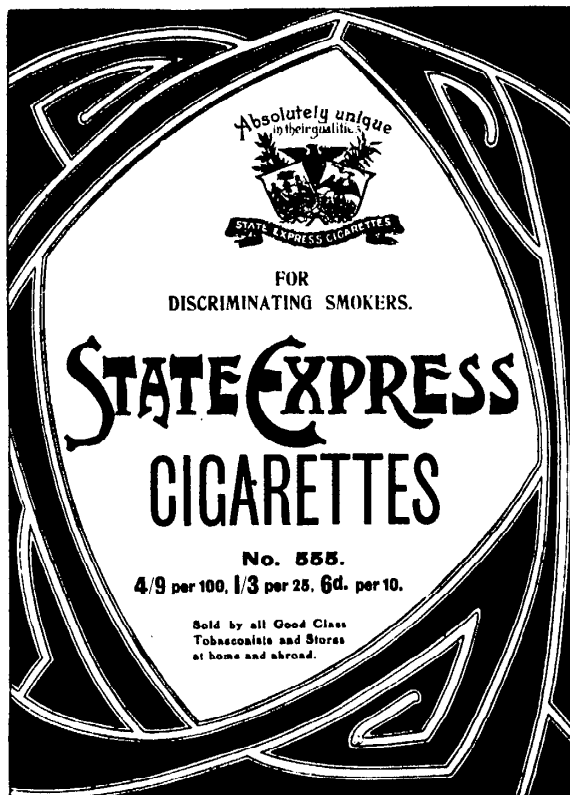
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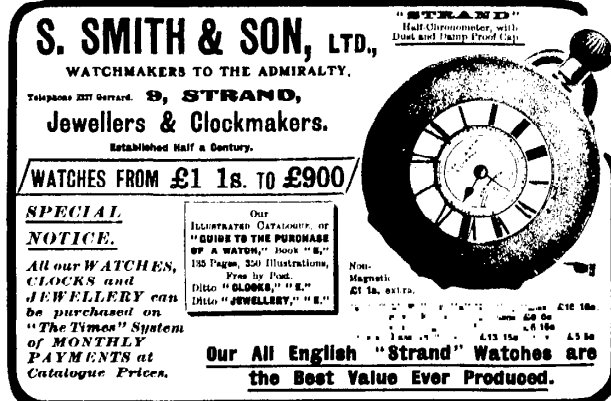
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## Rural Notes

## THE SEASON

The rainfall of later July was productive of a very great deal more benefit than harm. It bent down a few fields of weak corn, but for one acre which it injured it strengthened the growth and plumpness of the grain in a thousand. For the root crops it came as a saving boon, and it was also of the greatest possible aid to farmers in washing the hop plants free of aphides. The absence of wind and the maintenance of a good temperature completed the advantages of later July, which, indeed, is always a critical period, and as rich in gain when favourable as dangerous and disastrous when the contrary. The rainfall up to the 24th was less than an inch, but the last six days added a quantity, making up the total of most stations to an average. The sunshine record is far above the average, but it does not exceed the best previously registered. At the chief stations it varies from 250 to 260 hours. Last year only 150 hours were recorded of bright sunshine in July, so that, roughly speaking, the 1904 improvement amounts to a hundred hours. Temperature has averaged about the same as in 1903, and exceeds that of 1902 and 1903 very considerably. There have been no records of really extreme heat, though on the 15th and 17th eighty-eight degrees in the shade were registered at Westminster and Richmond respectively.

## THE OPEN GARDEN

At the end of July and beginning of August the open garden comes not far short of perfection on a fine day. The present season is very fortunate in its show of most flowers. Though the roses came on too fast from the 2nd to the 24th of July, and many blossoms went

off too soon, there has been a slower and fuller unfolding since the 25th ult. The lilies are magnificent in some gardens, but on the whole this is not quite a lily year. Those who grow the old white lily in quantity usually agree that the number of fine blossoms is smaller than in 1903. Comparison with the bad years 1902 and 1903 is, of course, in favour of 1904. There is a beautiful show of zinnias. They are now in their prime, and for their range of pure and bright colours are not surpassed even by the far more expensive carnations. Of course, the latter have the further and greater gift of scent, but none of the newer varieties quite maintain the exquisite spicy aroma of the old clove pink. Campanulas make splendid spikes of white, blue, and lilac blossoms, and in the old-fashioned garden the sage is rich in blue flower, to which bees throng in preference to all other growths except the other blue flower, the borage. The hargilliums and other varieties of perennial sunflower are unusually large and perfect this season.

## THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY

We are glad to see that "the Royal" are facing their difficulties in the right spirit, and that Lord Middleton, the president, has carried a series of resolutions which should make the vacation fertile in serious inquiry, so that by November next the Society can have before it data leading it to resolutions of a thoroughly reforming character. The influx of 140 new members, including a returning confidence, and the resolutions carried by the president include one which forecasts the application to Parliament for a more popular Charter. Perhaps the worst result of a Council being self-elected is that the members expect everything done for them, and take it for granted that their annual guinea will make the society a success. Personal interest is, of course, needed in addition, and if the members

do not take their families to the annual show, or stir up their friends to visit it, the result is a serious deficit on the gate-money. The shows to which even bachelors do not go alone, but take their sisters and their cousins and their aunts—these shows spell success. But shows to which the married man seldom takes even his wife—these spell the other thing. The Royal must win success by changing its members' point of view, by replacing inertia by co-operation.

## SUMMER PRODUCE

Supply still lags strangely behind demand in certain ways where the former should make money and does not. Instead of a good succulent lettuce being an article practically unobtainable on the August Bank Holiday farmers might easily grow whole fields, which would well pay for the slightly watering. This the lettuces need in July, but it is the simplest of fertilisers. The peas offering freely at threepence per peck are cheap enough, but here again the want of sufficient watering has produced general hardness and absence of flavour. It is little short of an agricultural scandal that practically no cheese is edible in July, and except the imported sorts from France and Italy, waiters calmly tell the customer that the English sorts are all "off." The farmer complains of nobody wanting butter, but this is because the householder is almost invariably mean over it, and because restaurants otherwise decently conducted serve melted grease in the summer with scarcely an apology. The vegetable marrow, which is cheaply grown and is a light refreshing dish in hot weather, is seldom obtainable at ordinaries out of town. At an agricultural show lunch, for which half a crown is charged, the vegetables are strictly limited to potatoes; for three and sixpence peas are usually added.

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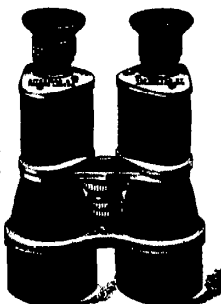
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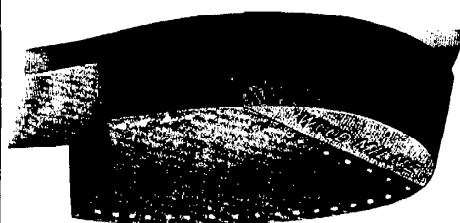
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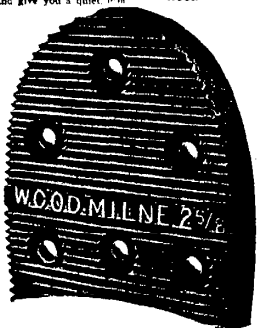
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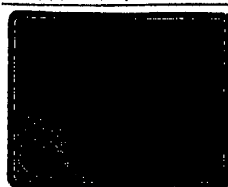


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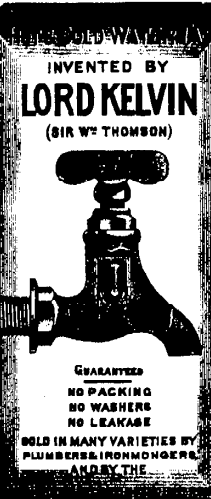
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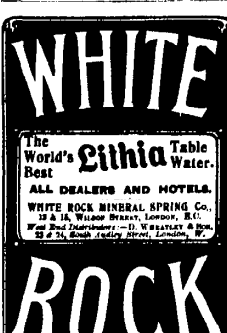


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No. 1,811.—Vol. LXX.

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# THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

NO. 1000, VOL. XX.  
Published by J. J. Astor.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1904

WITH A LITERARY SUPPLEMENT



DECKED IN CHAINS. A Japanese soldier of the 1st Regiment of Infantry, captured by the British, is being held by a British soldier. The Japanese soldier is wearing a dark uniform and a cap. The British soldier is wearing a light-colored uniform and a cap. The scene is set outdoors with a large, light-colored structure in the background.

NO SURRENDER. A JAPANESE CAPTAIN, CAPTURED BY THE BRITISH.

## Topics of the Week

"The world is so small," said the little Frenchman in *No Thoroughfare*, and the truth of this paradox comes forcefully home to us with every successive issue of our morning newspaper. The telegrams from the heart of Tibet—from the almost fabled city of Lhasa—which invaded our breakfast-tables in the most matter-of-fact way, last Monday morning, must have brought to even the dullest imagination a keen and regretful sense of the shrinkage of the world. One by one all the safety valves of geographical fancy have disappeared. The last of the Hermit Kingdoms has now gone. Like Atlantis and the Hesperides, the Land of Iester John and the Walled Cities of the Lost Tribes, Kairouan the Sacred and Timbuctoo the Mysterious, the veil has at length been rent from the Forbidden City of the Lamas. We are confronted suddenly with the cramping fact that the pioneers of civilisation have done their worst. Upon the crust of this globe of ours nothing is henceforth left to the human imagination. The Dalai Lama little knows how his humiliation is avenged. It has not cost us much money or many human lives to profane the sacred precincts of the Laimatic Holy of Holies, and what it has cost us under those heads will speedily be replaced and forgotten; but the inroads it has made on the diminishing board of our illusions is irreparable. We must endeavour to compensate ourselves as best we can with the thought that the blessings of civilisation have at last been brought within the reach of the singularly unsocial Tibetans, and also that a new track for the Cook's Tourist has been opened and levelled with something really worth showing him at the other end. It is useless to tell us that General Macdonald will come back across the colossal mountain passes as soon as the new Treaty is signed, and will lock all the gates again on Tibetan seclusion. His expedition has done something more than march to Lhasa; it has advertised that extraordinary city. Henceforth no polite education will be complete without a visit to the spacious marble Palace of Potala and the great Cathedral of Jokhand, with "its blaze of golden roofs" glistening through "the exquisite green foliage." What American millionaire will be able to resist the glowing description of the wonders and beauties of Lhasa advertised in every newspaper last Monday? Lhasa the Mysterious, the Long-hidden, the Inaccessible, has gone for ever. Our dreams are the poorer, but our list of holiday resorts has received a notable addition. The time will perhaps come when the atmospheric conditions of the Tibetan highlands will be exploited for the purposes of new sanatoria for the tuberculous. At any rate, the chapter of the practical possibilities of the country is now open, and the concessionaire will not be slow to avail himself of it. Meanwhile, perhaps, the wisest course for the Anglo-Saxon spectator to take is to put aside vain regrets and realise that a very notable achievement has been accomplished by our Indian Government and by the gallant men who serve it. The march to Lhasa has written a new and fine chapter in the stirring history of British rule in Asia.

The closing days of a Parliamentary Session are usually marked by unutterable dullness. This Session, however, the Welsh members have managed to provide a dramatic sensation which almost rivals the most excited of Irish scenes. The incident was due to the Defaulting Authorities Bill, a measure intended to circumvent those Welsh County Councils which have failed to carry out the Education Act of 1902. The Welsh members convinced themselves that Mr. Balfour was forcing this Bill through the House by unfair means, and they determined to oppose a passive resistance of a new type to the further progress of the measure. When the motion for the closure of a portion of the Bill was put from the chair, the Welsh members present refused to leave the House. It was obvious that they were all of them in deadly earnest, although very little noise was made, and for a time it seemed as if the Chairman would be compelled to call in the police and have all the Welsh members, and a large number of English members who were aiding and abetting, forcibly removed. This disgrace was prevented by the patience of the Chairman and by the good sense of Mr. Asquith. The former, instead of hastily putting the standing order in force, waited patiently, and frequently appealed to the Welsh members to give way. The latter privately advised them to make their protest, not by being carried out of the House, but by walking out on their own feet and refusing to take any further part in the proceedings. So the

incident ended; but it illustrates the danger of leaving contentious business over to the dying days of a Session. A few years ago it used to be a tradition in the House of Commons that all important Government Bills must be read a second time before Easter so as to allow ample opportunity for their discussion in detail between Easter and August. This year, on the contrary, practically none of the Government Bills were even introduced until after Easter, and thus the heaviest legislative work of the Session has been squeezed into July and August, much to the irritation of tempers on both sides of the House. Nor is the final result satisfactory, either from the point of view of the Government or of the Opposition. The Government have been obliged to abandon a large number of Bills that were promised in the King's Speech, and the Opposition are indignant because a large portion of the Licensing Bill has been passed through the House without any discussion at all.

The signal successes attained by Admiral Togo, owing to his having deeply studied the science of torpedo warfare before hostilities began, have naturally directed the attention of all maritime nations to this comparatively new naval weapon.

Hence the torpedo manoeuvres which are now going on daily off the British and Irish coasts, with the object of determining the best and most effectual methods of employing the "nidges." Certain conditions were laid down beforehand for the guidance of the respective fleet commanders, but not to such an extent as to seriously cripple their freedom of action. Of course, mimic warfare, whether on land or sea, can never be the same as real fighting; history records many battles which, according to all the rules of scientific hostilities, should have been victories for the defeated armies. But manœuvring comes, to some extent, into a different category, and often affords means of judging between rival methods of utilising new resources. It may be urged, perhaps, that British naval officers are too full of professional zeal to need any teaching of that kind. In its naked form, the proposition cannot be contested, but there are some controversies in which arguments are so equally balanced that practical experiment must be the final criterion. We take it for granted, of course, that all possible care will be taken to safeguard the torpedo craft from collisions. They are so extremely fragile, that a very light blow, which would merely shake a Thames barge, rips a big hole in the thin plates, and sinks the unfortunate vessel in less than a minute.

It does not reflect credit on the citizens of London that the Thames Conservancy and the Municipal Court of Common Council should be simultaneously seeking some remedy for rowdism at places of popular resort. In one case, it is the noble river which flows through the Metropolis that, in its upper waters, is often rendered unfit for decent folks to make use of. In the other instance, Epping Forest, in its less frequented parts, is dominated by gangs of ruffians who levy blackmail on any victims too weak for effectual resistance. The police allege that this evil would be more easily dealt with if the plundered and the maltreated could only be induced to give evidence in court. But it is not at all unnatural that they should, as a rule, prefer to keep silence. In the first place, attendance at court usually involves the loss of a day's earnings, while it is pretty certain that false charges of misconduct will be thrown from the dock at any person who dares to help the prosecution. The best remedy for that would be the employment of more plain-clothes detectives, of both sexes, to entrap the noxious pests by making pretence of timidity and guilelessness. On the Thames, hooliganism is of a different and less sordid character. The blackmailer is unknown, but the blackguard, pure and unmixed, is always in evidence on high days and holidays, and it would be a great public benefit to compass his suppression. The Conservancy proposes to effect that highly desirable object by placing on the skippers of launches the entire responsibility for the conduct of all on board; but this remedy would not meet the case of hired row-boats without any waterman in charge. Launches are, perhaps, the worst offenders, but the other nuisances also require to be taught better manners.

## "THE BYSTANDER"

Price Sixpence.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL

(issued by the Proprietors of THE GRAPHIC.)

No. 36 NOW READY.

## The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTLER

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

Among the many notices with regard to the death of *Galignani's Messenger*, or the *Daily Messenger* as it has been called of late years, I am surprised to see no mention has been made in connection therewith of Albert Smith. He probably did more for its popularity in England than anyone else, and there were thousands of people who had never been nearer the Continent than Folkestone or Dover, and who had never set eyes on the newspaper itself, to whom its title became perfectly familiar through the ever-popular ditty rendered with such volubility every night by the Monarch of Mont Blanc. This song was the origin of the "topical song" which was at one time so popular in burlesque, but it was of an infinitely superior character. Instead of the singer retiring at the end of each verse and then returning again and again whether he was wanted or not, Albert Smith gave you the very latest news of the day, with a witty commentary thereupon which he rattled off with extraordinary rapidity, accompanying himself on a little square piano. That piano became the property of Mrs. Montague Williams—who was a sister-in-law of Albert Smith—and she left it to the late Arthur Blunt—so well known to the play-going public as Arthur Cecil. It was at his house that I one day had the pleasure of playing on the curious old-fashioned instrument. I wonder what became of it eventually. Each verse of the "*Galignani's Messenger*" of the Egyptian Hall ended with the refrain:—

Beside our press, we must confess, all other sheets look small—  
For *Galignani's Messenger's* the greatest of them all!

The song, which was always strictly up-to-date, was given at the close of the entertainment about ten o'clock, so you always had the very latest intelligence—often news that you could not obtain elsewhere.

In that most excellent column, "The Property Market" in the *Daily Telegraph*—in which the writer contrives to make most entertaining reading out of mansions, estates, and hotels, indeed manages to infuse a flavour of romance and interest into the auctioneer's catalogue and the surveyor's specifications—I learn that the *Basingstoke Canal* is for sale. *Canals are, I am told, looking up, so here is an opportunity for a capitalist with spare cash.* But it is not on that account that I allude to the matter. It is because the first eight miles of the upper part of the aforesaid waterway are associated with some of my very early recollections. Here I had my first experience in boating, here I handled the sculls and became acquainted with the tiller for the first time, even before I embarked on the Thames, and I have the pleasantest recollections of excursions made in those remote times. Cannot I recall a lovely summer evening when we pulled down to Old Basing and saw the villagers gaily dancing to the music of itinerant performers hard by the remains of Basing House? Do I not remember the awe with which I passed through Grewell Tunnel, and how I watched the little spot of light at the other end gradually increasing, and how glad I was when we finally emerged safely into the sunshine. Are not tarryings at Mapledurwell Hatch, the laborious pushing open of ancient and creaking swing-bridges, picnics hard by Oditham—Odium as the natives call it—and countless other memories still fresh in my recollection? But apart from early associations the canal is marvellously picturesque and well worth exploration. It can be easily reached from the Thames through the Weir, bearing in mind the old adage "Where there's a will there's a way."

It is about time we had some reform in the Sunday service of country telegraph offices. I do not propose that they should be open all day, because that would be absolutely unnecessary, as there are many of these places where the telegraph is but rarely used on Sunday. I would suggest, however, that some alteration should be made in the hours. At a large proportion of the offices alluded to, they are only open from nine to ten, which renders it almost impossible for you to receive a reply which is very often of considerable consequence. Why cannot the telegraph be equally available from five to six or six to seven? This would be a great accommodation to the public and no hardship whatever to the officials. For, as a general rule, they would have to be in attendance at the time alluded to, or, thereabouts, to look after the evening mails. It should be borne in mind that with the paucity of posts and rarity of trains on Sunday, in an emergency, the telegraph is our only means of rapid communication.

After many years' juggling away at railway companies at all times and seasons and in all sorts and conditions of journals, I had the satisfaction of having a return ticket handed to me the other day with the information that it would last six months. This is very satisfactory. There is no intimation of the scope of the ticket inscribed thereupon, so I suppose it will be henceforth considered as a matter of course. But would it not save the officials a great deal of trouble if they had simply double-journey tickets with the right to return any time you pleased, and the understanding that no allowance should ever be made on lost tickets, however clearly they might be identified. I note on the ticket referred to the legend "*Not transferable*." Now isn't this rather silly? If I take a ticket for my grandmother, my second cousin once removed, my daughter's governess, my private chaplain or my butler, are they not to be allowed to use it? Besides, who is to know whether I transfer it or not? How ridiculous you would think it if you bought two pairs of boots and found them marked "*Not transferable*." Many, many years ago I wrote an article on "Tickets" in the columns of *THE GRAPHIC*, and I am glad to say that most of the reforms therein advocated have been by this time carried out.





A CARPENTERING CLASS



INSTRUCTION IN SEAMANSHIP

## A Valuable Object-Lesson

WHAT GERMANY DOES FOR HER MERCANTILE MARINE

In the West India Docks there is just now to be learned an object-lesson by those who are interested in our Mercantile Marine—a class which one would think would include every patriotic English man and woman—in the shape of a fine large steel-built four-masted barque, whose tall masts tower into the air, and whose fine white hull is a thing of grace and beauty among the black-bodied steamers and dingy traders all around. It is the sailing vessel *Herzogin Cecilie*, one of the school ships of the North German Lloyd, an ocean-going, cargo-carrying vessel of over 3,000 tons, over 300 feet in length, and with an immense spread of canvas; on board of her are sixty-six cadets, who are learning in the most practical manner, and with German thoroughness, their duties as future officers of the great commercial fleet which owns the ship.

The *Herzogin Cecilie* has recently arrived from San Francisco, making the voyage down the Pacific to Cape Horn and up and across the Atlantic in 120 days—a long and lonely voyage which was perfectly successful, save for the loss of one cadet, who was washed overboard off the River Plate. The commander of the *Herzogin Cecilie* (Captain Max Dietrich) recently entertained a number of guests on board, and after hospitably entertaining them at luncheon, showed them over the beautiful ship, of which he and his officers and every cadet on board are justly proud, for she is as well found and as well kept as any man-of-war.

By the North German Lloyd Company's system of training every officer in their service must have done a course of duties as a sailor before the mast on an ocean-going training-ship, and passed various examinations on board during several years of voyaging over the world. In establishing these school-ships the object is to

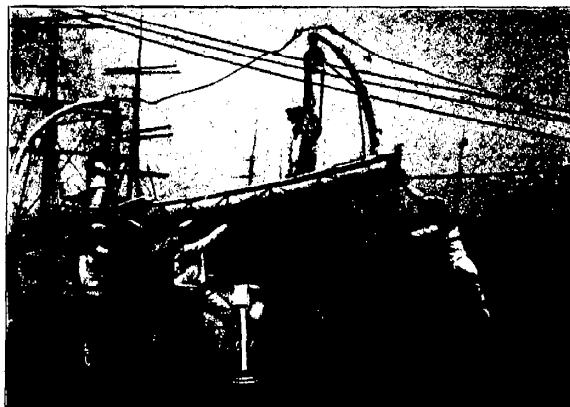


THE NORTH GERMAN LLOYD TRAINING-SHIP HERZOGIN CECILIE

get into the profession young men of a class which has hitherto kept aloof from the career of a commercial sea-officer. On board a North German Lloyd training-ship, such as the *Herzogin Cecilie*, the cadets receive a very thorough and systematic training in the theory and practice of their future profession as officers of large ocean steamers. All work properly belonging to seamen, including the hardest, has to be done by them—the sixty-six lads

of the *Herzogin Cecilie* navigated her all the thousands of miles of her voyage. Sailing vessels have been deliberately chosen for the training of the cadets, one reason being that, according to law, admission to the mate's examination and to the Navigation School depends upon the performance of a definite amount of sea service on a sailing ship; and another is that the qualifications required of a steamer officer—activity, courage, quick comprehension, decision—can only be acquired on a sailing ship, and all-round training can be better effected than on a steamer.

For the complete training of a German cadet a three year's course is necessary. He enters as a boy, and has to engage for a year, and he then has the position of ordinary seaman, and after another year he qualifies as A.B. Besides the practical training in seamanship at sea, a certain number of hours are daily spent in instruction in all nautical subjects, modern languages, mathematics, navigation. At the end of three years of this admirable life the cadet goes for a year as Warrant Officer or Quartermaster on one of the steamers of the North German Lloyd, and with this fourth year the legal provisions as to admission to the mate's examination are complied with, so that the cadet can now attend at the Navigation School for three or four months when he gets the finishing touches to the knowledge he has already gained during three years at sea. At his mate's examination he may receive permission to perform one year's voluntary service in the German Imperial Navy, and here he may qualify himself as an officer of the Naval Reserve. After getting his mate's certificate the cadet may join the regular fleet of the North German Lloyd as fourth officer, and, after a further service of two years, a second course at the Navigation School is required for the examination as master of a foreign-going ship. This closes the school training. The certificate as master of a foreign-going ship entitles the holder to the independent command of merchant ships on all seas.



BOAT DRILL



REPAIRING SAILS

HOW CADETS ARE TRAINED FOR THE GERMAN MERCANTILE MARINE

From Photographs by Clarke and Hyde, Redcross Street.



FROM A RELEASE BY A CORRESPONDENT

In order to direct the fire of the Japanese gunboats at Kaiping the Chinese put up a number of dummy balloons, well protected by batteries, watched with pleasure the success of their trick.

# CHEATING THE JAPANESE: A RUSSIAN RUSE AT KAIPING

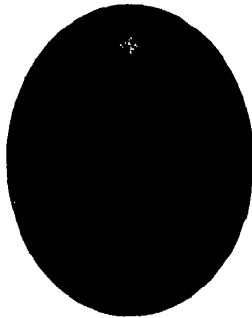
TRAVEL BY P. DE KLEIN



THE LATE JUDGE O'CONNOR MORRIS  
An Irish Celebrity.



MR. RUFUS ISAACS, K.C.  
New M.P. for Reading.



REAR-ADMIRAL SIR W. WHARTON  
The late Hydrographer of the Navy.



CAPTAIN A. M. FIELD  
The new Hydrographer of the Navy.

### Our Portraits

Rear-Admiral Sir William Wharton, the retiring Hydrographer of the Navy, joined the Service as cadet in August, 1857. He was appointed hydrographer in August, 1884, and went on the retired list seven years later, but was continued in his appointment; he reached the rank of rear-admiral in January, 1895. He was appointed a C.B. on the occasion of the late Queen Victoria's birthday in 1895 and a K.C.B. at the Diamond Jubilee. Sir William is a member of many learned societies and the author of several works. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Captain A. M. Field, who succeeds Sir William Wharton, is forty-nine years of age, and has been employed at the Admiralty for the past four months. He entered the Service in December, 1868, and six years later passed for lieutenant, taking three first-class certificates and the Beaufort testimonial, being promoted to that rank in October, 1875. After much experience of surveying work in 1885 he was appointed lieutenant commanding the Dart, and during the four years of his command carried out such excellent surveying work on the coasts of New Guinea and Tasmania as to elicit a special expression of their satisfaction from the Lords of the Admiralty. In November, 1896, he was appointed to the command of the *Agave*, and at the end of four years the Admiralty again expressed their approbation of his surveying work on the coast of Borneo and in the China Seas. In June, 1899, he was promoted to captain, and from 1900 until November last has commanded the *Research*, surveying vessel in home waters. Captain Field is a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical and Royal Geographical Societies, and the author of several articles in the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Our portrait is by A. Debenham, Southsea.

Mr. Rufus Daniel Isaacs, K.C., the new Liberal Member for Reading, is the second son of Mr. Joseph Michael Isaacs, a merchant in the City of London, and a nephew of Sir Henry Aaron Isaacs, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1889-90. He was born in London on October 10, 1860, and was educated at University College School, and in Brussels and Hanover, with the intention of his following a commercial career. He was, indeed, for some years on the Stock Exchange, but quitted that profession in order to study for the Bar. A pupil of Mr. Lawson Walker, K.C., he was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in November, 1887, joining the Northern Circuit. His experience in the City has been of the utmost service to him in the Courts in the large number of commercial cases in which he has been engaged, one of the more prominent in his earlier years, while he belonged to the junior Bar, being the Hansard case, in which he represented his father and uncle. After practising less than eleven years, and obtaining one of the largest junior practices, he took silk in 1898, and since that period has been counsel in a large number of celebrated cases. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Lady Fanny Octavia Louisa Spencer Churchill, who was married to Lord Tweedmouth, then Mr. Edward Marjoribanks, on June 6, 1873, was the third daughter of the seventh Duke of Marlborough, and therefore a sister of the late Lord Randolph Churchill and aunt of the present Duke. Lady Tweedmouth was a recognised leader of Society, especially on the Liberal side of politics, and her loss will be deeply felt. The King was to have paid a visit to Lord and Lady Tweedmouth at their Scottish seat in the coming autumn. Our photograph is by Lafayette, New Bond Street.

Judge O'Connor Morris was in his eightieth year. He was first



THE LATE LADY TWEEDMOUTH  
The Popular Liberal Hostess.

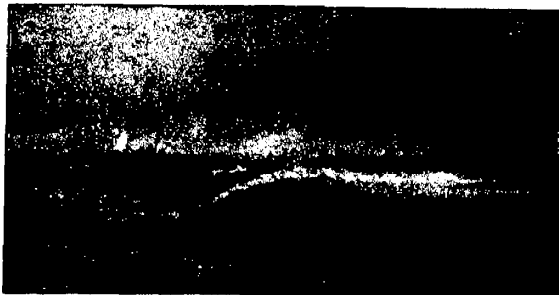
made a judge for the county Louth in 1876, and afterwards for Kerry. Subsequently he was appointed to the counties Roscommon and Sligo, where he acted until last year, when through failing health he retired, his duties since then having been transacted by deputy. He was a polished *literateur* and a distinguished authority on military history, his biography of Nelson being his best-known work. He was a constant contributor to periodicals, magazines, and newspapers, both in England and Ireland, and was nicknamed by his political opponents the "Pamphleteering Judge." Our portrait is by Lafayette, Dublin.

### The Court

Last week their Majesties spent a quiet week at Cowes watching the yacht races and going for short cruises in the *Britannia*. The Queen was only absent for one day, when she paid a visit to the Royal Victoria Hospital at Netley to inspect the new quarters of Queen Alexandra's nursing service. On Saturday their Majesties dined with Princess Henry of Battenberg at Osborne Cottage, and after dinner the Royal party drove to Carisbrooke Castle to witness a torchlight tattoo carried out by the 2nd Battalion of the Sherwood Foresters. On Sunday the King gave a luncheon party on board the *Victoria* and Albert, and on Monday their Majesties returned to Buckingham Palace after visiting the Royal Naval Hospital at Haslar. On Wednesday, after the Cabinet Council, the King started for Marienbad, travelling *incognito* as the Duke of Lancaster. On the same day Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria left for Sandringham. After a short stay there the Queen will leave for Duff House, Banfilde, on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Fife, after which she will spend a few days at Balmoral before proceeding to Denmark.

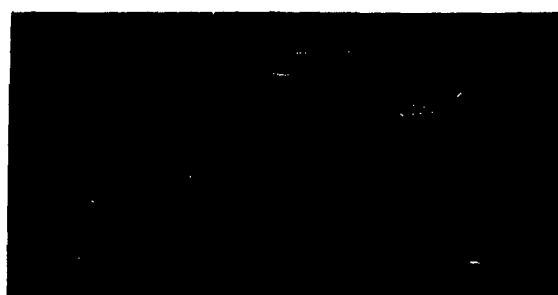
According to present arrangements the Emperor of Austria will arrive at Marienbad to visit King Edward in time for the State Luncheon, to be given on the 16th inst., in honour of the King, and on the following day the Emperor will leave for Karlsbad. On his return from abroad, the King intends to pay a visit to Lord Hurton at Glen Quoich, one of the finest deer forests in Scotland, where, in a good season, more than one hundred stags are killed. In late autumn it is expected that the German Emperor will pay an informal visit to England, spending a few days with the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace or Sandringham, and then going to Lowther Castle on a visit to the Earl and Countess of Londale.

The Princess of Wales returned to town on Monday, and left two days later on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire to join their party at the Hall, Bolton Abbey, for the 12th. At the conclusion of the visit, the Prince will stay for a short time with Mr. Sassoon, and will afterwards proceed to the North of England and to Abergeldie.



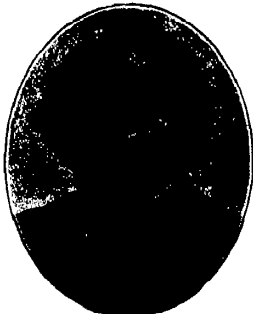
The motor-boat, when going at high speed, cuts its way through the water and little more than the bow of the boat can be seen, as the foam rises to such a height. Mr. Edge's Napier Minor, it will be remembered, won the International Cup last week, in which race it made an average speed of twenty knots. This week Mr. Edge has not been so fortunate, his boat being beaten by a French boat, *Merveilles IV.*, in a race from Calais to Dover, Napier Minor being second. Our photograph is by Stephen Child, Southsea.

GOING AT TWENTY KNOTS: MR. EDGE'S MOTOR-BOAT, NAPIER MINOR



At Bexhill-on-Sea, last week, a three days' automobile race meeting was held, confined to touring cars. The entry list was large, and the spectators numerous. The competing vehicles were driven over a hilly course, with a standing start, and were run in pairs. Classification was according to price. The meeting was brought to a conclusion by a battle of flowers and a gymnastic. Many handsome prizes were presented. Those in our illustration were designed and manufactured by Messrs. Napier and Webb, Ltd., Oxford Street.

THE BEXHILL AUTOMOBILE MEETING: SOME OF THE PRIZES



THE BISHOP OF DIJON  
Summoned to the Vatican to answer for his conduct.

### "Place aux Jams"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

Camping-out is a delightful way of passing a holiday; it is also a most health-giving and enjoyable mode of living. The Americans have for a long time used the Adirondack Mountains for their camp life. Thither went artists, humble folk, girls from college, students, and even occasionally a few rich people, tired of the extravagant and luxurious life of Newport. All returned invigorated, buoyant with fresh health and spirits, to the civilisation whence they had joyfully escaped for a few weeks. One hears, therefore, with regret that this simple, wholesome life is invaded by luxury and ostentation. It has become the fashion to camp out, not in the old rough-and-ready way, but accompanied by cooks, servants, and camp followers, and surrounded by all the comforts and the elaborate ease of home. This means to undo all the benefits accruing from the return to nature—the sleeping in the open air, the necessity of working with one's hands, that conferred health and peace. We in England have not half mastered the secret of the happiness of camping-out. A few University men pitch tent on the banks of a river, a boys' camp is formed by charitable people, and landscape painters prosecute their studies of sky and atmosphere from the little travelling caravan or the easily pitched tent, but the bulk of the population resort to stuffy rooms and bear with patience the tyranny and rapaciousness of the lodging-house keeper. We should hear less of nerves and breakdowns if people resorted more to the open-air life.

The discussion anent the supposed economy that is growing among all classes continues. "John Oliver Hobbes" seems to have hit the right nail on the head when she points to satiety as the cause of retrenchment among society people, and the decay of the season. "The wealthy classes," she says, "are surfeited with the perpetual round of luncheons, dinners, balls, theatre parties, supper parties, bridge parties, and week-end parties, which go on all the year round—if not in London, at other places where the same people must again do the same things, and reiterate the same conversation. It was once a pleasure to come to London for six weeks in the height of the season, now it is a bore, from which the richest are only too glad to fly. The fact is, most persons are exhausted; they want rest. The most frivolous and dissipated have a genuine longing to enjoy that forgotten blessing, home life." It is this feeling which has led society in America to seek ever new and eccentric sensations—to up in the swimming-bath and eat dinner off horses' backs in the stable.

And what a tangle all our modern life is! In one paragraph one reads about the satin-lined baskets and the jewelled collars of Lord Anglessea's pet dogs, in another a heartrending description of married misery, the result of overcrowding in the slums, by George R. Sims. This problem of housing the poor in cities is certainly one of the most important of the present day. How can a woman keep any decency or gentle, womanly feeling who lives in the degrading conditions that prevail among the people who herd together regardless of age or sex in one room? How can marriage under these circumstances be happy? How can children grow up good and healthy, and what a future are we, preparing for the future men and women of England? Let every wealthy woman, every happy mother, every fond wife, consider these problems and take an interest in them. No one, if they indeed realised such things, would sleep at night for the thought, or spend her time and her money in useless luxuries for herself. It is a disgrace to civilisation and a disgrace to England that the poor should be housed in pigsties, and it is a constant source of hidden and desperate danger to the community.

Fan-painting is surely one of the most suitable occupations for the female artist. The gifts of dainty imagination and fancy, of grace and pure and delicate colouring, may all be exercised freely in this art. Novelty and truth to nature are the special qualities which a Berlin lady has aimed at. She may be said to have attained the highest position as a fan-painter, and, leaving the absolutely conventional and the formal designs of the Louis XVI. period, has employed painting and embroidery in a charming juxtaposition. Women, as a rule, fail in the correct drawing of the human figure, but in flower-painting are supreme. The decoration of fans might well be made more of a study, as it gives a steady scope to individuality in the matter of design and execution.

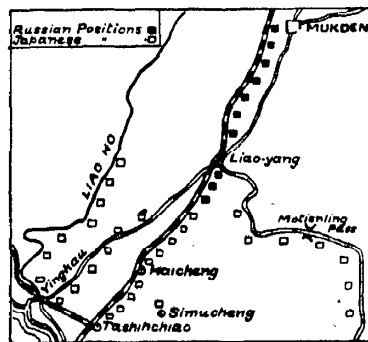


The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire on Monday attended the opening of the new Technical Institute and Public Free Library at Keston. The building, the erection and furnishing of which cost £28,000, stands on a prominent site in Grove Road, a out 100 yards from the railway station. In addition to a free library and reading-room the building will accommodate the municipal boys' and girls' schools and the technical and higher education classes, whilst on the site immediately adjoining will be built a central fire station. The site, which is valued at £10,000, and was the best available in the town, was presented by the Duke of Devonshire. Mr. Andrew Carnegie contributed £10,000 to the cost of the free library, and is to receive the honorary freedom of the borough in recognition of his generosity. This new building was erected from designs by Mr. F. A. Robinson. Our photograph is by G. and R. Davis, Keston.

RANTBOURNE'S NEW TECHNICAL INSTITUTE AND FREE LIBRARY

### French Bishops and the Vatican

The serious quarrel now in progress between the Vatican and the Republic is mainly associated in the minds of the majority with the disciplinary controversy raised by the cases of the Bishops of Laval and Dijon. The coalition of Radicals and Socialists which saved the Republic after the sudden death of President Faure, introduced as one of their first measures a drastic Bill for dealing with religious associations in such a way as to prevent the monastic bodies from exercising any influence over French secular affairs. At the instance of Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, a strongly worded protest against the "anti-religious" policy of the Ministry was drawn up, which the Bishops of Laval and Dijon, together with two other bishops and four archbishops, refused to sign. This act of rebellion was not immediately resented by the Vatican, but when signs of disorder manifested themselves among the faithful of Laval and Dijon, the two bishops were invited to proceed to Rome and explain their conduct. A correspondence ensued, the upshot of which was that they were offered the alternatives of trial before the Disciplinary Congregation or voluntary resignation. The French Government took up their case, with the result that an open rupture with the Vatican ensued. At the present time one of the bishops, M. Le Nordez, of Dijon, has capitulated to the Pope, and has submitted himself to the Council of Cardinals at Rome. The other bishop, M. Geay, has publicly stated his desire to resign. Our portrait of the Bishop of Dijon is by Berthoud, Paris, and that of the Bishop of Laval by Victoire, Lyon.



The chief interest of the war at the present moment is concentrated on the coming great battle, which is expected to seal the fate of General Kuropatkin. Last week, according to General Kuropatkin, the Japanese in the west had advanced their covering troops to a line ten miles north of Hsiao-cheng. In the east General Kuraki was busy on the Liao-yang high road, and had approached to within eighteen miles from Liao-yang. General Sakharoff has sent details of the fight at Hsiao-cheng on July 31. General Sakharoff was in command of the Russians, who lost twenty-nine officers and over 1,000 men killed and wounded and six guns abandoned. Both in the east and west the Russians retreated to good order, but suffered terribly during the march.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR: PLAN SHOWING THE JAPANESE CONCENTRATION ON LIAO-YANG



THE BISHOP OF LAVAL  
Summoned to the Vatican to answer for his conduct.

### Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE"

\* There is to be a desperately fought Autumn campaign, which may end sensationally with a General Election! The situation in Russia is becoming more grave every day! Uncertainty influences every mind and every market! Were there to be a General Election in the immediate future, and were the Radicals returned with a moderate majority, this would prolong the period of uncertainty, and would probably result in another appeal to the country within a year or two from this! Were the Unionists victorious, a hundred trades would be disturbed, for the effects of Protection cannot be perceived clearly at this distance! A revolution in Russia, whether it be official or popular, might have far-reaching consequences! "We are drifting into the rapids," says a well-known British diplomatist. "But the English are not excitable. Reform will be the fruit that we shall pick; there are others who will gather Republicanism." The combination of circumstances is exceptionally interesting.

Mr. Winston Churchill is forcing his way to the front faster than any young man has in the political world in this country in recent times. There are many who say that he is too audacious; but audacity becomes a virtue when it has secured success. Who was more laughed at than was Lord Beaconsfield when he was young? No one laughs at Mr. Churchill, though he arouses the anger of many. Whether he argues on the right side or the wrong, it is impossible to deny that there are more original and striking thoughts in his speeches than are generally to be found in the utterances of the other politicians of our times. Moreover, he has contrived to attach to himself a following, both in Parliament and in the constituencies, and that is a real achievement for so young a politician to have accomplished. It is also remarkable that a small party of anti-Churchillites has been formed in the House. The last words of a very successful man have been recorded as follows:—"My sons, I have had many friends and many enemies; the former clung to me, the latter forced me forwards. A weak man has no enemies but his friends; a strong man has no friends but his enemies."

"You are made by your wives, we by our wits," we may soon hear the middle-class men in this country exclaim. It is a curious circumstance that most of the men of family in this country now establish themselves by marrying a wife who has money, whilst most of the middle-class men, by the exercise of industry, intelligence, and enterprise, work their way to fortune. It is useless to pretend that there is no class war. The family made men detest the self-made, though the former may often find it to their advantage to be agreeable to the latter. If such a class war does exist—and it unquestionably does—on which side must the victory unswervingly rest, with those who have not exerted themselves further than to win a wealthy bride, or with those who have by the continual exercise of energy, intelligence, and enterprise, attained fortune and fame?

The middle-class is the backbone of this country. No doubt; but the backbone has shifted to the front, which is unnatural and unwelcome. The principle contained in this thought is continually suggested by the arguments we hear in conversation, though it has never yet been expressed so clearly. Of course, the confusion is caused by imagining that the expression "backbone" is used in its ordinary sense. It matters nothing whether the strength of the nation is in the hands of those who have inherited power, position, and privileges, or in those of men and women who have inherited intelligence, energy, and enterprise, and have increased these qualities by education and use. The latter may not have the refinement and delicate instinct which the former possess, but refinement and delicacy can be cultivated in suitable surroundings. This is the Middle-Class Age; in the United States, in Great Britain, in France, and even in Germany, the most significant circumstance of modern times is the rapid advance in the direction of influence, wealth, and intellectual power of the middle class.

Enemy's Works.

The Chen Monastery.



DRAWN BY GEORGE HOOKS

FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT E. V. L. SYMON

It was during the attack on the Chen Monastery on June 28 that Captain Craster was killed. The fighting was very severe, and the troops engaged included the 2nd Pioneer and 40th Peshawar, and the 2nd Gurkha, under Major-General Macdonald. Finally, after some resistance from shell fire, the Peshawar and mounted infantry captured the monastery and the village below. Colonel Brander's party

being able to shoot down from the hills above a few Tibetans who bolted. Meanwhile, the 2nd Pioneer were engaged in clearing the village on the left, where the resistance offered was just as obstinate as elsewhere. The enemy refused to leave the small houses, despite the fact that we brought up guns and shelled them at a range of 800 yards.

#### THE FIGHTING AT GYANGTSE: THE ATTACK ON THE TSE CHEN MONASTERY



DRAWN BY BALMOOR, BALMOOR

FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT E. V. L. SYMON

The sketch was made on the roof of the Mission House. Lieutenant Hadow, of the Norfolk Regiment, rarely left his gun during the investment of the monastery, and practically lived in this corner of

the defenses, rigging up a shelter behind the gun. Most of the Jore works were within range of the gun, which invariably sent forth a splinter or splinters the moment a Tibetan showed himself.

#### THE FIGHTING AT GYANGTSE, IN TIBET: THE NORFOLK MAXIM AT WORK





Early one morning two midshipmen went ashore in late to shoot Ptarmigan.



They came on a solitary bird, which they proudly let drive at—and missed very much—



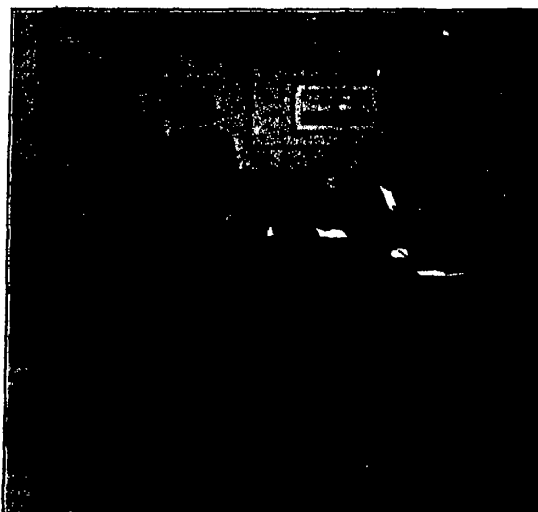
They then stalked that lonely Ptarmigan the forelong day, and finally—



—An eagle's eye, aided by a telescope, saw the crime—



Managed to get it, sitting, with a well-directed volley.



They were promptly arrested—tried by Gun Room Court-Martial for murder, aggravated by bad gunnery, and—



Sentenced to read a written apology, whilst their messmates drank to the memory of the deceased victim.

DRAWN BY W. RALSTON

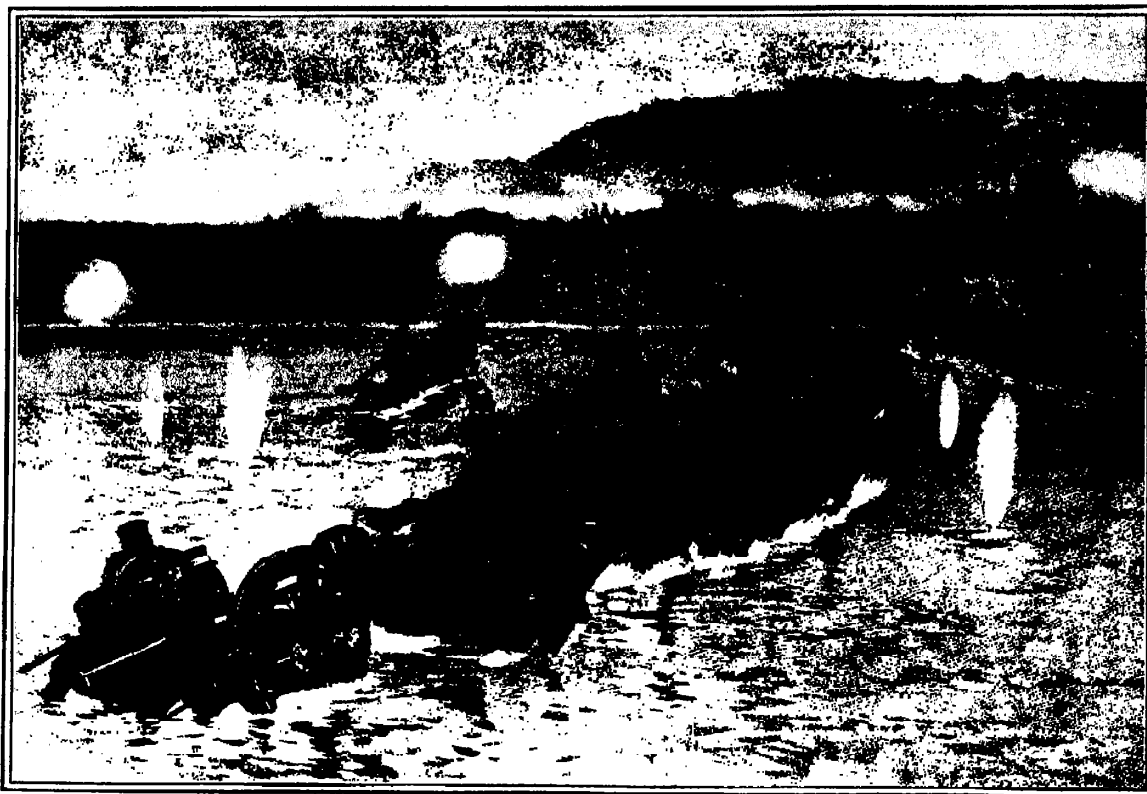
# A CRIME AND ITS PUNISHMENT

FROM A PICTURE BY M. STEVENSON, R.N.



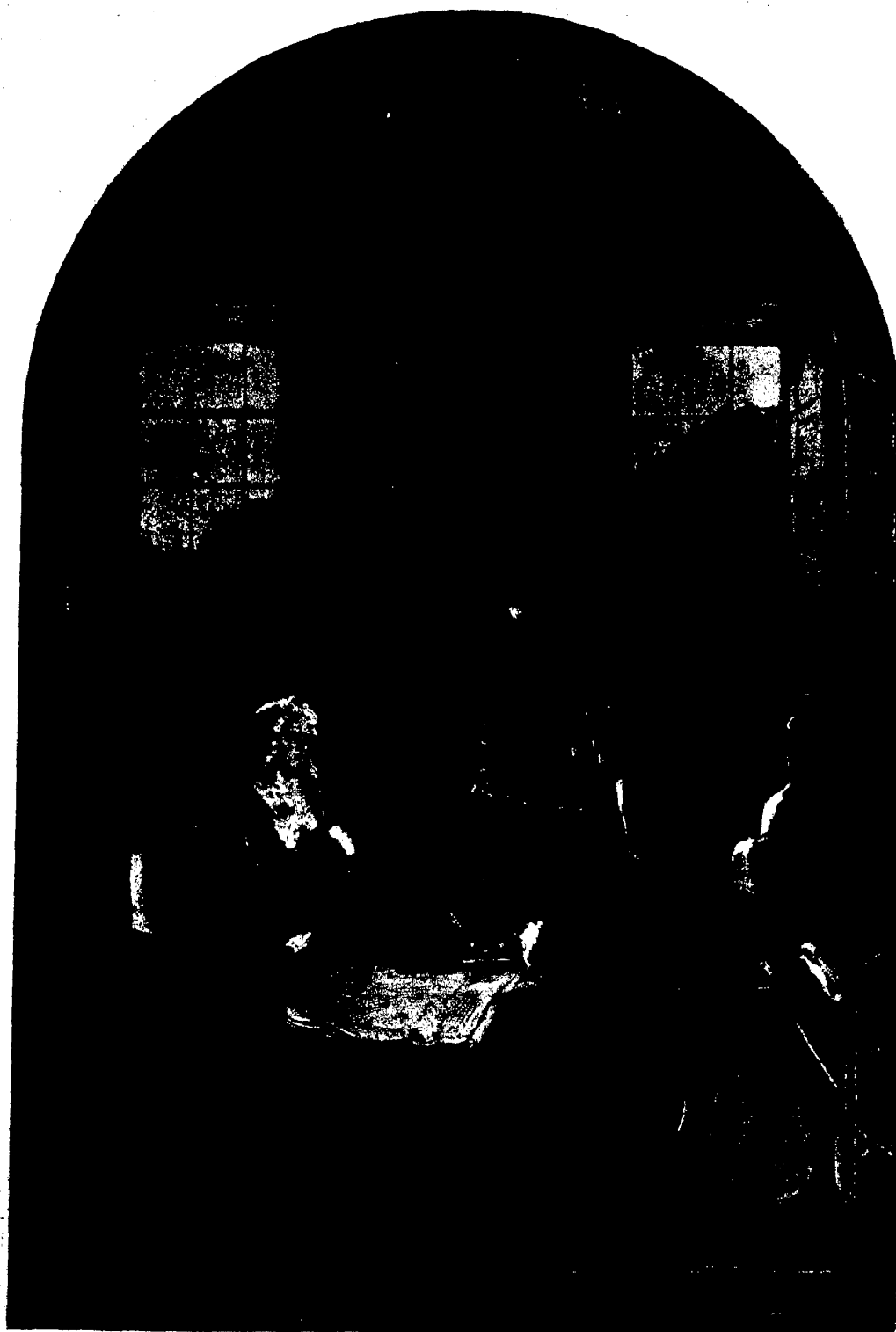
At the action at Nanshan, which, it will be remembered, was the sequel to the battle at Kincho, some of the Russians tried to escape by crossing an inlet of the sea, but almost all who made the attempt were destroyed by the Japanese.

THE DESPERATE ENCOUNTER IN THE SEA AT THE BATTLE OF NANSHAN



WARM WORK: JAPANESE ARTILLERY CROSSING A RIVER UNDER FIRE

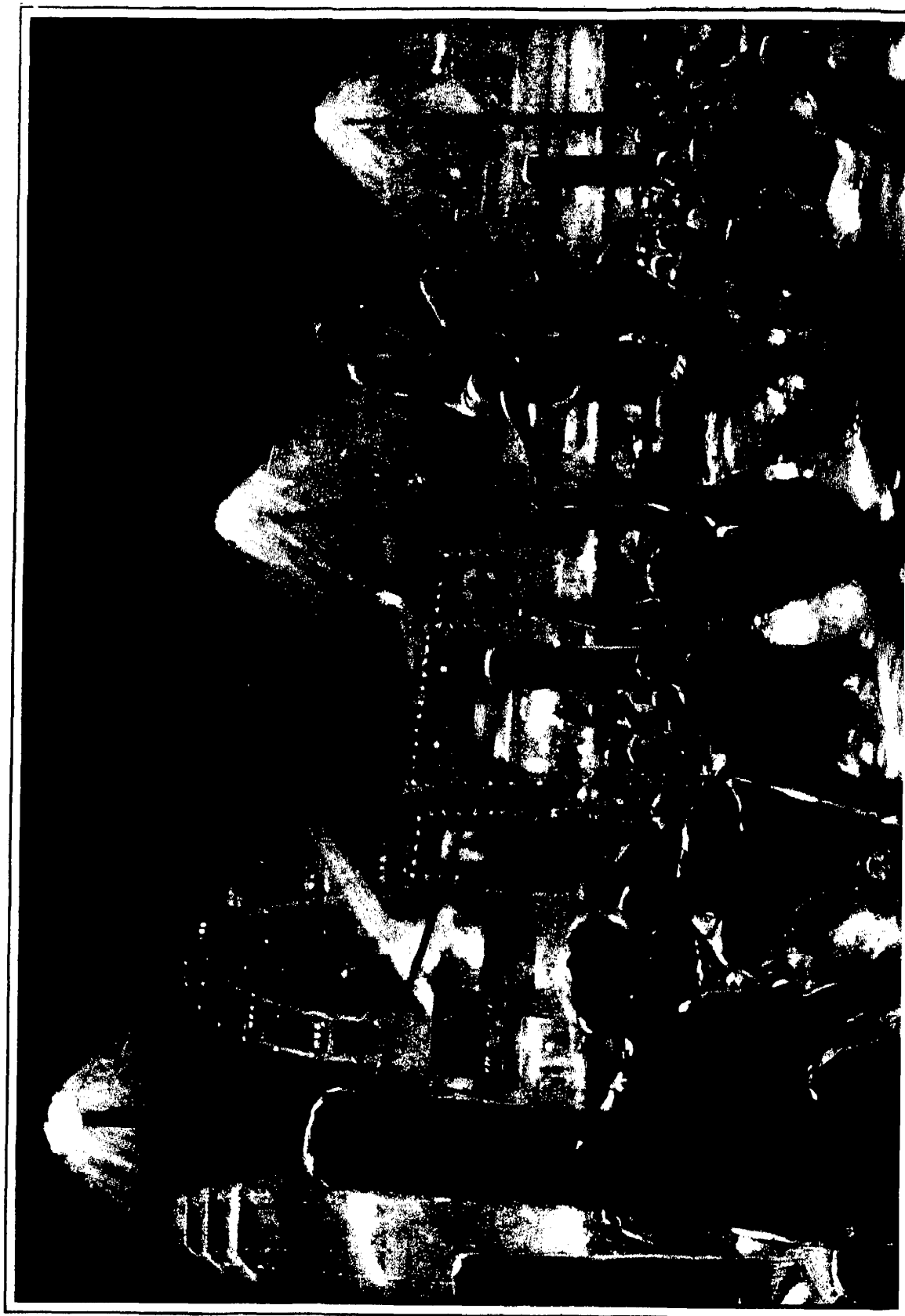
FACSIMILE SKETCHED BY A JAPANESE ARTIST



"PRESENTATION OF THE CHARTER TO THE BANK OF ENGLAND." PAINTED BY GEORGE HARCOURT AND PRESENTED BY THE MEMBERS OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE

The latest addition to the frescoes which adorn the walls of the Royal Exchange was revealed by the Lady Mayors. The picture, which is presented by about 200 members of the Stock Exchange, is the work of Mr. D. Harcourt and represents the granting of a charter (July 31, 1694) for the foundation of the Bank of England. The scene is laid in the room of a house in the north-west angle of Lincoln's Inn Fields, formerly known as Powis House. The most prominent figure is that of Lord Somers (the Lord Chancellor), who is administering the oath to the directors.

THE DECORATION OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE: THE LAST COMPLETED FRESCO





SURF-BATHING BY ELECTRIC LIGHT AT CONEY ISLAND, NEW YORK

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY A. CASTAGNE



"Well, Mr. Faversham, what can I do for you?" asked Sir Piers coolly, taking in the situation. "Sir, you've come forth out of that and fight me, by God, you shall, or I will horsewhip you where you sit," roared the young man.

#### CHAPTER VII (continued)

He looked at him with a wide and desolate wilderness. When he saw a single horseman riding fast and free, he turned his head again. He had not seen the position and both valets stared. Sir Piers held in the direction of the

"Keep your eyes to the front and mind your business," said Sir Piers peremptorily, and the two pairs veered about on the instant. But the position stirred the horses to a quicker pace, for this was a lonely heath, and they were as yet a mile or more from Beaulieu. It was midday and light enough to be sure, yet how was it possible to gauge the folly of a tobyman? At any rate, reflecting that all things were possible under the sun, as well as under the moon, the position pricked his team forward in some anxiety. This was not allayed when the nearer approach of the horsemen enabled them to discover that he was calling upon them to stop. The invitation caused the position to ply his whip harder than ever.

"Save us!" he cried. "Tis one of the road."

But Sir Piers bade him bring to, and await the road rider. He came up presently, his horse in a lather of spume, and himself red of face and disordered in his dress.

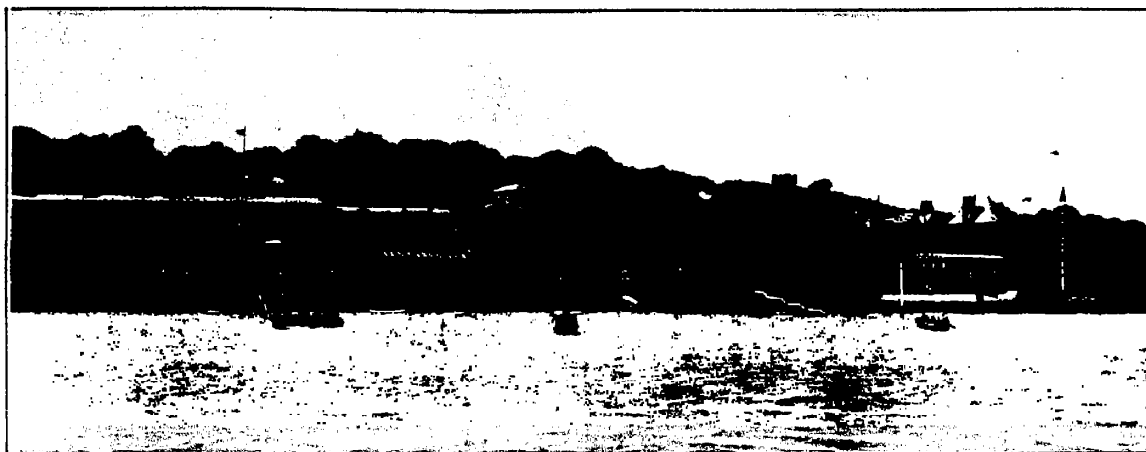
"Well, Mr. Faversham, what can I do for you?" asked Sir Piers coolly, taking in the situation.

"Sir, you shall come forth out of that and fight me, by God, you shall, or I will horsewhip you where you sit," panted the young man.

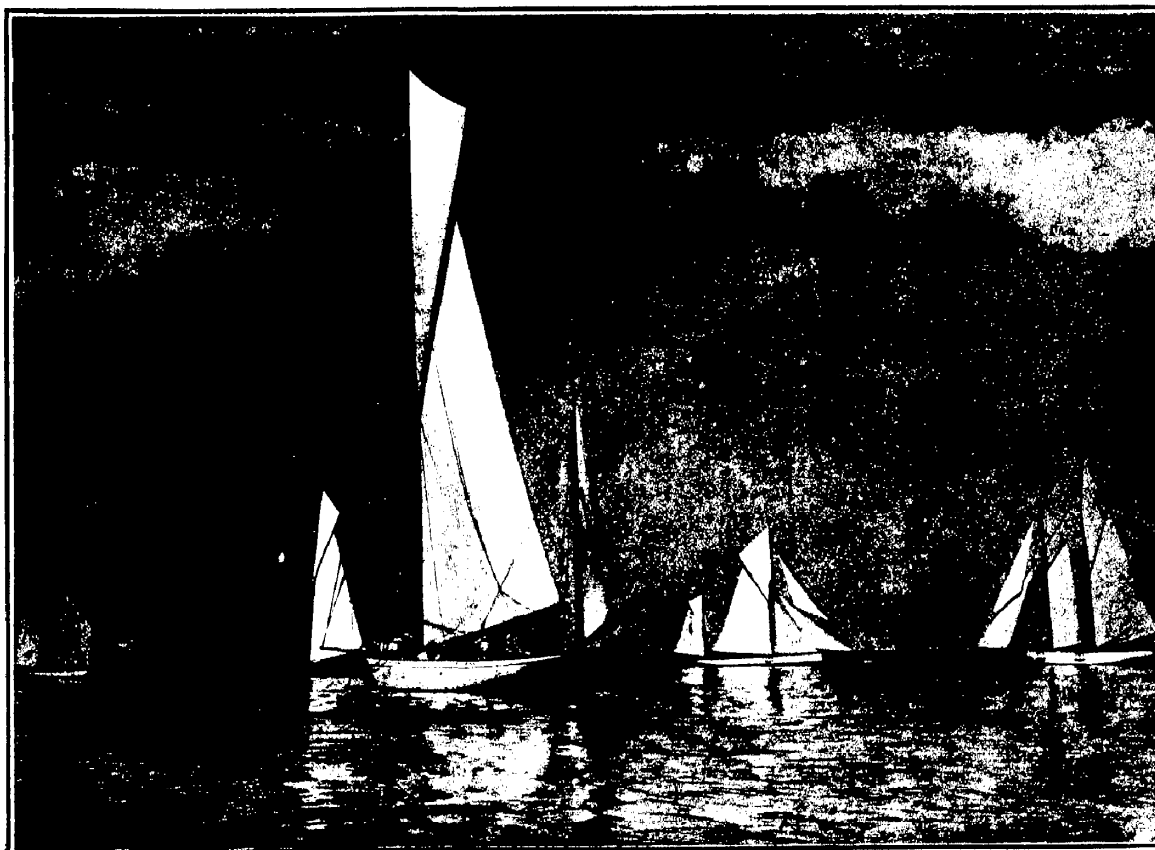
"It seems, then, that you give me no choice," said Sir Piers, in his usual manner. "These fellows thought you came for any money. It appears it is only my life."

# THE YACHTING WEEK AT COWES

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN CRIBB, SOUTHSEA



WEST COWES AS SEEN FROM EAST COWES DURING THE RACING



Brynhild.

Glory.

Meteor.

Brunhild.

Corbante.

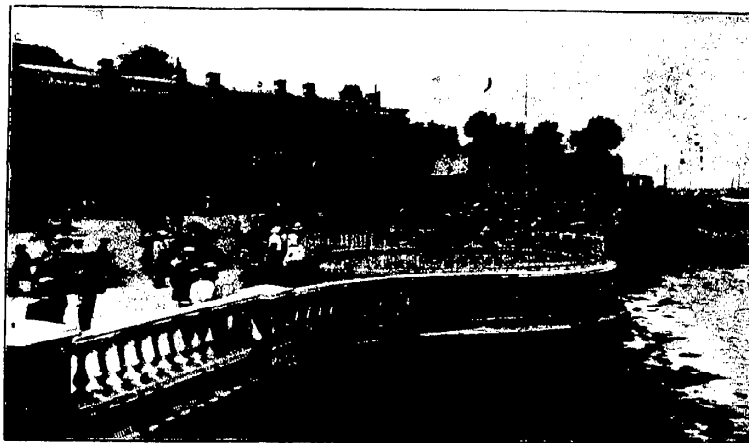
IN A MILL-POND: A BAD SAILING WIND DURING THE RACE FOR THE KING'S CUP



THE START FOR THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S CUP



THE CROWD WATCHING THE RACING



THE NEW TERRACE AND BANDSTAND DURING THE RACING

### Cowes Week

The brilliant weather of last week, coupled with the presence of the King and Queen in the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, made Cowes festival a complete success from the onlooker's point of view. Yachtsmen, no doubt, would have liked some more breezes to stretch the canvas; but as it is proverbially impossible to please everyone, it is as well that the great majority found the weather delightful. Cowes was packed with visitors, a large number of excursionists arriving from Southampton, Portsmouth and Bournemouth. The Royal yacht, on board which were not only the King and Queen, but also the Prince and Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria of Wales, was naturally an object of great interest to the crowd of visitors. The *Victoria and Albert* lay well out from the shore, with the battleship *Colossus* acting as guardship close by, while not far away were the *Osborne* and the *Britannia*. On board the last named their Majesties, with the Prince and Princess of Wales, more than once went for a cruise in the Solent, the yacht flying the King's flag as Admiral of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

On the first day the chief event was the Royal London Yacht Club's race for the Hundred Guineas Cup presented by Mr. H. H. Bartlett. This race, which is for yachts of over 100 tons, was won by Mr. Myles B. Kennedy's *White Heather*, of 147 tons. This yacht, which is new, excited much interest because she was designed by Mr. Fife, the designer of *Shamrock I.* and *Shamrock III.* The German Emperor's *Meteor* made a very poor show, being beaten hopelessly. The victory was very popular locally, for Mr. Kennedy is the Commodore of the Royal Southampton Yacht Club. Mr. M. F. Plant, the owner of *Ingomar*, winner of the third prize (*Brynild* was second), lodged a protest against *White Heather* on the ground of a foul.

Glorious weather was the rule on the second day, there being unbroken sunshine all day. The scene on the rostrum was charming to the spectator, but to the yachtsman there was one thing wanting, and that was a breeze. The great race of the day was that for the King's Cup, and when the gun boomed for the start of the race there was not a breath of wind and scarcely a ripple on the water. The crowd on the parade was naturally not so large as on the first day, which was Bank Holiday, but still there was no lack of spectators. The King and Queen again watched the racing from the *Britannia*, which went for a cruise westward. The entries for the King's Cup were good, but the racing was a little disappointing, as, owing to the lack of a breeze, only three yachts finished out of eight starters. The yachts to arrive were the Kaiser's *Meteor*, Sir James Pender's *Brynild*, and Sir Seymour King's *Glory*. For a long time *Meteor* looked like winning, but the other two yachts drew up, and although the yacht crossed the flagboat off Cowes in the order named, *Meteor* failed to concede the time allowance to *Brynild*, which was declared to be the winner. Thus Sir James Pender's yacht has won a King's Cup for the second time this year.

On the third day ideal weather prevailed, and even yachtsmen were satisfied with the steady breezes which blew all day. The principal event of the day was the race for the German Emperor's Cup. For this event there were fourteen entries, and no fewer than thirteen of these started—which is a record. The *Britannia* took the Royal party for a long cruise, and they obtained a capital view of the racing. The course was over forty-seven miles, and the race was won by Colonel Bagot's *Creole*, which was allowed 45 min. 26 sec. start. The *Ingomar* was home first, but failed to concede the time allowance to *Creole* and others. *White Heather* was second in crossing the line, and was also second according to handicap; while Mr. T. Harcastle's *Merrymaid* was similarly third, both in point of crossing the line and according to time allowance.

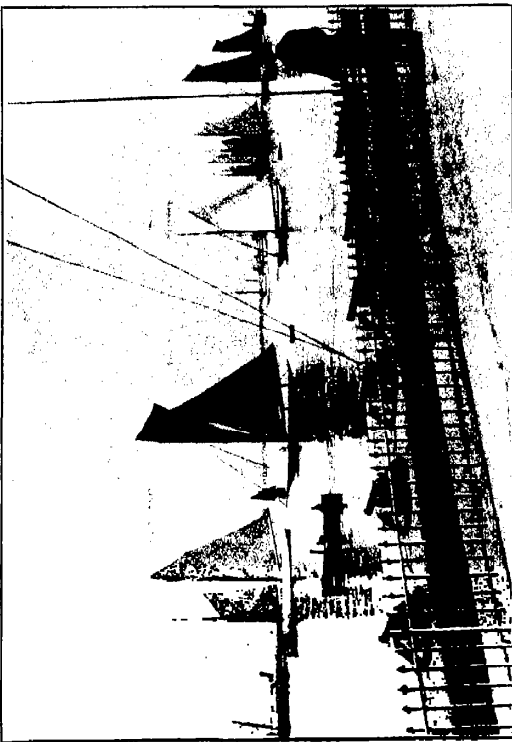
The fourth day began with bright sunshine and a light westerly breeze, but racing had not long been started before a thunderstorm broke and heavy rain began to fall. The downpour continued the whole afternoon and put to flight all the spectators on the parade. The weather cleared at about six, in time to allow the visitors to witness in comparative comfort the finish of the racing. Interest was chiefly centred in the race for Cowes Town Cup. Among the starters for this race was the *Meteor*, on board which was the King. But the weather was unfavourable to such a large boat and the *Meteor* gave up early. She met with an accident too. She carried away her main halyards, and the mainsail came down with a run. Fortunately no one was hurt. The King remained on board the Kaiser's schooner until the storm passed off a little, and returned early in the afternoon to the *Victoria and Albert*. The *Britannia* was lent for the day by his Majesty to the officers of the Convalescent Home at Osborne. The Queen took the opportunity to go in the *Osborne* to Netley, where her Majesty went round several wards, speaking to several sick and wounded returned from foreign service. The race for the Cowes Town Cup resulted in a win for Mr. Morgan Plant's *Ingomar*, Dr. Douglas Kerr's *Valdora* being second, and Mr. Myles Kennedy's *White Heather* third.

The concluding day was favoured with fine weather and a good breeze. The Town Regatta was held at the same time as the concluding events of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and the racing presented a bright and picturesque scene. The race of the day was that for big yachts, in which the American yacht *Ingomar* gave a splendid exhibition of her speed. *Meteor* again did not show to advantage. The race was won by *Ingomar*, *Merrymaid* being second and *White Heather* third. In the evening a display of fireworks and effective illuminations brought the successful week to a close.

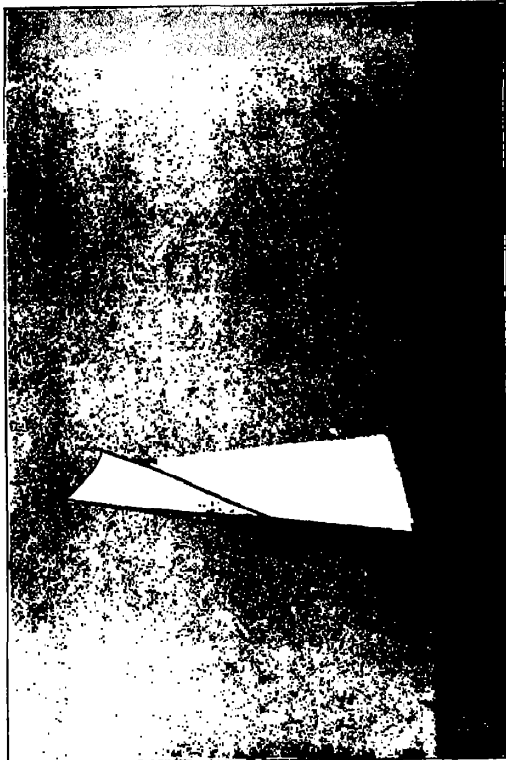




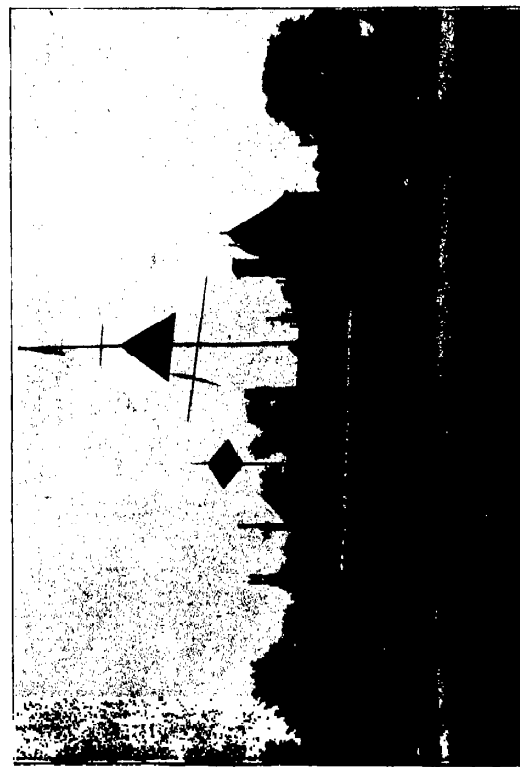
H.M.S. Columbia. S.V. Zeta. R.Y. Osborne. R.Y. Veranda and Albert.  
A FAIRY-LIKE SCENE: COWES ILLUMINATED AT NIGHT  
DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON, R.I.



A VIEW FROM THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON CLUB HOUSE BATTERY  
AN EARLY MORNING SCENE: GETTING READY FOR THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S CUP



PASSING THE GUARDSHIP COLASENS OFF COWES  
THE KING AND QUEEN GOING FOR A SAIL IN THE BRITANNIA



THE LEADING YACHTS OF THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON: THE CASTLE AND THE RATTLER



Oscar (Capt. J. D. Darnley)  
Omer (Sir H. Seymour Fitzgerald)  
TWO COMPETITORS FOR THE KING'S CUP

"You have jested all your life," broke out Faversham, "the time is come to put a term to it."

"You are going to do that?" queried the Baronet politely.

"I will do my best, sir, I can promise you," replied the other abruptly.

Sir Piers reflected, and apparently resolved upon a course of action. He descended from the chaise. "Leave your horse with my man," he commanded, and, oddly enough, Faversham obeyed. The two walked aside, on to the moor.

"Now, Mr. Faversham," began Sir Piers brusquely, and without any of his previous indolence of voice or assurance of manner, "let us get to business. You want to fight me—here and now, I suppose?"

"Yes," said young Faversham curtly.

"If you had not been carried away by (let us say) your tempestuous glee," said Sir Piers with decision, "you would have been cool enough to see the impossibility of such a course. A duel among men of honour, like ourselves, must have witnesses and those witnesses gentlemen of position. You propose to fight before lackeys! I must assume, sir, that 'tis your heated blood that has maddened you."

"I will accompany you to Beaulieu, and we will find someone there," said Faversham quickly.

"Your company would naturally give me great pleasure," observed Sir Piers ironically. "But I fear I cannot make it convenient to meet you. I am summoned to town on a matter of urgency which will not wait."

"Neither will I wait, sir," declared Faversham. He was still at a patch of feeling where he could not trust himself and he only managed to keep himself in hand by refusing to talk. If he had spoken through that veil in his silence, he would have poured forth the violence of his pent-up feelings. He could have grieved this man underfoot, believing what he did. But Sir Piers was impetuous.

"You will wait, sir, until I find it convenient," he said quietly. "It is not you, but I, who will determine the occasion of this duel you are bent on."

With an exclamation, Faversham lifted up the hand in which he held his whip to strike, but Sir Piers did not wince. "Put that down," he commanded in a sharp, stern voice, and involuntarily the younger man obeyed. "You would force a quarrel on me—purposed the Baronet in incisive tones. "Why? Because it pleases you to think I have come between you and a certain lady. Go! God, man, be honest, and be not ashamed to father your actions and your motives!"

"It is false," said Gilbert Faversham hoarsely. "And you know it is false. I will kill you for another reason. You know what you have done. Your career speaks for itself. There are a score of such wrecks behind you, and such as you. And, by heaven, the time is come to put a term to one at least of a worthless crew."

He was moved by deep feeling now, and the truth was that Sir Piers raised his eyebrows in surprise, for he had not quite expected this. He knew not how widely those tales of royal intrigue had been bruited abroad into all corners of the land, and how curiously they were shaped in the passage, and into what corrupt forms. It had astonished him that he, Sir Piers, the most fastidious and particular back in town, should be confused with the ruck of vulgar gallants who crowded to Carlton House or beset the clubs and gaming houses. He was fashion, he did not follow fashion, and even the Prince himself was not his master, although it suited him to be very kind to the Prince and even to oblige him with services at times. But this young man conceived him to be the loose libertine of public gossip, him who prided himself on never entering an affair save in the nicest manner, and in regarding the conduct of others as the most consummate part of taste and education! He stood attentive to his thoughts for a little, and then he answered.

"I believe you're an honest man, Mr. Faversham, but I cannot regard you as well informed. You seem to me to grow suspicious as a briar grows thorns. And what is worse, you would drag in a lady's name for the sake of those wild guesses. Sir, if I were to make so bold with any of that sex I would at least be sure of my justification. Great heaven! man, where are your reasons, where your evidence? You profess an esteem and more for someone, and yet you will credit the very worst of that same person. If that is youth's generosity and affection, I thank God I am of a sober age and getting towards grey hairs."

"This is beating about the bush, sir," stammered Faversham, whom this attack had taken by surprise. "I have proposed a meeting to you."

Sir Piers's glance went through him. "You shall have the meeting, sir," he said gravely, "you shall have the meeting on your own terms and in your own place. But not now, no, not at Beaulieu, nor at Winchester. Go back and keep your counsel. If you will, sit down and possess yourself patiently, and if in a week's time you are of this mind, why you shall know where to find me in town." Here he took a piece of paper and wrote his name and address upon it. He handed it to Faversham, and still with great gravity added, "There are signs and witnesses in such cases, they tell me. The colour of the air will tell its story, and I am not in doubt that you will read the riddle one way or another, Mr. Faversham. I care not which. See that you read it. Yet on second thoughts I should be reluctant to kill you." He gave a short bow as he finished, and began to walk deliberately towards his carriage, and so much had his manner and his words worked upon Faversham that he made no attempt to follow him. He stood indecisively, and with something of a cloudy mind, watching the receding figure. Sir Piers, on arriving at the chaise, ordered the young man's horse to be led to him, and Faversham received it mechanically from Horner. The chaise rolled away without more exchanges between the men, and Faversham mounted and turned back. In his heart he was suddenly aware how monstrous his courage had been and how terrible his distrust—if what he feared were not true. This thought, rising to formidable dimensions so swiftly, frightened him, made him forget altogether the disappearing carriage and turned his attention to Barbara, whom he might have wronged so cruelly.

In this crestfallen condition he arrived at the gates of Moyden, but, finding his courage fail him, pushed on to Brockenhurst, where he spent an unprofitable time at the inn. He dined in solitude, unable to decide either to return to Ringwood or to pay a visit to the Squire's house. The result of this vacillation was that he took more wine than was good for him, and at length drank himself into a state of determination. He would see Barbara and set his doubts at rest, armed with which resolve he started late in the afternoon for Moyden once again. This time he got off his horse and boldly knocked at the hall door.

He was very pleasantly welcomed by that hospitable woman, Mrs. Garraway, who would have him stay to supper, and Barbara not appearing, he lingered so late that this became a necessity. He remembered what her mother had said in the morning. Barbara was indisposed! Somewhat awkwardly he put a question about her, and learned that she was absent.

"Abed!" he cried, with a start, and then with signals of discomposure proceeded quickly to some other topic.

By chance, as was natural, the lady would come back to Sir Piers Blakenest, that most elegant dandy, scolding his man and repeating any of his tales or *max d'opinion* that she had been able to store in his memory. It need not be said with what feelings poor Faversham listened to this.

"Yes, madam, he is very handsome."

"I have no doubt, madam, he has made many conquests."

"For me, I have no wish to play the tailor to the fashions."

"It is true he is in favour with the Prince."

"His reputation is not very nice, they say, in town."

But this last rejoinder, struck from his bruised spirit, was not only injudicious, but controversial, it roused the lady.

"Indeed, Mr. Faversham," she said indignantly, "I have lived long enough to know how to regard scandal and censorious tales. People are actuated by jealousy and the love of listening, as you will find when you are older. For my part I do not credit all I hear, and I should advise you to do the same. Sir Piers is a man of position and much influence. And does that very fact not bring him into the sphere of gossip, and set tongues wagging?"

"Oh," says Faversham impatiently, "he is an angel; you can see his wings."

Mrs. Garraway looked at him with asperity, but, being a kindly soul, observed also that he had a troubled face. Then it was that he insisted that he should sup with them, an invitation he would have refused had it not been for what fell from her casually.

"There is Barbara stirring sure," she said, listening. "Poor child, she was wet to her naked flesh and had no sleep last night."

No sleep? Was not here the troubled conscience? And yet Faversham himself had had no sleep, if he would but have remembered. His eyes glowed on the mother, he was undergoing a second reaction.

"Will Miss Barbara sup?" he asked, and heard that she would. "She will be rested," explained Mrs. Garraway, "she must be very hungry. The child is not well."

She is not well! He ground his teeth, for he could see in this indisposition the results of a mental commotion, and, as the reflection was perturbing his spirit, Barbara entered. She gave him a little bow, very coldly, and spoke to her mother. She was dressed very prettily, in white over pink, was girdled by a pink sash, and a thin lawn tucker veiled her bosom. Faversham had risen and stood unable to speak, conscious of a feverish desire that she should look at him. If he could only see her face, he thought he could interpret it. He wanted that her glance only should fill his way, and from that he could read everything; for he could not endure that their eyes should dwell upon each other. He knew, indeed, that his would drop ere they had recognised the shame that would start into her face. But Barbara kept her face aloof, inquiring after his father, and making immaterial remarks about the household. Faversham had not spoken a word when the Squire entered, fresh from his farm, and demanded heartily if supper was ready. The long dining room, with the open fireplace and the panelled walls, was cheerfully alight when they sat down, Barbara, as it happened, by Faversham. The Squire was in admirable spirits, and regarded the table with news of his live stock, something coarse, if innocent in intention. Barbara kept her eyes down, and Faversham ate hurriedly. Presently the conversation turned to Sir Piers.

"Was the subject never to cease?"

"Sir Piers will be supping in Winchester," said Mrs. Garraway with a complacent smile, as of one who is privileged to follow the movements of some considered person in his passage to town.

The Squire grunted, and drunk his ale, inviting Faversham to fill his tankard.

"I suppose we shall not see him again," went on the lady with a little sigh. "He is greatly busy about the Court. It cannot be expected that he will think of his friends in the country."

"We shan't see him again," said the Squire complacently.

"There is no place for bucks of that kind here."

Barbara said no word.

"Now," pursued the genial Squire, grinning, "I should like to know whom he had in the barn, hey, Faversham?"

Faversham started, and pushed his plate away in his agitation. Mrs. Garraway looked from one to the other in interrogation. Barbara's face perceptibly altered, and Faversham was aware of it, though he dared not look at her. "Some girl he should not, I'll warrant," continued the rude jocose voice.

Faversham started up in his chair. At that moment he hated the Squire and Sir Piers and Barbara all in an equal hatred.

"I must be going, Squire," he said almost inarticulately.

"Nonsense," responded the Squire. "Sit down, boy, sit down and fill Barbara's glass. Barbara, girl, ye're not taking your wine. 'Tis good wine, and will bring colour to your cheeks. Where's your colour, girl?"

"She's been awake half the night," explained Mrs. Garraway.

"'Tis a wonder she's not as bed now with fever."

Barbara said nothing, but for the first time turned her eyes on Faversham, and in them he might have read scorn and aloofness. What he did read was shamelessness and defiance. He stiffened himself, and recklessly plunged into talk. He hated her, and how beautiful she was!

"Indeed, sir," said he, "you are right. His reputation is such that we might expect any conduct of a man like him."

"Whom d'ye speak of?" asked the Squire, puzzled, and then remembering, "Oh, Sir Highty! Well, 'tis not a bad fellow on the whole. Gad, he newly had me off the saddle, Gilbert!" and he chuckled at the recollection.

Barbara's eyes now gleamed on Faversham not only with contempt but with anger. She flashed at him, while in his heart there was room for the one feeling only a faint passion against an abandoned creature. Yet this feeling was complex, being blot of anger and the horrid infatuation of her charms. He met her gaze with boldness now and even with a utility in his stare.

"Depend upon it, sir, 'twas no woman of taste and discretion was there," he said with impetuous emphasis.

"Ho! ho!" shouted the Squire. "You are mighty censorious, Gilbert," and winked at him, but Mrs. Garraway intervened, begging to know on what subject they talked. Her temper was a little ruffled, and said she to her husband.

"If the talk must drift this way, sir, I will send Barbara from the table. I will not have my daughter kept in company."

"She has kept worse company than I," said the Squire, looking at her heartily. "The words that burned for utterance upon Faversham's tongue but he kept silence, and the Squire, laughing loud, put off his wife."

"Sure, then, Lucy we must not give you the explanation you want for we should offend deeper," he said, after which Mrs. Garraway maintained a disapproving silence, and indeed the whole table fell into awkward stillness. Faversham broke this by making a second attempt to go, but sat down again at the Squire's insistence, a flashy and miserable spirit, neither knowing whether he was drifting nor caring what happened. Barbara still held her peace, and it was not until the women were gone that even the Squire had much to say. After that event he grew loquacious, and sat down to his wine like a country gentleman, expecting the same of his guest.

"Faversham," said he with a knowing jerk of his head towards the door through which his wife and daughter had vanished. "If ye see how she took with that lute lord, hey? Lord, I could have heard her prating him, with his slow and careful tongue, afraid of tripping over a word, eh? If I don't know English better than that, why did my Dutch, my boy. These fine gentlemen from town, Gilbert will spice and season their talk with French. I'm no Frenchy. English is what my father talked, and, love ye, 'tis good enough for me. Not but what that Sir Piers was a good sort, my I. No, 'tis a sly spirit and 'tis a drink fair with most. Faith he has had the best part of a bottle of brandy and talked as deliberate as over. There was me, playing him to get the fellow tipsy and him not so much as is thrice by a single letter in his speech. I guess they have turned that with the Prince."

"He struck you," said Faversham angrily, pouring out a big beaker of wine.

"Whow, there, steady!" said the Squire in disapproval. "Strike me? That he did not. Took the whip out of my hand that's what he did. And why should he? I? I would he struck him else. I give him no blame, not I. Very man for himself, I say."

Meanwhile, in the drawing room Mrs. Garraway and her daughter were discussing the same man. The elder woman's curiosity had been roused and her indignation provoked by the covert references to some escapade of Sir Piers, and she was by nature so communicative that she could not refrain from broaching the matter to Barbara.

"These men they can do naught but backbite and carry tittle-tattle," she said over her embroidery. "Talk of women, my dear! No two women are a match for your nian at real scandal mongering."

"They have nasty minds and foul tongues," said Barbara with sudden and unexpected vehemence.

Mrs. Garraway regarded her with surprise, but made no comment. She wanted to intend, to a more pleasant topic. "Sir Piers will be eating his supper at Winchester," she remarked for the second time. "He will soon be in the gay world again, and he'll be a tiny sigh of ancient regret." Again Barbara said nothing. She made an attempt to escape early to bed, but her mother kept her in talk, and at last they heard the feet of the men in the hall. Mrs. Garraway looked up with a frown as if she were in hopes they would pass by and enter the Squire's room, which Barbara remained as cold as ever. But they broke in noisily the Squire laughing hilariously, and Faversham flushed and eloquent. He sat in his seat, paid compliments to Mrs. Garraway with quite a dexterous wit, and begged of her a song.

"Not I," she said well enough pleased to ask Barbara. "My voice is gone. I am an old woman at Barbara, who met him with impulsive indifference."

"Sing, Barbara," commanded the Squire.

The girl hesitated and then set down her needlework and went to the six-legged harpichord that stood near the window. The fire threw up the mellow tones of the old walnut and rosewood and flashed upon the pink of her ash. She opened the lid and lit the candles in the sconces pensively, then she sat down and sang in a pretty melodious voice—

"My mother bids me bind my hair  
With ribbons of ray blue  
To sit my elbows with ribbons fair  
And lace my bodice blue."

As she sang, the melody and her voice worked upon Faversham. Unconsciously he rose and moved towards the window, his eyes were fastened on her, and from her he read her profile was illumined. His gaze never stirred from her wandering from the nape of the small white neck above which the brown hair was gathered in a knot, to the tremulous throat and the moving bosom. He could recall so many times when he had seen her and thought her lovely, yet never so lovely as now, when her lute notes floated through the room, charming with their sweetness and

sincerity. She was conscious of him, where he stood, but kept her eyes before her and sang on, with soft pathetic meaning:

"For why, says she, sit still and weep  
While others dance and play?  
Alas! I scarce can go nor creep  
Now Lubin is away."

Gilbert Faversham started. He had paid little heed to the words; it was the air that had reached his heart. What was it she sang? Ah, there was meaning in the song, meaning in her sad, passionate voice, and meaning in her cold eyes. *Now Lubin is away!* He saw the significance of the situation, and was moved deeply. An utter despair swept down and overwhelmed him. He stood miserable, humbled, and without power to struggle or oppose, as the greatness of his immediate loss dawned on him. And then it was that Barbara shot a glance at him for the first time.

"The village seems asleep or dead  
Now Lubin is away."

His strong young figure, stalwart and lean, swaying a little, and his handsome face pale through the tan of health and sunshine, he looked drooping to the point of tears. Barbara put her lips demurely together and struck into another tune. This was an old ballad of the west, and ran to a taking air, but Faversham had never heard it, for, though it was a favourite song with the Squire, it was deemed too rude and vulgar by his lady. Yet Miss Barbara broke into it now.

went to the door, bewildered. Barbara turned about on her stool and looked after him.

"La, mamma, how stupid men are!" she said, and broke into laughter.

"Barbara, miss, I will send you to bed if you behave so unseemly another time," said her mother sharply. "Think if Sir Piers had been here to hear you."

"I think he would have been much amused," said Barbara lightly, and went back to her needlework and her book.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### AT THE GATE

When near ten o'clock Faversham bade good-night to the Squire, and came into the hall, he pushed open the door of the drawing-room to make his adieu to the ladies. Mrs. Garraway had gone to the kitchen to attend to household affairs, and Barbara sat reading. He paused, abashed, for a moment, and then went forward.

"I am come to say good-bye, Miss Barbara," said he.

"Oh, good-bye, Mr. Faversham," she answered lightly. "I hope you'll have a good journey."

He made no reply, for he scarcely knew how to begin, and she went on, as if conscious of the silence.

of his reputation!" he said. "I could not stand by and let you blunder so."

"Blunder!" she echoed with displeasure. "Indeed, Mr. Faversham, I think you presume very far on your old acquaintance."

"Miss Barbara," he pleaded, "you will persist in misunderstanding me. If I was I blundered it was all in your interests. You are a girl and know not the world, and what sort of wickednesses there are."

"And pray," she asked with disdain, "in what could your interference assist me when I was but enjoying a common civility from a gentleman? You are anxious to show me that you were acting in my interests. I ask you, sir, pray how?"

"I distrust Sir Piers Blakiston," he stammered.

"Distrust Sir Piers, sir?" she echoed. "Well, distrust him if you will. What is that to me? What has that dislike of yours to do with me?"

"Do you not see," he blundered on in confusion, "that I was afraid—I—I wished to protect you—I—"

"Protect," she repeated, gazing at him in astonishment. "And do you think Sir Piers would offer me insult? Do you suppose a gentleman of his position knows no better than to affront a lady?"

He made a gesture with his hands, as if indicating the helplessness of explaining.

Turbine Steamer Queen.



Hutchins (broken down).

Napier Minor.

Mercurius IV.

The most important motor-boat race ever held took place this week across the Straits of Dover. The weather was magnificent, and the race was favoured by a smooth sea as well as the advantage of an easterly wind. The event excited a great deal of interest on both sides of the Channel, the fishermen and shore of Calais being crowded with spectators, while on the Dover pier were congregated a large number of both English and French people. The *Motor-boat* chartered the turbine steamer *Queen* for the occasion, and took a large number of guests to witness the race. The competitors, which numbered twenty-one, comprised racers, cruisers, and fishing boats. The course was from a point opposite the Casino at Ostend to a

fishing-smack moored off the Prince of Wales's Pier at Dover, a distance of twenty-five miles. The hopes of Frenchmen were centred in M. A. Madras's *Mercurius IV*. M. Forrier's *Hutchins* broke down almost at the start. *Napier Minor* with Mr. Edge as the wheel, did her level best, but with dogged determination she started. *Mercurius* at last increased the distance between them, and ultimately won the race, finishing about five minutes in front of *Napier Minor*. The third boat was the *Princess Elizabeth*, and the fourth the *Titan*. The other racers were a long way behind, and as for the cruisers they appeared to be somewhere off the French coast as the time that the leading racers were half way across the Channel.

## THE CROSS CHANNEL MOTOR-BOAT RACE: THE START FROM CALAIS

DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON, R.I.

"Come hither, son Jan, since thou art a man,  
I'll give the best counsel in life.  
Come, sit down by me, and my story shall be,  
I'll tell how to get thee a wife.  
Is, I will! Man, I will!  
Zure, I will!

I'll tell how to get thee a wife! Is, I will!"  
But no sooner was the impudent intention of the young lady manifest than, her mother rose.

"Barbara," she called, "Barbara, miss! I will not have you sing that."

"Leave her alone. Let the lass sing it," granted the Squire, and as his daughter had ceased in obedience to the voice of authority, but still continued the air on the harpsichord, himself flung a bar or two in his wife's face, very broad of accent:

"The first pretty lass than Jan did see raise,  
A former's fat daughter called Grace.  
Had scarce said, 'How do?' and a kind word or two,  
Her finger on a slip in the face.  
Is, her did! Man, her did!

Zure, her did!

Her finger on a slip in the face! Is, her did!"  
The Squire ended with great unction, and, getting up, beckoned to his young friend, as if suddenly remembering more important business. Faversham looked indecisively at him. He was called to drink refresh in the Squire's room, and yet . . . and yet . . . He glanced at Barbara, who was idly rambling over the keyboard. What did she mean? Why did she sing that song? There was some spirit of mockery in her. She cast a glance at him, but he could make nothing out of her serene expression. It was as the face of a sphinx. The Squire called again, and he turned and

"There is a moon getting up. You will be lighted."

He was staided by the wine he had taken, but was still emotional, and his frank nature asserted itself, now that he saw her alone for the first time.

"I parted with a friend of yours to-day," he said awkwardly.

"Indeed!" she said, with little appearance of interest.

"'Twas Sir Piers Blakiston," he blurted out.

She was all attention. "Sir Piers!" she said quickly. "Where did you see him?"

"'Twas on the way to Beaulieu," he said.

"You—you did not fight?" she burst forth anxiously.

He shook his head. "No," he said bluntly. "I wished to force him to it, but he had me go back."

She leaned back again and laughed. "He was quite right. You would be a pair of ninnyes to fight about nothing." Yet it would have been about her, and she was not at all displeased, even with Faversham.

"It was about that night," he went on in his impolitic frankness.

"The day after that night," he went on in his impolitic frankness.

"I know not by what right you introduce me into your quarrel," said Barbara haughtily; "I should have thought you had done mischief enough."

"Nay, Miss Garraway," he said, collecting himself and recovering something of his old attitude; "I will suffer no man to put you in a false position—to distress you and embarrass you—"

He stumbled over his words, and she said coldly:

"I thought it was you who had embarrassed me, Mr. Faversham."

Sir Piers was kind enough to aid me in an unpleasant predicament.

"Twas your bungling that made the distress."

But that provoked him. "What! To see you there with one

"I thought he would take advantage of—of your ignorance," he said gloomily and in despair, out of his masculine folly.

It was a bomb that exploded in the quiet room. Barbara's face flamed, her hands clenched tightly, and she took a step towards him.

"You—you thought. Ah, how dare you—how dared you? How dare you stand there and tell me so? It is infamous. Then you thought I was—oh, mercy!" She covered her face with her hands and sobbed.

"I have never been so affronted. Go; you are a coward to wound me so. I will tell my father, and he will whip you from the house. Oh, heaven! his mind should say this to me, that any should believe me that!"

Gilbert Faversham, in the midst of the emotions he had aroused, stood stupefied and discomfited; yet in his heart grew a sense of relief which, for all his uncomfidence, was pure joy. He had hurt her, but he had learned the truth by that very blow. And now that he had brought her to tears, being a generous soul, of impulsive sincerity, he made up his mind swiftly not to hurt himself. He deliberately rushed to destruction.

"I not only thought it possible, I thought it accomplished," he said, in a very low voice, which, nevertheless, was clear and firm.

So devices and innocent are the emotions of woman, and so sickle is her reason, that this deeper affront, instead of increasing the misery and shame of the girl, acted as an irritant. She was braced by the abominable confession, and once more confronted him with her full stature, her heaving bosom, and her flashing eyes.

"You had better go," she said in a terse voice.

"I am going," he answered humbly. "I ask your pardon," and on that simple plea he went.

(To be continued)



## Our Bookshelf

"THE TWENTIETH CENTURY DOG" \*



and thirteen actual starters, which is the record for the season. Ingomar led the fleet, but could not concede the time she had to allow, and she took first prize but only second. White Heather taking second by apace, and Merryland third by a truce,—a remarkably close handicap. The match was for yachts of forty tons and upwards, and the first prize the Emperor's Cup, presented by the German Emperor, went to the first vessel arriving within her time; the second vessel to the next vessel of another rig within her time; and the third prize to go to the third vessel arriving her time, irrespective of rig. The entries were as follows:—

Mr. Compton, when planning these volumes, obtained the opinions of over five hundred experts on matters concerning dogs of all breeds. From these opinions the work is compiled. The first volume treats of non-sporting dogs, the second of sporting. In the opening pages of both volumes the Kennel Club is dealt with. "The Kennel Club," says the editor, "is the depository of dog-showing, and master of the dog situation," and certainly has done immense good towards the improvement in the breed of dogs and in keeping up a high standard. Next we have much useful and interesting information concerning the various breeds, and the opinions of the judges, and the results of dog shows. Mr. Compton gives some interesting information as to the high prices realised by some prize dogs. He writes—

Given a noted sire and a winning dam, and in bulldogs it is quite possible for sires to fetch hundreds of pounds; in some small breeds and a few large ones, the price of a champion sire can be very good. A very poor bred and very poor mating that does not fetch a ten-pound note. This will be better understood when you come to hear of a young bulldog being sold for five hundred pounds, of Asiatic spaniels fetching fifty guineas at two months old, and of Griffons and Toy Poms sold for their weight in gold. And for a few more examples, a few years ago a pair of bulldogs was sold for much as fifteen hundred pounds has been paid for at least one such illustrious dog.

Continuing, the writer says :—

The popularity that has attended the development of the dog is not confined to England. The craze of dog-fancying has spread to the Continent and the Colonies. Great numbers of specimens are exported to Europe, South Africa, Australia, and India, but particularly to America. Indeed, it may be epitomatically said, "All good dogs go to America," from the ballad: Rodney Stone, who was sold for a thousand pounds, to the pick of our different varieties, wherever they stand out as better than their fellows. For a good dog is easily sold; everybody wants him. But a bad one, if you do not hang him, will hang anybody.

The points to be aimed at in breeding, or considered in judging, in dogs of every kind, can be seen at a glance, and this alone makes the work of the greatest value. The short accounts of the different dogs in both volumes make most interesting reading, particularly as regards the early history or origin of the animals.

It may be added that there is a capital photograph of each dog mentioned.

"NATURE'S STORY OF THE YEAR" +

This is a charming little book, for it is written by one who, although no scientist, is a lover of Nature and a keen observer of her works. The book is written in poetic strain, particularly those chapters that treat of such subjects as "Signs of Spring," "April Days," "Signs of Autumn," "Wintry Days," and concerning the seasons generally. In his preface the author writes:—

Observers of nature belong to one of two classes—the scientific and the imaginative. If scientists, they refuse to consider any thesis not founded on a vast array of facts, and if poets, they may rest in the conviction that they have new data. The two classes are always in conflict with each other. The scientist despises the poet as a visionary; and is himself regarded by his adversary as a dreamer. The poet, on the other hand, is a man of science wherewith it is his duty to quarrel, and the stone may be found, if not the quarry. The poet is a man of science wherewith it is his duty to quarrel, and the stone may be found, if not the quarry. The poet is a man of science wherewith it is his duty to quarrel, and the stone may be found, if not the quarry.

Some of the incidents of which the author speaks are certainly curious. For instance, he says that one of the most interesting

\* *The Twentieth Century Dog.* Edited by Herbert Compton. (Grant Richards.)

† "Nature's Story of the Year." By Charles A. Witchell. (Unwin.)

*CRIMINALS* in some rural districts of Japan are not allowed to forget their offences. When a man comes out of prison he goes back to his village and calls at every house to apologise for his crime, and to promise that he will never commit it again. He wears a special suit of red-brown clothes like a convict's garb, and whenever there is a feast or a funeral in the village he dons the clothes and goes round to repeat his visits of atonement.

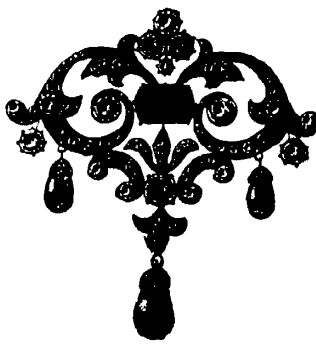
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Court than in camp. At a time when intrigue in every walk of life flourished as it never has before or since, he showed himself facile princeps in the art. Even in his foreign policy straightforward action was an impossibility for him. He was not a good soldier, and the only effect of his taking the field was to envelop the camp with the atmosphere of intrigue in which he lived when at Court. Thus in 1667, when Louis joined the army in Flanders and succumbed to the charms of Athanasia de Montepan, we get the ridiculous picture of Louis de la Vallière travelling post-haste from Versailles, with the vain idea of regaining her lost influence, and pursued in her turn by the Queen in a paroxysm of anxiety and crying from the windows of her coach, "Arrêtez-la! Arrêtez-la!" Equally typical is the following: "Throughout the rest of the journey he King sometimes rode, sometimes entered the great golden coach to laugh with La Motte, La Villière, and the Queen, who now formed a happy family—nicknamed 'les trois rois.'" The author has performed his task well. He has succeeded in producing an entertaining book, and, above all, in setting forth this tangled mass of intrigue without confusing the reader.

#### "ODDITIES, OTHERS, AND I"

Miss Corkran describes her book as "a kind of plum pudding, not a milk concoction;" but this is not a very good description, it is rather all plums and no pudding. Pudding savours of convention, and there is certainly nothing conventional whatever about the book. In fact, conventionality cannot be expected from the heroine of the following story. Miss Corkran's mother was a great admirer of Kant, and her daughter, out of curiosity, purchased a copy of the "Critique," but found it made her head ache. She continues, "I went into the kitchen, and put the volume on the fire, got a saucepan, dropped into it a big lump of butter, plenty of brown sugar, and made a kind of toffee. How I enjoyed seeing my mother eat some of this concoction! She little knew that the toffee had been made on the embers of a volume of Kant's 'On Pure Reason.'" Still less can conventionality be expected from one who, when an elderly admirer, whom she had jilted, retired into a religious retreat, sent him anonymous love-letters copied from the reports of a breach of promise case. It will be understood, then, that the book, which deals mainly with the author's student days in France, is by no means dull reading. There is a good story told of Samuel Butler. The scene was a bachelor party. "At half-past ten o'clock someone begged him to play the piano. He was evidently in the mood, for he forgot his guests, played classical music, and then improvised till three o'clock in the morning, utterly oblivious of the company and the hour. As nobody wished to interrupt his music, they slipped out one by one. Samuel Butler, transported into another sphere, never noticed till the clock struck 4 a.m. that he was alone!" The book is certainly entertaining and is easy to read; it ripples on naturally from one topic to another, until one can almost imagine that it is the author talking. In fact, one can well believe that it is just Miss Corkran on paper—faults and virtues intermingled as in life. But it is not a book for the sober or earnest; they will be distressed at what they will term its irresponsible and heartless frivolity.

"Oddities, Others, and I" By Henriette Corkran. (London: Hutchinson, 1904.)

#### "RUSSIA AS IT REALLY IS"

Impediments of all things Russian seem to be the order of the day, and this book by Mr. Joubert is certainly not the least bitter of its kind. In spite of his name the author claims to be an Englishman; but the style is not English, it is far too unrestrained. It may be the fact that he "has sat at the feet of the greatest thinker and philanthropist in Russia," which has affected his tone, for the latter certainly recalls the Russian sociologists. The book is divided into two parts. The first is declamatory denunciation; the second narrative. The author traces every evil existing in Russia—and beyond doubt there are many—directly to the Tsar, who claims to be the all-powerful "God on Earth." To him he attributes the wretched conditions under which the moujik lives, and, after admitting that the moujik as a class is happy, is still more indignant that the Tsar will not educate him to perceive his own wretchedness. But though the indictment is a trifle indiscriminate it is in many places a dramatic and forcible piece of writing, and the picture that it paints is not too pleasant. Even the soldier, who might expect a little consideration at the hands of the Government, receives none. "Nobody will associate with a soldier when he returns. And if he should chance to be crippled he will only be given a certificate that he has the privilege of begging for a living."

The second half of the book is an account of how the author rescued a friend and two of his companions who were on their way to Siberia as political prisoners. Armed with the rouble, which he justly describes as "a power above the Tsar," and certain introductions furnished by a sympathetic official, he succeeded in tracing the gang with which his friend was travelling, and, by bribing a sergeant, in effecting the escape of the trio. This sergeant, by the way, naively offered to return part of the bribe when he heard the smallness of the number who were to be allowed to escape. During his journey he made close acquaintance with the terrible sufferings endured by convicts on the road and in the wretched prisons, and had ample experience of the venality and intemperance of the majority of the officials. The account ends in romantic style with a chase by wolves. In fact, the whole story reads more like fiction than fact, while the knowledge that it is fact gives it a far greater interest and significance.

#### "THE SHADOW OF A THRONE"

The rescue of Louis XVII. from his prison in the Temple, instead of his death there, is familiar as a legend; and the case known as that of "The Lyons Mail," in which an innocent man was guillotined for robbery and murder, is the most popular instance of a miscarriage of justice through mistaken identity. Either subject is good enough for a novelist with sufficient imagination for joining broken links and for carrying him behind the scenes. But to combine both plots, the romantic legend and the only too certain fact, inextricably into one, so that either is unintelligible without the other—that is an idea that would have seemed to us inconceivable, and an achievement that we should have set down as impossible, had we not read Mr. Frederick W. Hayes's story of "The Shadow of a Throne" (Hutchinson and Co.). We have on former occasions spoken with more enthusiasm than we are often able to indulge of the same author's "A Kent Squire" and "Gwynett of . . . Russia as It Really Is." By Carl Joubert. (London: Eveleigh Nash, 1904.)

Thornhaugh," as ideally conceived and executed novels of pure action, only comparable with the masterpieces of the older Dumas. Of course, the latter must for all time retain the glory of having virtually invented the only form of fiction that has nothing to fear from changes of taste or fashion. But Mr. Hayes is no mere imitator; he is the legitimate heir of a great tradition, with an added originality of his own, and an extraordinary skill in making actual facts as necessary to the wildest requirements of his romance as if history and he had been in league together. Whether he personally, or merely for literary purposes, accepts the belief of the "Maundorffists"—the action of French legitimists who identify Karl Maundorff, the German watchmaker who died in Holland in 1845 with the poor little prisoner of the Temple—is of no importance. The interest centres in the part taken by the young English surgeon Noel Dorrington, vowed to the rescue and protection of Marie Antoinette's children, in the whole secret history of France, through the wonderful times from 1793 to 1810. Those who remember Ambrose Gwynett, of Thornhaugh, will find no sort of degeneracy in his grandson, Dr. Noel. The reader must be prepared for some decidedly startling incidents concerning eminent personages, from Napoleon downwards; but they are apparently—and, for that matter, no doubt actually—quite as true as less professedly imaginative memoirs. Altogether, our judgment in the case of its precessors is amply confirmed by "The Shadow of a Throne."

#### "THE HERON'S TOWER"

"The Heron's Tower," by Madame de Laszowska, whom her readers will always know best as E. Gerard (Methuen and Co.), is serious and, in the pleasantest sense, rather old-fashioned romance, the scene of which is laid in the imaginary Grand Duchy of Buxenburg-Donnerhausen, somewhere, apparently, in the seventeenth century. The strange and tragic family history of the noble house of Pfeilhofen, as recorded in a ballad some generations old, has concentrated itself upon the innocent head of Luigard, the girl with whom the name of the race is like to come to an end for want of a male heir. With a feeble-minded reclus, meant by temperament for the cloister, for a father, and a hard and heartless mother, who hates her for her sex, Luigard grows to seventeen without ever having been outside the castle grounds, or seen a human being but her parents and the household retainers, who are old, not only in service but in years. One can imagine—to some extent—what must happen when a young man suddenly appears, as if from nowhere, as beautiful as a Greek god, and with a magnetic fascination which not even serpents, that swarm in the Heron Tower, can withstand, much less a too dove-like girl. One can scarcely imagine, however, even outside romance, the existence of quite so vile a scoundrel as this Greek-Gypsy adventurer, compared with whom even Tito Melema was a saint and hero. The ensuing plot is too complex for condensation; but it closes—as romances should—with the triumph of maidenly innocence and manly honour, not only over all flesh-and-blood assailants, but even over family curses and other ancient and tragic wrongs. Of actuality there is but little; nor do we think that in leaving the earth of experience for the air of fancy Madame de Laszowska has changed her element to her own advantage. But this is merely comparative criticism with which, as a matter of taste, nobody can be required to agree. The result is, beyond question, positively good, however far it might have been better.

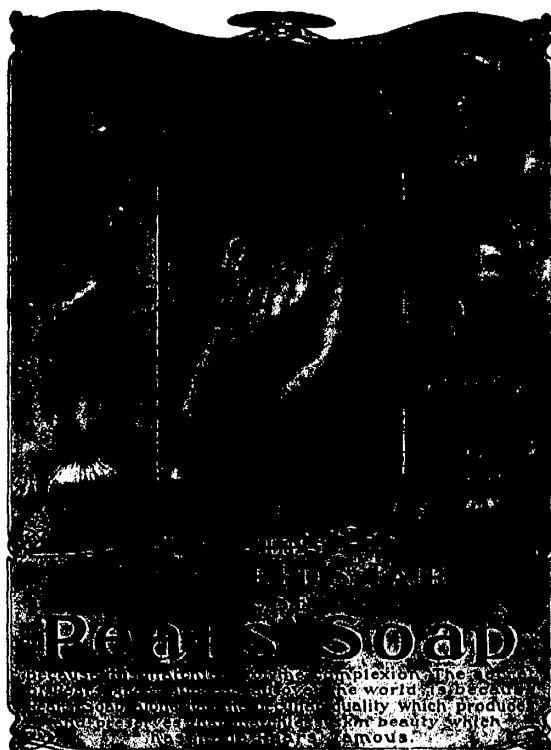

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## Music

### THE PROMENADE CONCERTS

The earlier part of the autumn musical season seems likely to be devoted mainly to musical comedy and the Promenade Concerts. In central London every theatre now open, save the Criterion, is restricted to musical plays, and several more are being got ready. At Queen's Hall the tenth season of the Promenade Concerts, under Mr. Robert Newman, opened on Saturday—that is to say, about three weeks earlier than in the late years been customary. No doubt the chief reason why the Queen's Hall Syndicate resolved to make a start in the bank holiday week, was in order to give the permanent band as many engagements as possible before the hall is required for other purposes towards the end of October. But that despite the seaside holidays there are plenty of people in town to enjoy a series of orchestral performances, which only a few years ago would have been deemed more suitable to a Philharmonic than to a popular audience, was abundantly proved by the fact that on Saturday, half an hour after the concert commenced, the house was full and the pay-box had to be closed.

The Promenade programmes are this year on much the same lines as before, the first half of the Monday concerts being devoted to Wagner, those of Wednesday to Tchaikowsky (the popularity of whose music in London is almost solely due to Mr. Wood's orchestra), while Fridays are the turn of Beethoven and the classics. The other three evenings of the week have mixed programmes, in the course of which we shall hear some of the best symphonies, concertos, and other compositions, old and new, to say nothing of something like thirty orchestral novelties from British and foreign pens. Apart from a new composition for violin and orchestra by Mr. Stewart Macpherson, assistant organist of St. Paul's, the only addition to the repertoire this week was an organ concerto in A minor by Signor Enrico Lisci, director of the Conservatorio at Bologna. It was skilfully played by Mr. Tonking, who is known both in the organ-loft and as a violinist in the opera orchestra, but the novelty was scarcely worth the trouble taken about it, for the thematic material is of little interest, and the workmanship, though sound, does not greatly improve matters. The slow movement was the least appreciated section.

A good deal of interest was felt as to the orchestra, which has been partly reconstructed, owing to the determination of Mr. Edgar Speyer and his brother directors to abolish the pernicious system of "deputies." Hitherto, when any player had a more lucrative engagement at the Musical Festivals or elsewhere, he has been accustomed to send a deputy to Queen's Hall, and, in some instances, the absurdity has been committed by a performer of himself attending the rehearsal and sending a deputy to the performance. The newly reconstructed band have, however, been guaranteed about 130 concerts at Queen's Hall and elsewhere during the season, so that the directors will have the first call on their services, and the public may be sure of always hearing the same players. The orchestra will doubtless improve in finish and delicacy as the performers become more accustomed to each other and to the conductor, but already they are a fine association on picked men, the majority of whom are British. The concerts will be continued every evening until October 21.



THE TOWER OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL UNDER REPAIR

A CURIOSITY IN SCAFFOLDING

From a Photograph by G. Thompson, Canterbury.

### NOTES AND NEWS

The long threatened St. James's Hall is to have yet another lease of life, though perhaps only a short one. It is officially announced that the larger and smaller halls will be available for concerts and other purposes until the end of November. What will be the fate of the building after that period has not yet been decided, but that there will, even after the new hotel is built, be some sort of hall available for concerts now seems almost certain.

Among those who were present at the first series of Bayreuth performances of *Parisfal*, *The Ring* and *Tannhäuser* were Madame Christine Nilsson, who retains her love for Wagner's music, though she has long since retired from the operatic stage, Milc. de Nuovina, of Covent Garden, M. Messenger, the Covent Garden manager, and Mr. Corried, who introduced *Parisfal* last year to New York. Many of the American and German artists who, at Berlin, under Mr. Hermann Klein, have been rehearsing for Mr. Savage's production of *Parisfal* in English at New York next winter, also went on to Bayreuth to gain hints.

The Wagner Festival at Munich, which, from the point of view of casts and general mounting, is of greater interest than that at Bayreuth, commences on Friday of this week; Weingartner then directing the performance of *Tristan*, and Fri. Terzani, who has recovered from her indisposition, being Isolde. Nilsson will conduct *Die Meistersinger*, and Mottl *The Flying Dutchman* and *The Ring*. Frau Gieseler, Herr van Rooy, and many of the Covent Garden German singers will take part.

Madame Calvé is happily well again, and is resting prior to the commencement of her German operatic tour. It is not generally known that after she last sang at Covent Garden (when she was apologised for) and had returned to Paris, Professor Champignoniere found she was suffering from appendicitis. Happily, it was in a mild form, and an operation was avoided. But the distinguished *prima donna* had to spend some days in bed, and many more on the sofa.

## Rural Notes


### THE SEASON

August has thus far been a favourable month in most respects, but July left us with a weather problem which amounted, we fear, to a dilemma. If there fell the rain required to wash the hops, refresh the roots, and revive the meadows, the corn harvest would be interrupted, while the continued sunshine desirable for cereals would cause hops, roots, and pastures to deteriorate. The rains have done more good than harm, but a certain amount of complaint is inevitable. There are authenticated reports of a good deal of really serious injury in the West of England. Round London harvest is in full swing, and a fine sample of new winter oats was shown at Mark Lane as early as the 5th inst. In Essex new rye at 24s. per quarter is already on offer. The garden has been much refreshed by the rain, and the labours of the gardener lightened. The sun-loving marigolds, zinnias, and coreopsis are remarkably fine in colour this year, and some of the double zinnias are so large and striking that it is difficult to recognise them as developments of the brilliant but very simple and dissuasive flower from Mexico. The rivers are gay with white and yellow water-lilies, and every form of river-side growth is especially fine this year; the leaves of some of the water-docks have attained an extraordinary size. These are natural results of a hot and fine summer wherever the supply of moisture is liberal and steady. The grass crops from water-meadows are extremely lush, and plants that grow up out of the water itself, such as the bullrush and the chichory, are noticed to be remarkably vigorous and tall this year.

### THE CROPS

The townsman has been so impressed by the unwanted brilliance of the present summer that he will be disconcerted at hearing that the crops (with the exception of the hay, which was got in before the heat set in) are by no means up to an average. The leading journal, in an exhaustive report, gives only too full reason for believing that wheat is nine per cent. below a full yield, beans being seven per cent., potatoes six per cent., and barley, oats and peas two per cent. below the average of the past ten years. Roots, since the rains, have come on so markedly that they may exceed an average yield, but September and October have a word in this.

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
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
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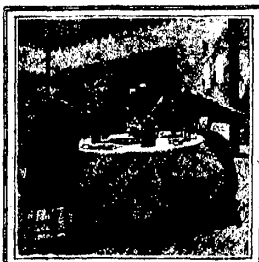
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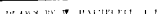
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"IS IT DYNAMITE?": RUSSIANS ON THE LOOK OUT FOR RAILWAY WRECKERS ON MARCH 1914

## Topics of the Week

The naval battles fought by Admirals Togo and Kaminura on the 10th and 14th of this month will probably rank among the epoch-making sea-fights of history. So far as can be seen at present it is no exaggeration to reckon them, in their tremendous consequences on *Welt-Politik*, as in no way inferior to Lepanto and Trafalgar. There is a certain topographical parallel when one thinks that Lepanto saved Europe for a second time from Asiatic domination, and that Trafalgar only saved it from the enslaving ambition of one of its own most masculine sons. To the Japanese the victories of last week will probably appeal as a combination of the two, for to them Russia is both Napoleonic and alien. Whatever surprises the war may yet have in store, it is probable that the wonderful sea-fights we have lately witnessed have permanently saved Japan, if not Eastern Asia, from an alien and oppressive thralldom. In some respects Togo's Trafalgar was not as complete as Nelson's. He took no prizes, and the only large vessel of the enemy destroyed in action fell to the gallantry of his colleague in the Korean Straits. Nevertheless, the effect of the two battles—which must be counted as one—is practically to remove the Russian flag from the waters of the Pacific. Five shot-riddled battleships have, it is true, returned to the Inferno of Port Arthur harbour, but the remainder of the squadron is already partly dismantled in neutral ports, and the vessels which are repairing are not likely to make any practical use of their restoration. There remain the two Vladivostok cruisers that escaped. What damage they have suffered we do not know; but even under the daring and resourceful command of Admiral Skrydloff it must be impossible for them to risk falling into the now unfettered hands of Admiral Togo. Under any circumstances the supremacy of the seas is now assured to Japan. If there is any prudence left in the Russian Admiralty we may be certain that the Baltic Armada will never sail; but if it should try to carry out its reckless programme, its fate is not difficult to foretell. Exhausted and fouled by its long voyage, with no port to make for, and, consequently, no opportunity to recuperate, manned by scratch crews and prematurely promoted junior officers, it will have to try conclusions with a powerful fleet enjoying all the advantages it lacks—ships tested in battle and completely equipped, and crews composed of seasoned veterans flushed with victory, officers of tried experience, and commanders of veritable genius. The issue of such a struggle needs no second sight to predict. The supremacy of the seas being assured to Japan, the consequences which follow are vital and decisive. Not only is Japan in a position to pour men and supplies into Manchuria at her ease, while Russia has to carry them nearly 10,000 miles on a single track of railway, but, at the same time, her security at home is assured. General Kuropatkin's dream of dictating peace at Tokio is now the vainest of mirages. Henceforth Japan can carry on the war with the consciousness that in any event her national existence is no longer imperilled. How tremendously this will affect the land fighting has yet to be seen, but it is not improbable that even there the naval supremacy of Japan may prove the key to final victory.

Finding hard fighting, cajolery and personal The Lama's absenteeism alike ineffectual to get rid of the Latest British Mission, the truant Buddhist Pontiff has, apparently, decided to try the effect of starvation on the Sikhs and Gorkhas. While the native peasants still show entire readiness to sell their produce at the camp, the governing authorities at Lhasa make pretence that the city is bereft of provisions owing to the cessation of supplies from the country. Happily, Colonel Younghusband is far too old a stager to accept that excuse. He has, too, an easy remedy ready to hand. It being certain that food supplies do enter the city in large quantities, or the population would very quickly ask the reason why, armed parties from the camp stationed on the principal roads could operate by interception, as the German legions did during the long siege of heroic Paris. It is possible, no doubt, that the suffering thus produced among the hungry inhabitants might culminate in armed rebellion; the Dalai Lama has his enemies we may make very sure, and they would not lack fuel to fan into flame the famine to prey on the Holy City. But there is little likelihood of matters coming to such an evil pass as that; Tibetan wisdom may not be very deep or broad, but it extends so far, at all events, as recognising the folly of kicking against the pricks instead of giving them wide room. Having been made aware that the British soldiers will remain at Lhasa until Colonel Younghusband's conditions are complied with, the heads of the great Lamaseries

may be trusted to convince their Pope-King that the time has come to pocket his spiritual pride as rather an encumbrance than a help in dealing with such irreverent intruders. If, on the other hand, he does not make submission in time to admit of our little force getting back to India before winter sets in, it will have to convert some of the huge monasteries into barracks against the advent of the frozen season.

When the Session of 1904 began, no one dreamed that it was possible that Mr. Ralfour's Government would survive to the normal end of the Session. Unionists and Liberals alike assumed that there would be a dissolution, if not before Easter, at any rate before Whitsuntide. But the Unionist Government has survived, and ends the Session with a majority, reduced, indeed, but still more than double the majority which Lord Rosebery enjoyed during the brief period that he was Prime Minister. Needless to say, the legislative work of the Session was gravely embarrassed by the long continuing doubt as to the survival of the Government. On both sides of the House the minds of members were much more occupied with the changing phases of the fiscal problem than with the details of the legislation proposed by the Government. As a necessary consequence very little practical legislation was possible. Of all the Bills mentioned in the King's Speech, the only measure of any importance which the Government has succeeded in passing, is the Licensing Bill. On the whole the Session has admittedly been a disappointment to all parties concerned. There has been a great deal of strenuous effort upon both sides, leading to many prolonged and heated debates, but to no other definite result. Unionists and Liberals alike will rejoice that the Session of 1904 has come to an end, and both will probably look forward more hopefully to the Session of 1905.

## The Court

The King is pursuing his "cure" at Marienbad, in Bohemia, where he arrived at the close of last week. On landing from the Victoria and Albert at Flushing His Majesty travelled quite privately as the Duke of Lancaster, so by his wish there was no public reception at Marienbad, although the station was gay with flowers and decorations. Count Menckhoff, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in London, Sir V. Plunkett, our Ambassador at Vienna, with some of his staff, the Military Commandant of the district and the Burgomaster were the only people to receive King Edward, who at once drove in his motor-car to the Hotel Weimar, where he stayed last year. His Majesty occupies the same apartments on the first floor—which include Goethe's rooms—but they have been re-decorated. During his cure the King's daily programme follows a steady routine. He is out early for his morning walk and two glasses of water, transacts State business after breakfast, and generally takes a short stroll before lunch, while the afternoon is spent in motor excursions. A few guests dine with the King at the hotel, or else His Majesty dines out with friends. Every effort has been made to ensure him as much quiet as possible, the Burgomaster issuing appeals to the visitors. His Majesty remains at Marienbad till about September 2, and on his way home he will probably visit the German Emperor and Empress at Wilhelmshöhe, near Cassel. Emperor William comes to England in November.

The event of the week at Marienbad was the visit of the Emperor of Austria to the King. In order to receive his fellow-Sovereign with due honour, King Edward laid aside his *incognito* for the day, and the meeting was quite a State affair. Marienbad, already crowded, fairly overflowed with visitors for such an occasion, and the pretty little watering-place was a mass of flags, floral decorations, and inscriptions. His Majesty was at the station to meet the Emperor, there being a large gathering of diplomatists and local officials, together with a guard of honour, and the two Sovereigns drove together to the Hotel Weimar. Having spent some time with the King, the Emperor went to his own rooms at the Villa Lugliand, where King Edward soon paid him a return visit. After the Emperor had held a reception he returned to the Hotel Weimar to dine with the King, who had himself chosen the room in which dinner was served. A drive followed for the two monarchs to see the decorations and illuminations, and Emperor Francis Joseph left next morning for Karlsbad, King Edward bidding him adieu at the station.

The Queen and Princess Victoria have been on a short visit to Sandringham, where on Sunday they attended Services at St. Mary Magdalene's. They left again on Wednesday for Scotland. Her Majesty intending to stay a week or two at Balmoral before her usual autumn visit to D-nmark.

The Prince of Wales has also been in the north, having joined the Duke of Devonshire's party at Bolton Abbey for the opening of the grouse-shooting. They had capital sport on the Duke's moors, and on the first day 255 brace fell to the seven guns of the party before luncheon.

## The Opstander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTLER.

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

Just now there is considerable talk and discussion with regard to the physical degeneration of the modern race, and all kinds of theories are evolved to account for it. Possibly one of the most important theories with regard to this matter has not yet been even hinted at. I hold that the cause of modern physical degeneration may be comprised in one word, and that word is—"Waste!" Nobody walks nowadays. Locomotion is no cheap that no one thinks of reaching or returning from his daily avocation by a moderate expenditure of shoe-leather. He uses the omnibus, the rail, the tram, or the tube. While the millionaire whisks down to his office in a motor-car, the bricklayer reaches his business on a bicycle. Indeed, the whole world has, so to speak, been put on casters, so that it can be easily trundled without fatigue in any direction. Again, the good muscular exercise of ascending stairs is fast falling into disuse, as lifts are being rapidly introduced in all directions. When I was a boy I can remember, when in Switzerland, walking up to the Right Caten and carrying my knapsack. Now you are whizzed up there in a comfortable first-class carriage. Depend upon it, wheels are an important element in modern physical degeneration.

It is difficult to understand the somewhat inquisitorial attitude adopted by some railway companies with regard to workmen's tickets. I am told that at some stations if I applied for a workman's ticket I should be refused, but if I disguised myself in a flannel jacket, corduroy trousers, and a cap, and carried my breakfast in a spotted blue handkerchief, I might succeed in travelling at the reduced fare. But if my subterfuge were discovered I should stand a very good chance of being indicted for fraud. Indeed, I believe such cases have not infrequently occurred, though there seems to be no earthly reason why they should. Undoubtedly I am a workman, and I work quite as hard—sometimes a great deal harder—as the bearers of the hod, the tinkers of the trowel, the scalers of the scaffold, the sentinels of the hammer, and the silversmiths with the plane, and if I get up early I see no reason why I should not share the advantages of my fellow-labourers. I am glad to learn that the Central London Railway has taken a common-sense view of the subject. Sir Henry Oakley said at the meeting the other day with regard to this matter, (that) to those who went for workmen's tickets before half-past seven, "they were served to prince and to peasant alike, and were a sort of reward for getting up early." It is to be hoped this excellent plan will be adopted by other lines.

The half-holiday movement which is now so general in country towns is apt sometimes to be embarrassing to visitors. When you wish to see a place wearing its every-day aspect it is disappointing to find it looking as if half the town were dead and the rest gone to its funeral. Sometimes it is more than disappointing—it is aggravating. Here is an instance. The other day I wanted to visit an especial shop in a town about forty miles away. I went there at considerable inconvenience and expense. When I arrived I found it was half-holiday and all the shops were closed. Now the days and hours of these closures, which vary all over England, should be more widely made known. Why cannot they be indicated—and the market days as well, which are often a great nuisance to the visitor—in the "Postal Guide," "Bradshaw," and the "A B C"?

It may possibly be remembered that when, on the introduction of the electric light into Westminster they suddenly cleared away all the faithful but hideous old lamp-posts, I said they were in too much of a hurry. I think it will be found that I was right. At the meeting of the Gas Light and Coke Company the other day, I read in the papers that Sir W. T. Milnes said that the company had secured the contract for the lighting of Aldwych, "having been able to guarantee a light as good as electric light at a lower cost. Indeed, gas had now proved its superiority to electricity for the purpose of street-lighting." If this be the case we shall soon be wanting the old lamp-posts back again. They have been removed at considerable expense, and if they are re-erected it will be a very costly proceeding. But probably our ancient friends have long ago been sold and broken up, so we shall be obliged to have new ones. If this be the case, let us treat it will be something infinitely superior to the old design or the more recent electric standards. It is to be hoped Aldwych will set a really good example in this direction.

It is always gratifying to me to hear this column is appreciated in distant lands as well as in England. Therefore, I must thank an enthusiastic correspondent from Buenos Ayres most heartily for his very flattering letter. I dare not print all he says about me and my writings, for I should blush so much that I should become permanently the colour of a boiled lobster, and I don't think this would be ornamental—do you? Another thing, if I printed the letter my enemies would be sure to say I wrote it myself. I must also thank my correspondent very much for some original verses, which have given me infinite amusement.

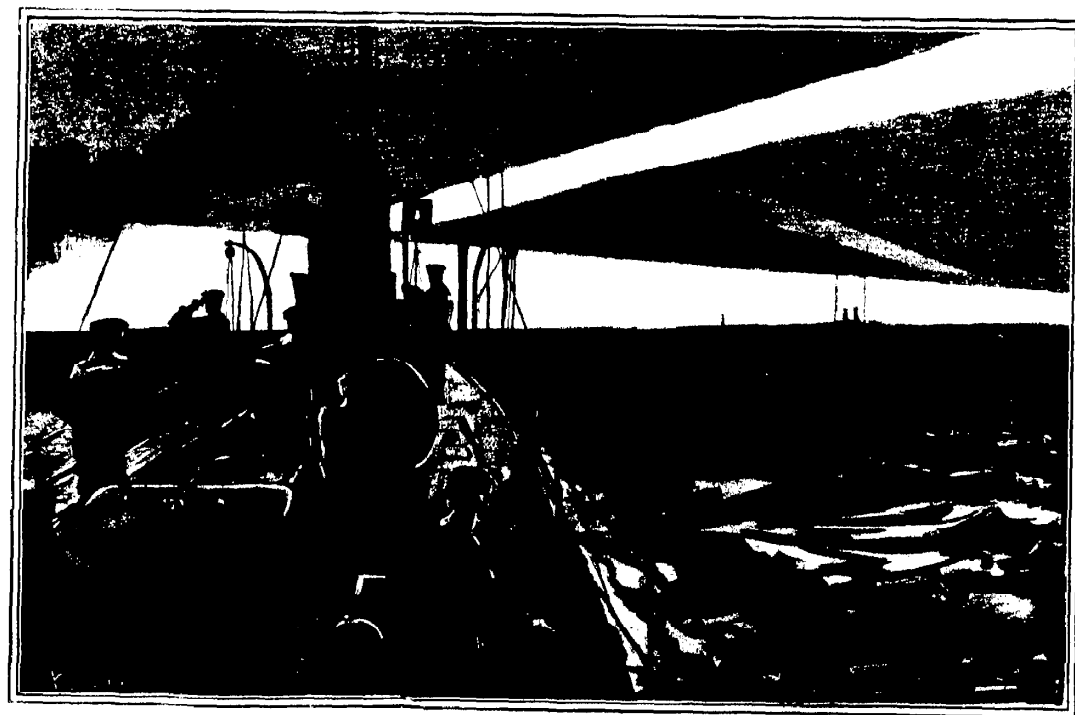
You may possibly remember, when it was suggested that, on account of the new avenue into Trafalgar Square, it would be necessary to remove the statue of King Charles I. from its present position, I carefully surveyed the surrounding ground. Though I ran considerable risk of being annihilated by the wheel traffic, and though I became a suspicious person in the eyes of several policemen, I did my work thoroughly and calmly, and ascertained at the time that the new road would not in any way interfere with the statue, and there would be no occasion whatever to remove it. I am glad to learn that my opinion is shared by the authorities, and that it has been decided that the statue shall remain on the site it has so long occupied.





The soldiers of the 1st Marine Division, who are in the line of attack, are looking from behind a sandbagged position.

**INTERESTED SPECTATORS—A SNAPSHOT FROM THE FRONT**



A view of the torpedo launch, as seen from the ship. The torpedo is being launched from the ship. The torpedo is being launched from the ship. The torpedo is being launched from the ship.

**THE NAVAL MANEUVERS—A CRUISE TORPEDO BOAT PATROLLING THE MOUTH OF MILFORD HAVEN**

PLANNED BY OUR SPECIAL AGENT, A. KEMP TERRY



DEMONS BY J. J. S. (1904)  
A number of "demon" men belonging to the Waterford Division are here shown returning from Waterford to the Fort at Plover, Co. Wick, after a successful raid on the coast.

AT THE NAVAL MANOEUVRES: A JAUNT ON HAUNTING GROUND

## "Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

Lord Cholmondeley, whose son, Lord Rocksavage, came of age last week, possesses a family legend connected with his name. It was prophesied by one of the wizards of the period that when an eagle perched on the roof of the house, an heir should be born. This took place, as is recorded by a sister of Mrs. Cholmondeley, in the seventeenth century. Since then the eagle has become the emblem of the family, as in many other cases where the death omen in the shape of an animal appears on the crest. Mr. Andrew Lang associates the legend of Glamis Castle with its secret rooms, and the awful mystery to be revealed to the heir on his twenty-first birthday with the family of Cholmondeley, and their house of Vale Royal, and supposes that it was the origin of Sir Walter Scott's story "The Hetrothed." If so, it is curious that the myth still remains attached to the House of Strathmore.

Practical lady yachtswomen were much to the fore this summer at Cowes, and several prizes were won by sailing boats steered by ladies. Mrs. Schenley has for years devoted herself to sailing, and so has Miss Cox, who shares a vessel with her. Racing in roughish weather is no joke, and it says much for the courage and endurance of these ladies that they are not afraid to sail in all weathers, and that entire crews of women wearing suitable costumes go out cruising in the Solent, with a fresh wind blowing, undeterred by danger and difficulty in their ardour to win prizes. Sailing seems to have an especial charm for its votaries. Very few people who once take to it can endure to give it up. When quite advanced in age, Lord Dufferin would go out alone in his small boat much to the concern and alarm of his family, for these little vessels easily capsize.

Lawn tennis tournaments are now in full swing, and some very fine play was witnessed recently at Buxton between the lady players. Miss Douglas, the lady champion, made mince-meat of her opponents, but the matches between her and Mrs. Hildyard, who has been playing for many years, and between her and Miss Thompson excited the keenest interest. Both ladies played admirably, and the well-contested games called forth unlimited enthusiasm. Nowhere can one find a more characteristically pretty English scene than a lawn tennis tournament affords. The sun shining on the green, the white-clothed girls and men competing, all constitute a delightful spectacle. The ladies played mostly in white cotton or serge dresses, and bare-headed, their



THE TSARINA, MOTHER OF THE NEW HEIR TO THE THRONE OF RUSSIA  
From a Photograph by Levitsky, Photographer to their Imperial Majesties, St. Petersburg.

coiffures being artistically arranged to the accompaniment of music, and remaining so during the arduous struggle. Miss Douglas, the lady champion, possesses a lovely head of autumn-coloured hair, which glowed like burnished gold in the sunshine. The strain and exertion of playing so many hotly contested games must, indeed, be immense, but the champion seemed to take it very calmly, and remained a graceful figure at the most difficult moments.

Though there are exceptions that prove the rule, it cannot be

said, however, that very violent exercise, such as golf and lawn-tennis played persistently tend to give a woman a beautiful figure. Of course, moderate exercise is beneficial, but very continuous and violent indulgence in games certainly spoils a girl's complexion and thickens and coarsens her figure. It is well for women to consider whether they will renounce all claims to beauty and grace before entering upon a steady career of severe athletics.

People are apt to think that health can only be obtained by going abroad and "doing a cure," but to those who cannot take a long journey because of the claims of business or the increased expense, I would say, retire to some pleasant country place, get up at six o'clock every morning and drink a couple of glasses of water, either plain or saline, walk in between, live simply, go to bed early, ride or play tennis and golf in the afternoon, and at the end of three weeks you will find yourself a different man—or woman. But do not carry your French *chic* and your luxurious habits with you, and be sure to walk instead of motoring.

## The Russian Heir

At last the Russian Sovereigns have the desire of their heart, and the Throne possesses a direct heir. No child could be more welcome than the little son just born to the Tsar and Tsarina, after four daughters, and the child's arrival is especially opportune at this time of national anxiety and disaster. A salute of a hundred and one guns told the joyful news to St. Petersburg, and in a few hours illuminations and flags were general, while the people kept holiday at the Tsar's request. Congratulations showered in upon the Imperial couple, not only from their own country, but from foreign courts, King Edward telegraphing from Marienbad, while the chief Russian cities prepared to commemorate the joyful event with thanksgiving services. St. Petersburg led the way with a *Ts. Dzwon* at the Kazan Cathedral, attended by the Grand Dukes and diplomatic body, but the most impressive ceremony was reserved for Moscow. An Imperial Herald brought the Tsar's manifesto announcing his son's birth, and after this had been solemnly read in the Uspensky Cathedral a *Ts. Dzwon* was rung, and a review of the troops held by the Grand Duke Sergius, Governor-General of Moscow. The Tsar's manifesto orders that the oath of fidelity shall be taken to his son as "Naslednik"—heir to the throne—and Tzarevitch. The baby Prince will be baptized in three weeks' time. Already he is the possessor of many titles, the Tsar having appointed him to the command of regiments which will bear his name, besides being *de jure* of others. His birth takes the title and position of Tzarevitch away from his uncle, the Grand Duke Michael, only surviving brother of the Tsar, who has been heir for years past.



This photograph shows the Tsar in the act of blessing the officers of the Alexander III. Regiment of Infantry before they left for the Far East. The Tsar is holding in his hand an icon representing the head of our Lord, and all the officers are kneeling before the sacred picture.

THE TSAR AND HIS ARMY: HIS MAJESTY BLESSING THE OFFICERS OF A BATTALION ABOUT TO LEAVE FOR THE FRONT



## An Art Cause

BY M. H. SPIELMANN

The group of five Titians in the National Gallery has been strengthened by the inclusion of Lord Darnley's famous "Portrait of Ariosto" from Cobham Hall. The picture, which was lately acquired by Sir George Donaldson for £30,000, has been graciously ceded by him, without profit, for that sum. The amount was beyond the resources of the Director, and Mr. W. W. Asor and Mr. Pierpont Morgan supplemented the donations of Mr. Alfred Beit, Lord Burton, Lord Iveagh, and Lady Wange, and between them contributed not less than £18,500 towards the purchase-money. It is curious now that the "Ariosto, by Titian," which was acquired for the National Gallery in 1860, has been deposed and is recognised as "A Portrait of a Poet, by Palma" (not everyone concurring in the new attribution), we should find an "Ariosto, by Titian" once more in the catalogue. But even now there is no certainty that the new picture really represents Ariosto; doubts were thrown upon the identity by Crowe and Cavalcaselle; but as to the authorship, there is no question. The canvas is signed; it is two feet nine inches high by two feet one inch broad, and the poet, part of whose body is seen behind a parapet, is shown in profile, walking to the left.

The recommendations of the Select Committee of the House of Lords on the Chantrey Trust go far to meet the obvious

itself as to how far it will, or will not, accept the recommendations of the Lords' Committee, it is, perhaps, to be doubted whether, in the present state of public business, reform will follow as quickly as if the changes had avoided fundamental legal alteration. Moreover, in practice, I have frequently found the older and apparently more conventional painters among the Academicians, more in sympathy with the younger men and with newer methods, than those less far removed from scholastic memories.

The recommendation that the provision which legally prevents the acquisition of any sculpture, save in marble or bronze, should be modified, is sound and desirable. But it is a pity that when these important amendments were made the Committee did not think to go a step further and recommend that Ireland should be allowed to share in the benefits of the Will. At present she is shut out by Chantrey using the expression "Great Britain" instead of "United Kingdom;" but seeing that he framed his Will in part for the advantage of the Irish President of the Royal Academy, and that as it often happens that persons of the Royal Academy, when signing the "United Kingdom," it would be only reasonable that Ireland should be encouraged in art by a fair participation.

The opening of the Ionides Collection at the South Kensington Museum is an event of prime importance, owing chiefly to the

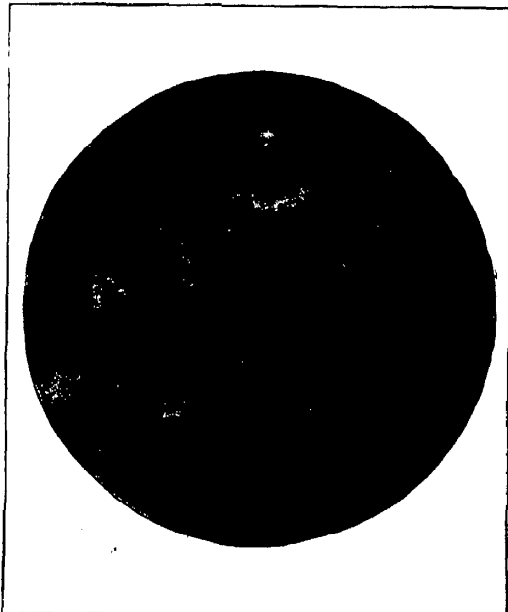
## The Theatres

The autumn season, which promises to be an interesting one, will practically begin on the 25th, when *The Chatterbox*, by Mr. Reginald Kennedy-Cox, will be produced at the ROYALTY. The cast includes Mr. Conway Tearle, Miss Granville, Mr. Nigel Playfair, Miss Vane Featherstone, and Miss Jennie Lee, the famous "Jo."

Following this, on the 27th, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new comedy will be produced at the GARRICK; Messrs. W. W. Jacobs and Louis N. Parker's *Beauty and the Beast* will come at the NEW on August 30; Mr. Alexander will give us *The Garden of Lies* at the ST. JAMES'S on September 3; while at the ADOLPH on September 17 comes the much-talked-of *The Prayer of the Sword*.

Rehearsals of the English version of *La Montaner*, which Mr. Michael Morion has prepared for Miss Lena Ashwell, have now begun, and it has been decided that the play shall be produced at the CORONET on September 15, under the title of *Marguerite*. This version differs in many essential details from that recently produced by Madame Réjane, and it was thought that the retention of the original title of *La Montaner* would be misleading.

No date has yet been fixed for the forthcoming novelty by Mr.



The Tsar and Tsarina have four daughters:—The Grand Duchess Olga, born in 1885; the Grand Duchess Tatiana, born in 1887; the Grand Duchess Marie, born in 1890; and the Grand Duchess Anastasia, born in 1901. Our photographs are by Leon Levitsky, photographer to their Imperial Majesties.

THE TSAR AND TSARITSA AND THEIR FOUR DAUGHTERS



THE THREE ELDEST CHILDREN OF THE TSAR AND TSARITSA

defects of the past system of purchase, the result of which has been criticised by every one interested in the subject, and admitted by those by whom it has been carried out. How far this unsatisfactory result has arisen from misconception on the part of the trustees, and how far from the harassing and restricting conditions laid down by the testator himself, need not be considered here. The Committee, it is interesting to note, find on the one hand, that Chantrey's main object has not been effected—the fault, in part, of his own instructions; and, on the other, that the reckless charges of corruption and interested motives so widely made, and afterwards so hastily withdrawn, have no foundation in fact. The contention advanced by those that the pictures painted by chance visitors to England, such as M. Monet and M. Degas, should have been acquired, is very properly dismissed, and the demand that deceased painters—at any rate, those who flourished between the making of the Will and the proving of it—should be represented in the collection, is also set aside. The date of the proving of the Will—as I venture to state was my own contention when called as a witness—is that which has been adopted as the backward limit.

The transference of the purchasing duty to a sub-committee of these may prove to work better results; but the recommendation that one of these should be an Associate involves as appeal to Parliament or the Courts for power to depart from the terms of the Will itself—and having these difficulties in view, in addition to the independence of the Royal Academy

pictures of the French school it includes—the first to come into the national possession. The prints, by Rembrandt and others, are extremely fine, and the arrangement is, in the circumstances, very good; but the circumstances are in themselves unfavourable, inasmuch as only two rooms have been devoted to what really requires three. As the contiguous room, the "Dyce and Forster," is similarly overcrowded, it is obvious that efforts should be made to devote that room also to the Ionides Collection, and to transfer the Dyce and Forster pictures, etc., to an apartment where the skying of some of the most interesting works would not be needed.

This will certainly be necessary when the Ionides family pictures, left by arrangement with his relations for the present, come in due time to strengthen the collection. The prints are all by Mr. C. F. Watts, and include the following: (1) Mary, wife of Constantine Ionides (painted in 1882); (2) Constantine Ionides; (3) Constantine Alexander Ionides (1880); (4) Euterpe Craies (1881); (5) Lallie Ionides (1881); (6) Zoe Ionides (1881); (7) Nellie, daughter of A. C. Ionides (1893); and (8) a Group of Alexander Ionides' family. These portraits are variously interesting, but they are not to be regarded as marking consistently the highest level of the artist, excellent as they are. The earliest of the portraits, painted when Watts was a young man, is a copy of a poor picture by a forgotten painter; and in his version Watts not only painted a vastly better picture, but, curiously enough, a better likeness.

Pinero, at WYNDHAM'S, but Mr. Weedon Grossmith will have a prominent part in it.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree, in addition to producing "The Tempest" this season, will also appear in a play in which he will figure as Nero.

The part of Charles II. will be played by Mr. H. V. Esmond in Mr. Lewis Waller's next production, at the IMPERIAL Theatre, *The Master of the King's Company*.

Mr. Charles Frohman's new theatre for Mr. Seymour Hicks and Miss Ellaline Terriss, now being built at the Piccadilly end of Shaftesbury Avenue, will be called "THE PICCADILLY Theatre;" meanwhile, the new WALDORE Theatre is progressing apace, and, as if there were not enough theatres built already or in course of construction, Miss Louie Frear is talking of building one for herself.

The directors of the EMPIRE have engaged Signor Ernesto Rocco, the mandolin virtuoso, who gave evidence of his talent when appearing with Kubelick. Another notable addition to the programme is Syd May, the well-known impersonator of popular favourites, who introduces a skit on Hickenachmidt, the wretched Mlle. Marguerite Cornille maintains her old position as first favourite with Empire audiences, and the Biograph, with the Channel Swim and other up-to-date pictures, is still a great attraction.

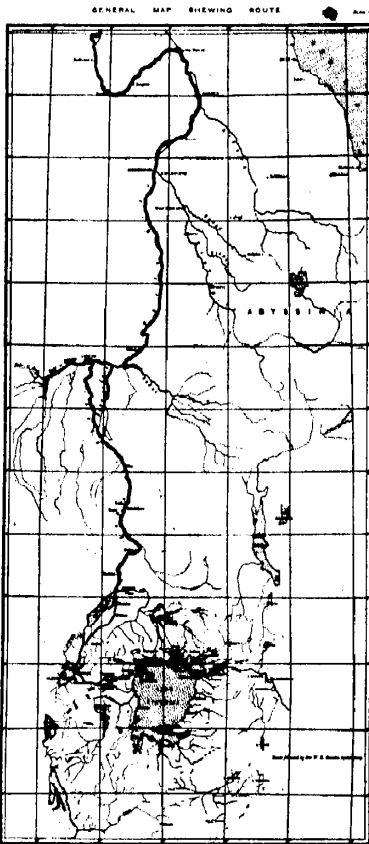
## The Making of Modern Egypt

Blue Books are, as a rule, voted dull by the great majority of the reading public; but if most of these Government Papers are "caviare to the general," the same cannot be said of one just issued upon the Upper Basin of the Nile. This volume, which consists of 243 pages, illustrated by a series of interesting photographs and plans, unfolds a scheme which fascinates by its very vastness. Moreover, there is, in matters relating to Egypt, always something that compels attention. The new Blue Book, which deals with the Upper Nile Basin, consists of a despatch from Lord Cromer to the Foreign Office, enclosing a report by Sir William Garstin, Under Secretary for Public Works, in Egypt. The document is in continuation of a report prepared by Sir W. Garstin in 1901, dealing with irrigation projects in the



SIR W. E. GARSTIN,  
The Originator of the Egyptian Irrigation Schemes.

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Upper Nile. Since then this indefatigable public servant has made a prolonged tour in the Upper Nile region, going as far south as the great lakes, and the report is the result of five years' observations on the Bahr-el-Ghazal. When we reflect a moment and recall the condition of Egypt twenty years ago and compare that with its present state, we cannot deny that the re-settlement of Egypt is one of the finest achievements of Englishmen in our time. For a long time our administration was hampered by French jealousy, but that cause of hindrance has been removed by the conclusion of the Anglo-French Agreement.

There are now no difficulties in the great work of developing the resources of Egypt, except such as Nature has placed in the way. It is to overcome these natural and physical

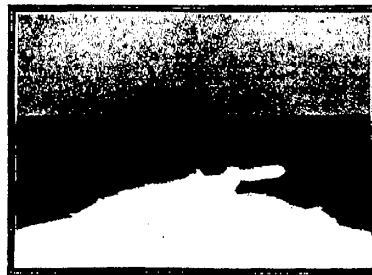
difficulties that Sir William Garstin has devoted himself with unsparring energy. The whole prosperity of Egypt depends on the Nile, and the control of this vast river is the object of Sir William Garstin's work. The proposals set forth in his report receive the heartiest support from Lord Cromer in his covering despatch. This despatch summarises the new proposals, and deals with the financial aspect of the problem. The



THE BAHR-EL-GHAZAL

works which Sir William Garstin suggests should be undertaken would entail the expenditure of ££21,400,000, of which ££13,000,000 would be spent in the Soudan and the rest in Egypt. But the proposed expenditure in the Soudan would not only benefit that country. ££5,500,000 of the second sum is to be spent on works for the Bahr-el-Gebel, and this would be of material interest to Egypt. Broadly speaking, the whole of Sir W. Garstin's plan is based on the principle of utilising the waters of the White Nile for the benefit of Egypt, and those of the Blue Nile for the benefit of the Soudan. With regard to the carrying out of the vast undertakings proposed, the writer says:—"There could, of course, be no question of carrying out such a programme in any very short space of time. In fact, even if the money were available, it is scarcely possible that these works could be executed under a period of ten to fifteen years, under the most favourable conditions." He proposes to employ an additional staff in order to study the various projects set forth in his report. The cost of this for the first year will be ££24,000, and this money has already been granted.

One of the great difficulties to be overcome in dealing with the Upper Nile is the fact that a large portion of the discharge of the Equatorial Lakes is lost in the great swamps made by sudd, a weedy growth, which is the plague of the river. Some of the illustrations in the Blue Book show how this growth confines and sometimes blocks the river. Sir William Garstin is not to be dismayed by this formidable obstacle, and one of the most interesting passages in his report is his proposal to deal with it. It is only beyond Omdurman that the sudd begins to become a trouble; still further south the stream is in places completely blocked. Sir W. Garstin considers that a channel could be cut through the sudd marsh, but it would cost three and a half millions, and in all probability the work would have to be done all over again in a few years. He therefore brings forward an alternative plan, the boldness of which cannot fail to win admiration. This scheme involves the cutting of a new wide course for the White Nile from Bor to Taufikia—a distance of over 300 miles. This would avoid the marsh altogether, and carry the water northwards in a straight line, instead of leaving it to follow the present tortuous course of the Bahr-el-Gebel. The immense advantage to be realised by avoiding the Great Swamp region altogether is well worth the expenditure of the five and half millions, which is the estimated cost of the undertaking. Should this scheme, which is the one recommended in preference to any other by both Sir William Garstin and Lord Cromer, prove to be impracticable, it is proposed to remodel the Bahr-el-Zaraf so as to enable it to carry the required discharge. When once it has been secured by either of these methods, that the summer discharge of the Bahr-el-Gebel shall reach the White Nile in undiminished volume, the work of regulating the Victoria and Albert Lakes, at their outlets, says Sir W. Garstin, should be proceeded with.



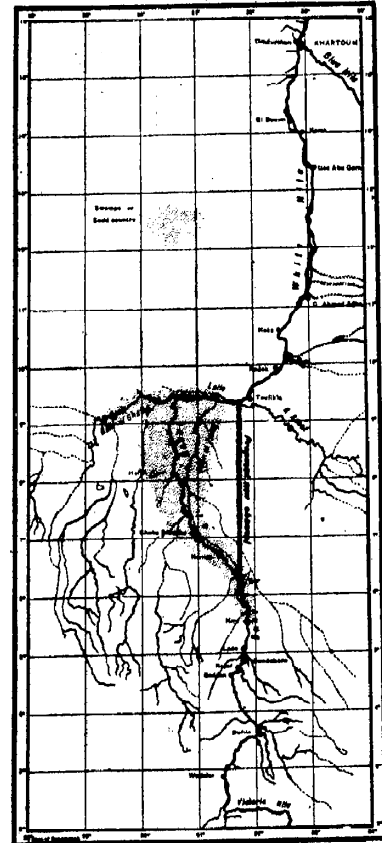
THE BAHR-EL-GHAZAL BLOCKED WITH SUDU

The boon of a "regular" Nile would well repay this expenditure. The originator of the scheme estimates that when the whole of his Egyptian project is carried out, 750,000 acres of land will be converted from basin into perennial irrigation, 100,000 acres will be made capable of being irrigated by pumps, and 800,000 additional

acres will be brought under cultivation, and that, at very moderate rates, the increased revenue to be derived from taxation will be ££1,295,000. With regard to the Soudan, Sir William Garstin estimates that when the whole of his scheme is completed, 1,000,000 acres in the Soudan will be brought under cultivation, and that the direct return in the shape of land-tax would be ££500,000 a year. The whole, or at all events the greater part, of this money would, of course, be utilised to diminish the Egyptian contribution now paid annually to the Soudan Government. "In fact," says the report, "the only hope of rendering the Soudan ultimately self-supporting lies in the judicious expenditure of capital on railways and irrigation."

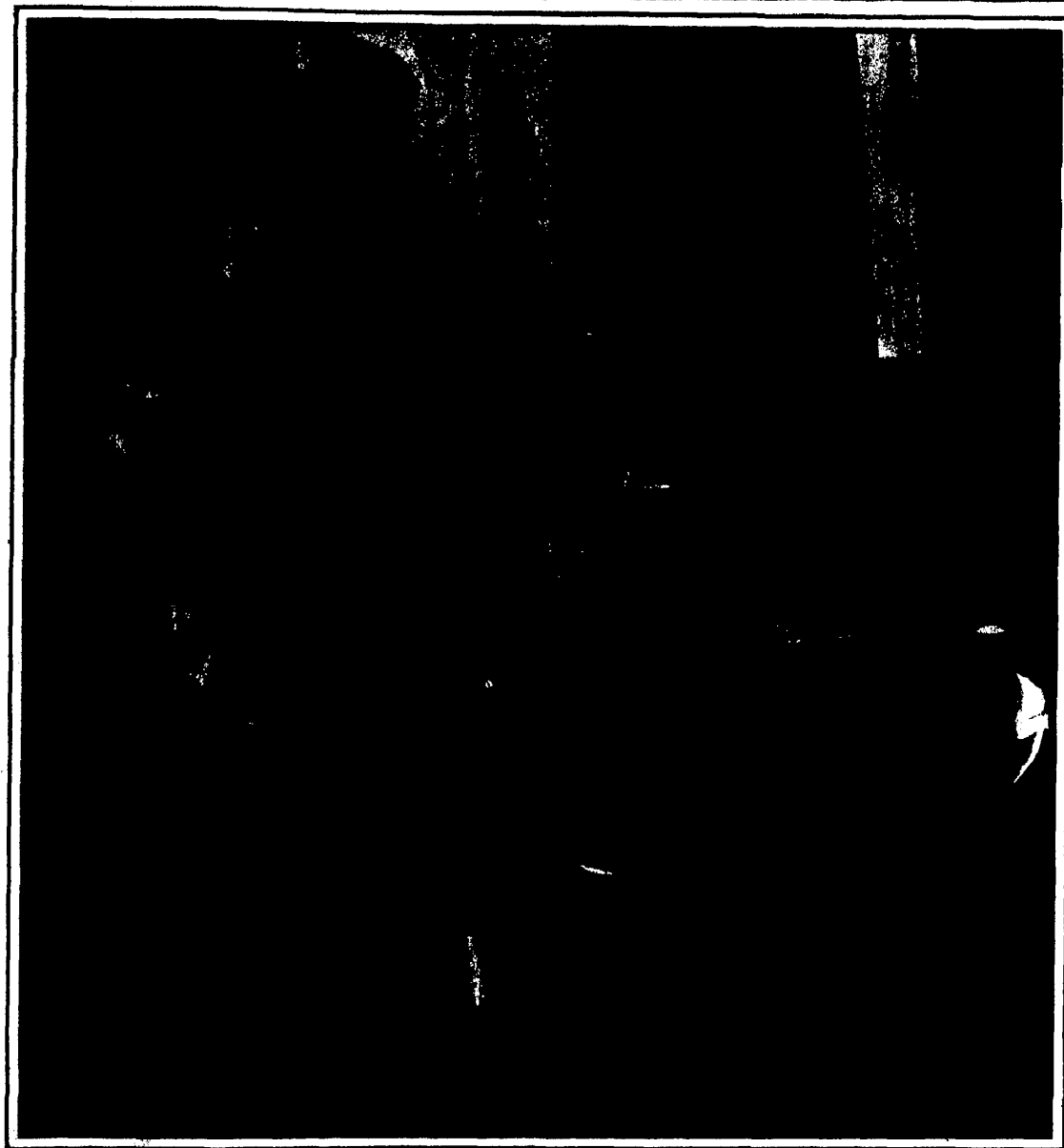
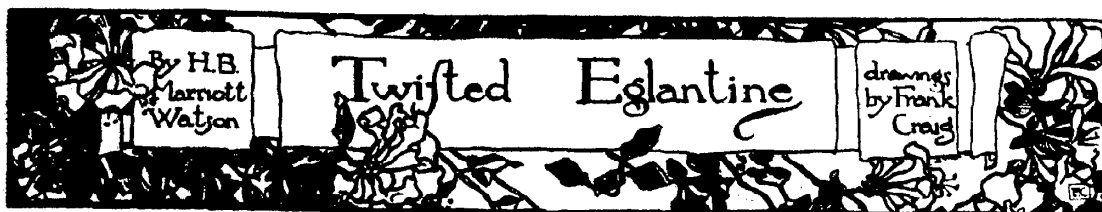
Lord Cromer, in his despatch, lays down a scheme of policy for Egypt, as far as public works go. The first thing to be done is to provide the money for converting the lands of Middle Egypt from basin into perennial irrigation. The first new work to be undertaken with this object will be the raising of the Assouan dam. This dam, which was opened some two years ago, has proved of so great value that it is to be made of more use still. The cost of this work is put down at ££500,000. Next, the two Nile mouths at Rosetta and Damietta are to be improved, and some three millions are to be spent on railways. With regard to Upper Egypt and the Soudan, the completion of the Suddim-Berber Railway is of first importance. It will cost ££1,750,000, and it is expected to be finished by the spring of 1905. This work, together with the vast irrigation schemes already mentioned, constitute the essentials of prosperity to the Soudan, and it is to be hoped that nothing will be allowed to interfere with the carrying out of the project set forth so clearly

M A P  
SHOWING PROPOSED NEW CHANNEL  
FOR BAHR EL GEBEL.



in this interesting report. Lord Cromer concludes his despatch by saying that all interested in Egyptian affairs "owe a deep debt of gratitude to Sir William Garstin for the care and the conspicuous talent with which he has treated this very important question."

Sir William Garstin, the author of this report, is fifty-five years of age. Educated at Cheltenham and at King's College, he joined the Indian Public Works Department in 1872, and entered the Egyptian service thirteen years later. It was not until 1892, however, that he left India permanently to become Inspector-General of Irrigation in Egypt. Two years later he was appointed Under-Secretary of State for Public Works, and in 1897 was created K.C.M.G., the G.C.M.G. following in 1902. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.



*"Handsome she was beyond all naming, and handsomer than ever as she lifted a glass of ruby wine at her father's command and sipped a toast to the Expedition."*

#### CHAPTER VIII. (continued)

Yet it was odd that despite the righteous anger and indignation of Barbara Garraway, the young man went to bed with a lighter heart than he had carried for many days. He rose, too, experiencing the same buoyancy, and when he came whistling to his breakfast

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it was to find a letter from town, just come by the mail coach. This was from the Horse Guards, and acquainted him that he had been granted a commission, in accordance with his request, in His Majesty's ———th Regiment of Foot. He was ordered to report himself forthwith.

With this news, then, he appeared that same afternoon at Moyden, and found a sympathetic listener in Mrs. Garraway.

"I have told none before you, Mrs. Garraway," he said in his boyish way, "save my mother, who is sad, dear soul, that I must leave her."

"Indeed, but I would be proud," declared Mrs. Garraway, "and I hope it will prove a ladder to you, Mr. Faversham. There is nothing higher than to fight for one's country; 'tis a duty that is sacred; and a privilege, as the Vicar said last Sunday. But I hope

you will not be wounded, my boy, and oh, Gilbert, how your poor mother must be sorrowful! I'm glad you're no boy of mine," with which string of inconsistencies she proceeded to call on her husband and Barbara to come and admire.

But Barbara was out, and it was not until later that he came upon her in the meadows by the little river. He had not looked for her, and was not expecting to find her, but was returning alone from a visit across the woods in the Squire's company. Abashed as he had been by his grave blunder of the previous evening, he was no coward, and his legs refused to run away. On the contrary, they bore him towards her, and did not quake even at her icy demeanour.

"Miss Garraway," he said with some eagerness, "I asked your pardon last night, but heard nothing from you. I am going to ask it again in the hope of a better answer than silence; and I ask it now because I am leaving the Forest."

"That is most melancholy news," said she with a scornful laugh. "Yet if I may see the last of you I may manage to forgive you. On no other terms, I assure you."

He flushed. "I must take my punishment," he said, "but I wish it had been less hard. Yet when I am away it will comfort me to know that you bear no ill-will to me for an unhappy mistake."

"Mistake!" she cried, as if the paltriness of the word irritated her. "You insult me deeply, and then call it a mistake! Oh! I wish I had a man's equality and shamelessness."

"If I offended against you, at least I suffered," he said with feeling. "I was in hell."

She glanced at him curiously and fingered the marsh-marigolds she had plucked, but she said nothing. It may have been that she wished to hear more.

"I suffered the torments of the last day and night," he said, his voice growing rougher with feeling as he realised now what he had undergone. "I would have torn him from his chair and struck him in pieces."

"You had no right, whatever you thought," she said coldly. "I did not ask for fight—I thought nothing of right. I should think nothing of right. If it were so I should do it," he said simply.

"It could be no business of yours," said Barbara, giving him, unseen, another glance.

"I care not. I love you. I loved you the more when I thought . . . I loved you the more that I hated him."

Again she was momentarily silent, but her next words, cold as they were, might have shown him signs of weakening.

"For what you have thought and done no self-respecting woman would let you see her face again."

"I shall not—I am going. Let me take your forgiveness," he said humbly.

"When do you go?" she said evasively.

He told her, and added that the King had given him a commission, not with any pride or satisfaction now, but merely as an explanation. Her start betrayed her interest at this announcement. "You are going abroad . . . to fight?" she inquired.

"I do not know yet," he said. "Maybe I shall be sent to Spain, but I am to join at once. I shall know when I get to London."

"You do not leave till Friday," said Barbara meditatively. "I will answer you before then. I feel too strongly just now to trust myself."

And with this answer he went away, not wholly content, but pacified, if sad, while Barbara looked after him. It had seemed odd that he should leave her, he who had never before done such a thing of his free will, but had to be dismissed. She had said that she felt strongly, but in point of fact this was an exaggeration. The discovery of what he had thought her capable, and of what she had never for a moment considered in relation to herself, had come upon her with a terrible shock, simply because it was a strange idea to an innocent maid. Yet, brought to close quarters with it, introduced to it, on familiar terms with it, so to say, she was no longer frightened by it. Its effect was dulled for her, and she supposed that a man regarded the matter very differently from her own sex. They had a cruel, savage way of approaching most things, and here, no doubt, was an instance. Consequently what occupied her mind most at this moment of his withdrawal was not his terrible offence so much as the statement he had made that he loved her the more for her imaginary fault. This thought had an odd effect upon her, which she could not have analyzed if she had tried, and there was no one less likely to try than she. She had not settled what course she should take in regard to Gilbert Faversham, but was satisfied that he would come to see her again before leaving for London. She envied him London, dwelled wistfully upon the beaux and the fashionable ladies, and even thought with a pang that Gilbert would be privileged to see rank and beauty in the Mall. After which her thoughts veered to Sir Piers and she forgot his rival.

The humiliation under which he laboured was evidenced in his punctilious abstention from Moyden. He went about his preparations for leaving humbly enough, but with a heavy heart; for it appeared to him all too plainly that he had lost Barbara, had lost even the chance of her. Now she, on her side, had not looked for this honest withdrawal, so harmonious with the spirit of the unspoken bargain; and the result was to pique her. She would have written to call him to her had she seen how to do so without loss of dignity, but it was impossible to invite him to come and receive her forgiveness. The position touched her sense of the ludicrous. Nor was it of avail to write a letter of pardon, for that pardon, thus conveyed, would be understood upon the terms which she had laid down, and would effectually banish so loyal a conscience from her presence for ever. Absence was to be the price of pardon, if pardon there might be. Barbara was irritated with herself and angry with Faversham, when on the evening before the day fixed for his departure he presented himself at the Manor.

He turned a friendly face to the Squire and Mrs. Garraway, but to herself his attitude was one of aloofness and respect. He chattered, when he forgot, of what might happen in the war, and was clearly excited when he broke out with the news that his regiment was under orders for Holland.

"We are to serve under Lord Chatham in the Waldersee Expedition, sir," he explained eagerly to the Squire. "I believe we have been picked as a choice regiment. I hope I have not forgot my military work. 'Tis kind of those to give me the commission when so many are begging."

Barbara's eyes twinkled with an appreciation of the ironic situation, yet she, too, was moved. Gilbert Faversham was going to fight the French in Holland! It brought actual facts near, threw the war into a proper perspective, and even caused thoughts to grow and magnify. But, his glance falling on the girl, he underwent a change in manner and voice; he was struck cold as the ash out of which all heat is fled.

"I am come to bid you good-bye," he added lamely. The Squire would not hear of his departure. If he were for the wars to-morrow, they should drink to his success and Boney's ruin ere they parted; for which purpose Barbara fetched the glasses. Handsome she was beyond all seeming, and handsomer than ever as she lifted a glass of ruby wine at her father's command, and sipped a toast to the expedition.

"There will be bloody fields in Holland," said the Squire with unction. "Gilbert, my boy, don't you reckon on a featherbed, hey? The Dutchies, they say, have a land full of hollows and rivers. They'll run red, they will, when our lads get at 'em. I hate the Dutchies," says he with emphasis. "I hate 'em like the Frenchies. Give 'em talyho, Gilbert."

But when the toasts had been drunk and civilities exchanged, Faversham rose to go. The Squire snatched him on the back with hearty goodwill, and Mrs. Garraway, in the warmth of her friendship, bestowed upon him two bottles of home-brewed cordial. Barbara put out her hand.

"Good-bye, Mr. Faversham," she said. "I hope you will come back safe."

There was nothing more in her voice and manner than was required for politeness. He took her hand and went, with a dim feeling at his heart. Out in the garden the birds were singing their last songs, and the blackbirds were clacking as they scurried from tree to tree. The sun had descended some time since, and the breath of a soft April evening came over the moor. He stood for a moment at the gate, holding his horse's bridle, and was aware of a rustling in the bushes. Next moment the laurels in the avenue opened and a figure emerged. Faversham started, for he recognised it in an instant. Barbara met him there, at the threshold of the Manor, as she had met Sir Piers to speed him on his way. She came forward simply.

"I came out to tell you that I had forgiven you," she said, and that was all.

At once he was overtaken with a tide of emotion. "It is good of you," he murmured, and took her hand. "I shall go away happier now. I was afraid—"

"Oh, how could I say it indoors, before papa and mamma?" she interrupted with decision. "I promised to let you know, and I have done so."

"You are very good," he repeated, not seeing what next must be done. She did not deny it, but lingered, as if awaiting something more. He summoned his courage. After all, he was leaving never to see her again, and what he had to say was no crime. "I could not have borne your not forgiving me, because I love you, and I shall not see you again."

She laughed lightly, ignoring the protest of affection. "What herules! Of course you will. You are not going to be killed. You will come back a colonel."

"But I must not see you again," he said.

She made no reply to this, but said, "Tell me about this expedition." He told her all he knew, which was not very much. "You will be spending some time in London," she said. He answered that he supposed so. "You will see the theatres and the sights, and everything," she pursued, "you will forget us country folk."

"I cannot forget those I love," he said indistinctly.

She made no reply, and something in the natural impetuosity of the man swept him on. Her hand, as he was conscious, still lay in his. "Miss Garraway," he said, "you have forgiven me. For God's sake do more. I ask everything. I love you, I have loved you always. I would love you were you in the ditch. Yes, there is my offence. I know it. I know it, and I care not, so long as you know I love you. You are enthralled, dear, for me for always. Barbara! Barbara! Barbara!" He drew her closer.

"Let me go," she said. "You must not act so. I only came out to tell you I had forgiven. Let me go. You are foolish, and you are hurting me. Let me go."

"I will not let you go until you answer," he cried. "What shall it be?"

He strained her towards him, and in the twilight she looked up and saw a fine little figure, and a face she had known always and knew to be handsome. Something in his physical masterfulness appealed to her, and though she resisted, she did not answer him in the negative.

"Let me go," she murmured in distress.

"No, no," he whispered, carried away by her proximity and the fragrance of her hair and presence. "Kiss me, Barbara, kiss me. Do not let me go without a sign."

"You ask too much," she panted. "You are unkind. I am very fond of you when you are sensible."

"I am never sensible when I am near you," he said tensely. She laughed a giddy little laugh. "Oh, how strong you are! You are pressing my wrist too tight. It will be black and blue. What is it you want me to say? Men are such brutes."

"Say you love me," he persisted.

"I don't, I don't know. How can I? Please let me go. There is someone on the lawn, and will hear us. I like you very much. How can I say any more?"

He drew her swiftly to him close, and kissed her with passion. "You shall be mine, dear," he whispered. "I will come back for you. Write and tell me I may come back for you."

The kiss was the first that had ever fallen on her lips, and there it burned. She smothered out of a strange emotion of surrender and fear and shock.

"Will you write, dear? Write and tell me," he urged, and thought he heard between her tiny sobs a "Yes." A light shone suddenly from the windows of the house, and a voice called loudly, "Barbara! Barbara!"

He turned from her and passed out of the gate noiselessly, and not until he was some distance from it did he mount and ride for Ringwood. Barbara shrank into the shrubbery, frightened and still. The voice ceased, and the window shut. Then she moved out upon the lawn and went through the dusk among the trees towards the rear of the house. Once in the orchard she breathed more freely, and straightened her frock and tidied her hair. She had not expected that tempest of passion, but, though she had been alarmed, she was not angry. Somehow or other there strayed into her mind the recollection that she had parted with Sir Piers also at the gate in a surreptitious way. He had not kissed her and demanded an answer so vehemently, so roughly. He had been most polished and elegant an . . . But she was not offended with Faversham.

When she entered the house her mother asked with some asperity where she had been.

"Listening to the thrushes in the orchard, mamma," she said dreamily, which in a way was true.

"You should not be out these chill spring evenings in a gown like that," commented Mrs. Garraway. "Tis foolish after your wetting."

"I will not do it again," promised Barbara; but she went through the rest of the evening in a commotion.

## CHAPTER IX.

### SIR PIERS IS APPROVED

Meanwhile Sir Piers Blakiston in London found much in his neglected affairs and in the calls of Society to occupy his time and mind. He had to meet the rally of his friends, among whom some story of rustic beauty had spread, and the Prince was chief of his tormentors. He took it well enough, being too safely established in his own esteem to be abashed by a trivial jest; indeed, by a trick of his which was held after his habit and consequently successful, so far from avoiding the topic, he cultivated it, and embroidered it with his wit.

"I found that it was but a wayside flower," he explained. "My eyes were dazzled, for I am getting old, like His Royal Highness, and begin to turn to simplicity. A primrose, my dear Lord Cholmondeley, brings emotions to my heart now, and tears to my eyes. You will observe it is so with the Prince also. So we move onward towards the end, accomplishing the specified road of nature."

And to the Prince himself he spoke with equal candour.

"I have returned defeated, and by a carpet captain. And from this distance now the grapes seem to me to look sour. I fear your Royal Highness would be of that opinion. In fine, sir, I have left the rose to bloom unseen and waste its sweetness on a country lout. It is sweetbriar, sir, sweetbriar, or maybe egilantine, but no more."

"Tis the first time I've known you defeated, Blakiston," the Prince was good enough to say.

"Ah, I have been serving myself before, not some one else," remarked Sir Piers drily and with audacity; at which His Royal Highness laughed good-humouredly.

He had, however, a different version of his exile for Lady Marston, whom he took an early opportunity of seeking.

This lady, a handsome ruin and a woman of great recklessness, was bound to him by effectual ties of gratitude and interest. Moreover, she professed for him to her intimates an esteem and an admiration which she declared she could render to few. The Prince was getting old and dull, she averred, and it was only Sir Piers that kept him and his circle from the doom of the commonplace. She also recognised the beau sa of kinship with herself. To this lady, who was not without considerable influence in high quarters, Sir Piers confessed half the truth.

"It is a good family," he said, "and draws from an ancient stock. But they will degenerate into bumpkins. You know, my dear lady, how to be planted out among cabbage would be to run the risk of transportation into the vegetable. Well, here's a pretty, handsome, sprightly girl, and will be growing Miss Haydon if we don't rescue her."

Lady Marston cast him a glance, furtive and prying, as it were, into his soul, but his urbane smile told her nothing. She laughed, and her laugh was one of the charms that remained to her, free of cosmetics and powder.

"You are Don Quixote himself, Sir Piers," she said, "the saviour of forlorn damsels and the champion of the wasted. La, you are too benevolent for this world. Well, I suppose you want the household here."

"Not," said Sir Piers, pleasantly undisturbed, "not, I think, my dear lady, the father. Papa is too gross and porcine in his mind. Moreover, he resembles a turnip. Now I come to think of it he has become one—which is another reason why the child should not become a cabbage."

"No," said the lady drily, "I see what she must become."

"A rose, madam, a rose," he answered smiling.

"A cabbage rose," she said laughing; and they seemed fully to understand one another.

Underneath the impeccable and placid manner which for the most part he wore, Sir Piers suppressed often a vehement nature. He was disciplined in a rigid school; the perfection of his learning in that school had advertised him to fame, and it was rarely that he let the useful mask drop from before him. Yet, although he was aware how far he carried the principle of suppression, and knew what his nature really was, even he was astonished to find how deeply this affair in the little insignificant village had engrossed him. He had spent all the years of his manhood in the pursuit of pleasures, and in the advancement of his interests in the highest circles. It seemed ridiculous that at his time of life, and after all his experiences, he should be at heart impatient of London and its claims, and anxious only to revisit a rural wilderness. To himself he did not explain it

as to his friends, on the ground of age, but attributed it rather to satiety, and a rightness in his taste.

"I have an eye," he thought. "I have always been acknowledged to have an eye, and there's none such as Barbara at Court. Her innocence bewitches, and yet she has a sparkle with it. 'Tis like champagne to a werry guest at a feast of the flat and inevitable." And those were his feelings, intensified even, as he drove down to Beaulieu some three weeks later. He was gone (so the fashionable sheet said) on a visit to a well-known nobleman in the Midlands, and would be absent a few days. The truth was that he had borrowed Sir Thomas Rankin's house by Beaulieu creek, a house which that young profligate never occupied, and would be glad to sell to the best buyer. It was as a possible purchaser that Sir Piers was now its tenant for a week. He had studiously avoided the danger of interpretations being put on his return, such as would have been incurred by taking up his old quarters at Brockenhurst. Moreover, his nice taste for comfort shuddered at the prospect of more country inns, and he had brought down sufficient of his effects to make him comfortable in his new house. He reached Beaulieu late in a soft afternoon, filled with very amiable thoughts and sentiments.

The hearth from which they descended to the water had a fine bold look, and the odour of the earth arose on all sides. The heaven was rose-and-gold in the west towards Moyden, where the sun had set already, and against the mists of the distant Forest curled up spires of smoke, witnessing to the waste fires, or to an encampment of gipsies, many of whom were regular denizens of those wild tracts. Sir Piers was well content. He had some small presents with him, not so sumptuous as to alarm or stir wonder, but choice and becoming to both mother and daughter.

He had a famous pipe for the Squire.

The house was small, solidly furnished, and comfortable. It stood above the creek with a little dropping garden behind, and before good lawns and a small open park. Standing off the road some distance, it saluted the eye in a friendly way, with its twinkling lights, as of one who has long been left in the cold, and is glad at last to welcome a visitor. Certainly it was austere in its solitude, and Sir Piers quite understood how Sir Thomas came to disesteem it. As he descended from his chair the house-keeper came out to meet him, with a deep curtsy. The leavening lights of the west shone on the full creek below, flashed and went out, leaving the water in darkness. If Sir Piers had been an imaginative man he might have shuddered at the sense of chill which this extinction produced. As it was, he merely gave his orders for supper and went into the house, followed by his man, Horner. The evenings were not yet warm enough to render a fire unnecessary, and Sir Piers sat over against the hearth of his dining-room till late at night. He played a game with his man, an admirable hand, in order to keep himself in practice—after which he sat and smoked and pondered. A book lay to his hand on the table, which he opened and read in, and then put back. It was a volume of plays by Congreve, but was clearly not interesting or fresh enough to absorb him. His acquaintances in town would have been amazed to witness Beau Blakiston enthroned in this strange solitude, and yet it was not at all unusual for him to spend some time in seclusion like an anchorite. The world saw him always in the front of fashion and marked him as one of its prime votaries. So, indeed, he was, but his nature demanded occasionally to go into retreat, and exercise that part of his character which he repressed. On these occasions he read a great deal, and formed his plans or meditated on his success in life. Now he was, however, doing none of these things. He was engaged in conjuring up the image of a beautiful face, and in dwelling in fancy upon the changes which that varying expression might portend to him.

... on emergency. He had not seen her face in the barn, but he had felt her quiver. On the other hand, he recalled how she looked after him as he rolled away from Moyden & only a month before. How would she look when she saw him speeding back? The warm blood thrilled through Sir Piers Blakiston at the thought, annihilating for the moment all that angular power of control which he had gained by lifelong practice. For the time he was on fire and happy. Ah, happier than as Beau Blakiston of Jeremy Street—happier than as Sir Piers Blakiston of Home.

When he looked out of the windows next morning a thin spring rain was threatening the moor, the mists hid the borders of the woodland, and the creek was humming below. It was a morning of happy April tears, though which presently the sun broke smiling, scattering in flight the low-lying mists, and welcoming with his stride the heavens. Sir Piers was never one to be moved by natural phenomena, yet in season of the year, the young growing grass, the brightening shoots, and the song and flurry of birds and nestlings, awoke in him chords of sympathy. It was good to be in town on such a day, but it was even good also to be in the country, rolling through a handsome landscape with a pleasant fervour at one's heart. He reached Boldre by midday, and calculated with an internal grimace that he would be pressed to dinner and would have the Squire and his lady for company; and so he came up before Moyden, his carriage halting at the very gates. As he did

so he observed a rustic with a spade who was gazing at him from an adjoining meadow. Noting this with a casual eye he descended, leaving his presents in Horner's charge, and opened the gate. Then he was aware of a voice that shouted, and, turning, saw the rustic gesticulating. As Sir Piers halted he uttered some unintelligible words in an uncouth voice, and the Baronet without the slightest exhibition of interest entered the gateway and went up the drive towards the house.

He had already reached the door and rung the bell when he saw Horner breathlessly approaching him.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said the valet, "but there's the plague in the Manor."

"Plague!" said Sir Piers. "What the plague does plague mean?"

"'Tis what they call it, sir, hereabouts. 'Tis the smallpox," says Horner apologetically.

Sir Piers regarded him without changing a muscle of his face. "I wish you would mind your own business, Horner," he said in reprimand. "Go back until I call for you," and he turned and rang the bell again.

The door was opened by a maid, very solemn, very scared, and very important, who regarded him with astonishment.

"Is your mistress in?" said he.

"Sir, there is the smallpox," she began, but was stopped by a peremptory gesture.

"I asked if your mistress were in," he said sharply, and was answered by the appearance of the lady in question.

"Oh, Sir Piers!" she cried, holding up her hands lamentably.

"Madam," he asked with polite deliberation, "will you be good enough to inform me who it is ill in your house?"

"'Tis my husband," she said, and appeared on the verge of weeping.

approval. "Young lives should not run risks—they have all before them. I think, madam," he said to Mrs. Garraway modestly, "that he will like my pipe. 'Twas chosen with great care by myself and the Marquess of Anglesey, who has a sure taste in pipes."

He held the ladies in talk while the message was sent, explaining quite by the way his presence there. "I am guest to Sir Thomas Rankin of Beaulieu," he said, "for a day or two; and I gave myself the pleasure of revisiting a very pleasant spot, of which I have happy memories." He bowed to Mrs. Garraway, whose spirits had been immensely affected by this dignified entrance and this air of delicate command. His very manner seemed to dismiss all illness as immaterial, and to relegate unhappiness to its proper distance. Nothing short of elegance and health was consistent with the atmosphere Sir Piers diffused. Mrs. Garraway unconsciously fell back into her old attitude with him; she smiled and was a little arch. To them descended a black-coated doctor, who offered his warning to the Baronet.

"Plah! my good sir," said Sir Piers with good humour, and cast a look at Barbara. "I was inoculated in my fifth year, they tell me."

He turned to the ladies smiling with an assurance that was

... where's this in a pipe, hey?"

"I will have it fetched, Mr. Garraway," answered Sir Piers gently. "I hope 'twill be useful to you. 'Twas chosen by Lord Anglesey and myself at Wotton's only last week," and he asked that Horner should deliver the pipe to the nurse.

When it had arrived in the bedroom he presented it with a certain courtesies, and the Squire's eyes shifted from the pipe to him and back again. Then he spoke.

"What are ye doing here, Sir Piers?"

"I am staying with Sir Thomas Rankin, sir," answered the Baronet, "a gentleman whom you may perchance know, and I made bold to venture across to-day, with my little present."

"Have you brought Barbara one?" he asked after a pause.

Sir Piers was slightly taken aback at the abruptness of the question, but did not show it. "A trifle, my dear sir"—he spread out his hands—"a gewgaw—such as women love. I hope she will like it."

"And I saw you've one for Lucy, hey?" asked the Squire, cackling and winking.

Sir Piers acknowledged that he had.

"'Tis easy to see what you're after," pursued the hoarse voice. "But what brought ye into the room here to see me? D'ye know 'tis the smallpox, and scares the whole country-side."

Sir Piers shrugged his shoulders.

"Dumme," said the Squire, eyeing him feebly and speaking in broad dialect, "you're better than I thought you."

He rolled over on his pillow wearily. "You can have her if you will," he said, and seemed to grow unconscious to what was about him.

Sir Piers stood for some minutes waiting, but there was no sign or sound from the sick man. In those moments he was conscious, primarily, of being worse, not better than he had been thought. He was no coward, as his presence in the tainted chamber proved, and he was hard and obstinate. The Squire's valdatory message, as it might be termed, touched him not; or, rather, he saw its dramatic value, and approved it, but it made no impression on his mind or purpose. All that he saw was that his plans must undergo a change, but whether for the better or the worse he could not determine. He eyed the Squire equally, and then said from the room without noise.

In the hall the doctor met him, to whom he beckoned as one with authority. When they were apart, he asked bluntly—"Will he live?"

"It is doubtful," he said. "'Tis a virulent case. We have had others in Lynington," to which he added, "I can give you despondants, sir, which you would be wise to use."

"Thank you, I will use them," said Sir Piers, and, leaving the physician, sought Mrs. Garraway. "I am at Sir Thomas Rankin's, madam," he said, "and shall be there for the present. I hope you will be good enough to let me know how Mr. Garraway goes on."

Mrs. Garraway promised distractedly, and Sir Piers made a step away very elaborately as Barbara entered.

"Please no nearer, Mrs. Barbara," he said. "'Tis wiser not, believe me. I think Mr. Garraway enjoyed his little talk, and I hope he liked his pipe. He seemed brighter than I had thought, no doubt being on the mend. I had a trifle for my esteemed hostess, as well as my host," he continued smiling, "and I have taken the liberty to bid Horner deposit them in the hall. Miss Barbara will, perhaps, excuse an impudent attempt to choose for her."

With the airy grace of this announcement, the most delicate suggestion of a gift only, he bowed and left the ladies and went out to the door, but Barbara moved forward quickly before her mother. He held out a remonstrating hand, keeping her at her distance.

"You are too kind," she said with emotion.

"I wish the time had been more felicitous," said Sir Piers. By nightfall the next day news came to him of the Squire's death.

(To be continued)



M. Pierre Waldeck-Rousseau, whose death occurred last week, was one of the strong men of modern French politics. In 1890 when the Dreyfus Affair threatened to destroy the Republic, M. Waldeck-Rousseau formed a Cabinet at M. Loubet's earnest request, and by his firmness restored stability to French parliamentary institutions. After winning the General Election in 1895, he handed over the reins of power to M. Combes and retired.

#### THE LATE M. PIERRE WALDECK-ROUSSEAU DRAWN FROM LIFE BY PAUL RENOUARD

Sir Piers's features showed nothing of what passed in his soul. His voice took on sympathy and encouragement. He consoled with her.

"And Miss Barbara?" he inquired very civilly.

"She is well, thank God," sighed the mother, and as if in response to her name, Barbara stood before him. She was pale and beautiful, greeted him with no smile, acknowledged him merely formally and as if in abstraction. Sir Piers was clearly aware that he held no position of importance in that anxious household that day.

He was a cipher, to be met politely, but something in the way, and as insignificant as a bumpkin from a neighbouring farm. Perhaps the better course would have been to withdraw in a hope of better times and a more favourable opportunity; but Sir Piers had the boldness of the true adventurer, cast up chances and took risks with imagination. He entered the hall.

"If it were possible that I might cheer Mr. Garraway," he began very courteously, and was interrupted.

"Oh, sir, 'tis the smallpox," cried Mrs. Garraway in horror.

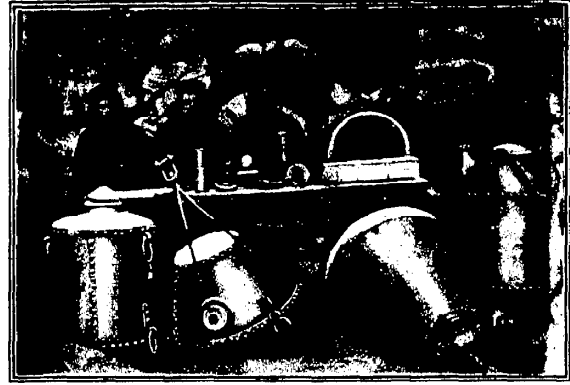
Sir Piers lifted a hand in gentle deprecation of this outcry. "I have a pipe that will fit him," he said pleasantly, "if Mr. Garraway will receive me. Miss Barbara, may I beg you will send one to find out."

"I have not seen him myself," she burst forth in a pitiful voice. "They will not suffer it."

"Quite right—quite right," said Sir Piers nodding in



KINCHOW CASTLE AFTER BOMBARDMENT  
THE WORK OF JAPANESE GUNS



Those curious vessels are submarine mines which have been laid by the Russians and removed by the Japanese.  
CAPTURED BY THE JAPANESE



The head nurse of the Japanese Red Cross Staff at M. Tsushima in charge of Russian wounded

G. TOSHINO SAN



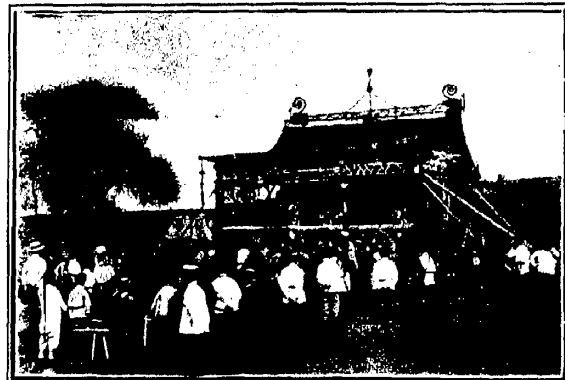
This illustration shows a field post office. The flag indicates the arrival of a "home" mail. From a Sketch by W. D. Straight.

WITH THE JAPANESE AT THE FRONT: LETTERS FROM HOME



The planks for bridging rivers are cut to measure, and the Engineer Section know exactly where each length is to go.

FOR BRIDGE MAKING



The Chinese theatre at Kharbin, says a correspondent, is in full blast, and no one would suppose that there was any war. Our photograph is by M. de Preignaud.

PEACE IN THE MIDD OF WAR: THE CHINESE THEATRE AT KHARBIN

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"SUMMER"

FROM THE PAINTING BY HENRIETTA JANE MRS. SCHMIDT

BY PERMISSION OF THE PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY



A POPULAR FRENCH SEASIDE RESORT

DRAWN BY





DIES AT TROUVILLE IN THE SEASON

INALD CLEAVER

## "The Chamber of the Pyx"

Visitors to Westminster Abbey, as they walk through the east cloister on their way to or from the Chapter House, cannot fail to notice at the south end of the cloister a heavy cross-timbered door, strongly suggestive of a prison. The door is that of the ancient chamber about which an occasional question has recently been asked in Parliament, followed by an occasional paragraph in the evening newspapers, to the effect that it will shortly be opened to the public. It may be interesting to the readers of THE GRAPHIC to know how it came about that this is the only part of the Abbey buildings to which they have never yet been admitted; and why the question has so far been varied of admitting them.

The first historical notices we have of this chamber show that it was in use as a Royal Treasury. It was thought, no doubt, that the sacred honour of the place, not to speak of massive walls and strong locks and a door covered with human skin, would suffice to repel robbers. But it is the account of a robbery, in the year 1093, that first brings the place into the light of clear history. Edward I was in Scotland, and the King's journey north seems to have

tempted certain officials, notably the keeper of the Palace gate and the Sub-Prior and the Sacrist of the Abbey, to allow a certain John de Dodelicente to break into the Treasury and remove the more portable plate and jewels. In his examination John confessed that he had worked at the masonry every night from eight days before Christmas till St. Mark's Eve (April 24) before he could effect an entrance. (The story may be read in Besant's "Westminster," in Scott's "Gleanings from Westminster Abbey," or Hall's "Antiquities of the Exchequer.") It is curious that the other well-known incident in the history of this chamber should also be a robbery, three hundred years later. The Long Parliament was sitting, and the Dean and Chapter of Westminster were known to be in sympathy with the King. Accordingly, to prevent the Regalia being removed, an order of the House of Commons was made:—"That the Dean, Sub-Dean, and Prebends be enjoined and required to deliver the keys of the Treasury where the Regalia are kept; that they may search that place, and report to the House what they find there." On the next day an order is made "that the locks shall be opened, and new locks set upon the doors." At the Restoration the new Regalia were kept in the Tower, and the contents of the Treasury were reduced to certain Trenties, Eschequer Tallies, and the *Pyx*, or box containing the standard coins of the realm; whence the familiar name of the "Chamber of the Pyx." But the *Pyx* has recently migrated to the Mint, and the empty Treasury chests (shown in one of the photographs) have also been removed; so that the question has arisen to what use the now empty chamber shall be put.

To begin at the beginning, it is quite certain that, as part of the original building of Edward the Confessor, it was made over by him to the monastery that he founded; and we have unmistakable evidence that it was a chapel before it was a treasury. (The photograph of the interior shows a stone altar standing on two steps, with a piscina to the right, which architects assign to the thirteenth century.) It is equally certain that all the buildings within the precincts of the monastery passed, by the grant of Queen Elizabeth, to the College of Dean and Prebendaries which she founded to take the place of Queen Mary's re-erected monastery. The terms of the grant are explicit. They include:—

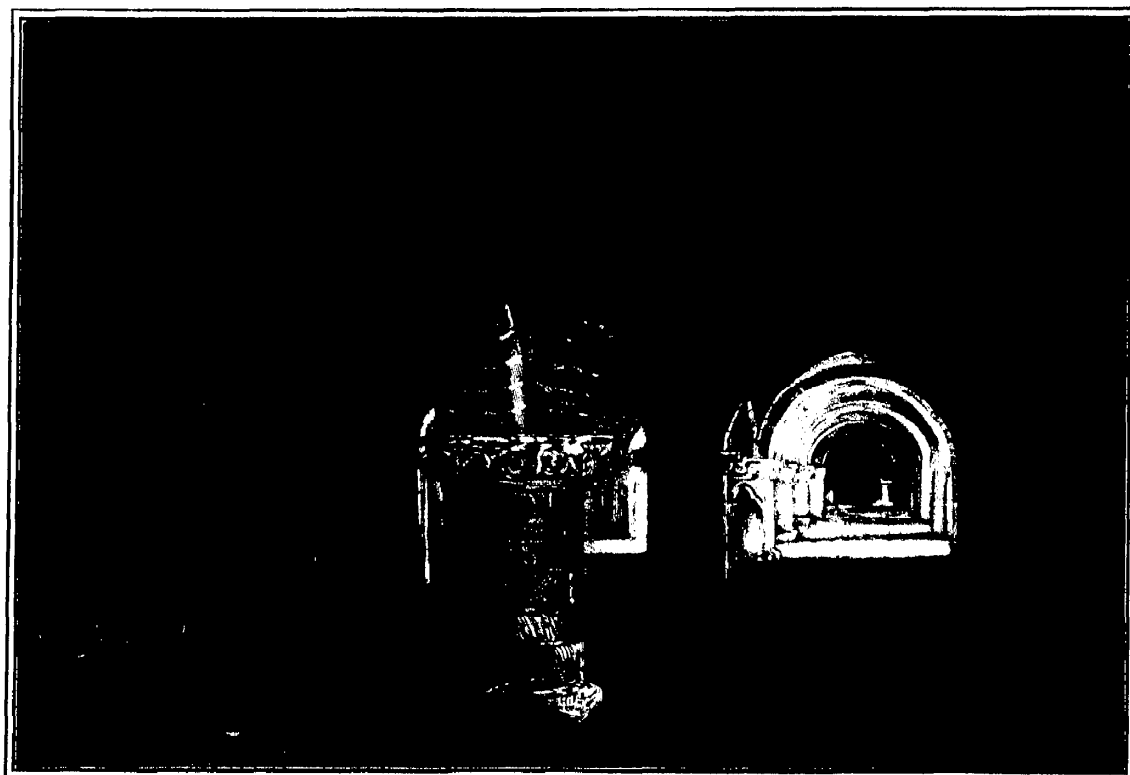


THE OLD ENTRANCE TO THE PYX CHAPEL.



- A Stone partitions of later date, suggested to be removed.
- C Stone wall, built after the robbery at the Pyx Chapel in Edward I's time.
- D Old entrance to the Pyx Chapel.
- E Entrance to the Library.
- F Staircase to Library.
- G Wall built in the thirteenth century.
- H Point of view of sketch showing appearance of the building after the removal of partitions.

PLAN OF THE VAULTED CHAMBER IN THE CLOISTER.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE VAULTED CHAMBER IN THE CLOISTER OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY AS IT MUST HAVE APPEARED IN THE EARLIEST TIMES.

THE PROPOSED RESTORATION OF THE CHAMBER OF THE PYX AT WESTMINSTER.

DRAWN BY H. G. BREWER.



Written by CONRAD WEGUELIN. Illustrated by J. R. WEGUELIN

LONG ere man's iron monsters shook the hills,  
And veild the golden sunlight from the land ;  
Ere yet the churning steamships crush'd the waves  
Above the affrighted sea-maids' amber bowers ;  
What time the banish'd satyrs dug glad hoofs  
Into soft moss, and shy enraptured nymphs  
Peep'd from concealing bracken at the sounds  
Pan drew from out his lost love's reedy soul ;  
The sun-steep'd city of Carysios lay  
A glimmering crescent in a sapphire sea.

Against its marble walls the blue waves broke  
And rush'd out seaward streak'd with shining foam  
Till, meeting other onward-coming waves,  
They took new heart, and join'd the onward rush,  
White-capp'd and angry, hissing as they came  
To battle with the hard unyielding stone ;  
So ring'd with white the city's islet stood,  
Save where twin towers watch'd a glassy pool

Wherein the little fleet of fishing craft  
And pleasure-boats, with gold and silver sails —  
Inwrought with fancies ; here a great-eyed fish,  
And there a many-pointed crimson star  
Were moor'd before a flight of way-worn steps  
That upward swept towards the city's gates ;  
On either hand a sphynx with outstretch'd wings  
Poised on a fluted column, and o'er all  
The pillar'd temple glitter'd like a crown.

Once in each year, ere Summer's verdant robes  
Had faded into russet-brown and gold,  
Came a glad throng, by winding flower-strown ways —  
Dancing they came, and chanting wild, glad songs  
To pay their tribute to the deities  
Who drive their white teams o'er the furrow'd sea ;  
Fair maids with laughing eyes and blowing curls ;  
Young sun-brown'd men ; the little fair-hair'd child  
Borne shoulder high ; and each an offering bore

Of fruit or flowers, white wool, or yellow grain,  
Which, when they reach'd the city's outer wall,  
They flung upon the striving waves beneath,  
And stand'd the pallid foam with crimson wine.  
Then from the vast throng rose a mighty sound  
Of shouting ; and the curved horn's mellow note  
Awaken'd lurking echoes, and was pass'd  
From crag to crag, until at length it reach'd  
A chain of shadowy mountains cowl'd in cloud.

But one must stay to guard the woolly flocks  
Upon the hill-side from the lean ribb'd wolves.  
Thus came it that upon this festal day,  
Phoron—the muscles of whose mighty arms  
And column'd throat, stood out like knotted cords  
Flung himself down beneath an aged oak,  
And watch'd the shadows, drink 'neath tree and stone  
At panting noonday ere they travell'd east,  
Then, mindful of his father's parting word,



"The churning steamships crush'd the waves Above the affrighted sea-maids' amber bowers"



"Come a glad throng . . . to pay their tribute to the nation"

Sweet are the days that rattle all my leaves  
When from me requiescent leaves I espy  
The silver wands that I stand rapt in;  
And sweet the days, and very sweet the night,  
When on my bosom lie stark glim-glims,  
Pom-pom-pom, maddened souls of melodies  
Fill all the music-trails and shrikes with love."

Her voice was as the music-voice that dwells  
Within each mountain-rill; which all may hear,  
But few can understand; and they, these few,  
Once having heard and glim-glim understood,  
Must stand apart among their fellow-men,  
Last fated souls, unworldly to be free."

As Theron's charmed ears drank in the sound,  
Benumbing fear slipt from him, and he spoke:  
"Goddess art thou, or lovely Nymph?" he cried,  
"For none with beauty that compares with thine  
Dwell upon earth; yet can I see the tide  
Of ruddy drops that visit thy pale cheeks,  
And paints thy lips more red than berries are  
When earth draws close her fleecy coverlet.  
Speak! tell me whom thou art and whither come  
From out this crystal void of sun-kiss'd air!"

"Dryad am I," she answer'd, "of this wood.  
Fair is my leafy realm! and this my tree;  
So long as it shall flourish shall I live;  
Wound it, and my soft flesh must bear its pangs;  
Destroy it, and on that instant must I die."

Then Theron took her in his strong brown arms.  
"Fear not, thou loveliest of maids," he cried,  
"Fairer thou art than is the first wild rose  
That spreads its closely folded petals wide  
And shows a treasured dewdrop to the Morn,  
Dream of my slumbering soul that wakes to live!"

Light of my eyes that knew not they were blind!  
Is this warm essence that I drink, the air  
That stirs my pulses more than building wine?  
Thy sun-pulse can it be that cools me, bends the sky?  
These waking emerald eddies 'neath an oak-tree's leave?  
Ne'er banish me to darkness, tenfold dark  
For having known the presence of the sun—  
To live without thee in a world of tears.  
I love thee, Dryad, love thee with a love  
Passing the love of man for mortal maid.  
He ceased; and very woe'suck'd the maid,  
As one who wakes from dreams regretfully,  
And, nestling close, she fondled him with her arms.  
"I may not dwell with thee, sweetheart," she said;  
But hearken, when I need thee I will send.  
A messenger, my golden-handed bee;  
And let its gentle hum be as my voice,  
Saying, 'Haste to me if thou lovest me still!  
But if thou weariest of me—ah, my heart!  
Drive off my little light-wing'd messenger—  
So shall I know a mortal has thy love.'  
"Ah, sweetest," Theron laugh'd, "no sun shall climb  
Above the shaggy woods, nor bending low,  
Peep 'neath the branches ere he sinks to rest,  
In splendour robed. The moon shall cease to bear  
Her crescent offspring, and no star be set  
On Eve's smooth forehead ere that day shall come."

So Summer told her golden rosary,  
Bead upon bead, link'd on a jetty chain;  
And Theron shunn'd his kind.

Deep in the wood,  
Where fell a silver thread from crag to crag,  
Half veild in nodding ferns that from their fronds  
Slid the bright mist-fed drops, too heavy grown,  
From which the slant rays of the setting sun  
Struck dazzling fires of rose and emerald—

To cut some bark towards the winter's store,  
He drew his axe forth from its leather thong  
And swung it high; but ere the blow could fall,  
Before the tree a dream-like figure stood;  
Voiceless and unsubstantial as the mists,  
That o'er the marshland drift at eventide,  
But ever growing to his wondering gaze,  
Until, amazed, he saw before him stand  
A lovely maid, with eyes more darkly blue  
Than is the last long range of distant hills.  
Her hair, the colour of an oak-tree's bark,  
Went rippling downwards to her dainty feet—  
Pale pearls, shell-tinted, nestling lovingly  
In velvet moss.

One dimpled arm she raised,  
And cried, "Forbear! What have I done to thee  
That thou shouldst seek to rob me of my life?"



"But one must stay to guard the roodly flocks"



"One claspeth arm the raised, and cried 'Forbear!'"

The Dryad met him. From afar he spied  
Her fair arms gleaming like white woodland flowers  
Through screening branches; fierce entanglements;  
And by a way his love had shown him, reach'd  
A bow'd space where glimmerous light did dwell.  
Hard by a brimming fount where silver globes  
Of prison'd air sprang upwards and became  
The forest's opals; in the dappled shade,  
On softest mosses would their limbs recline,  
Whilst overhead soft feather'd choristers  
Shook the sweet notes from out their pulsing throats.

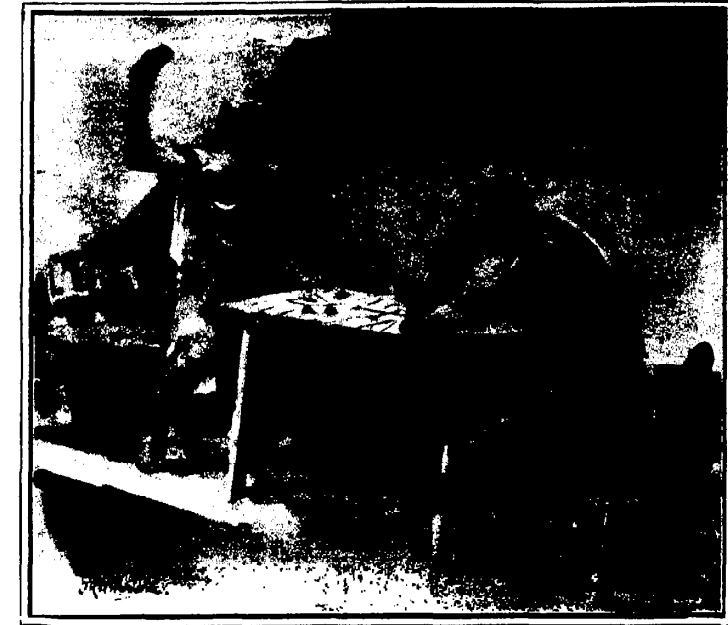
Then Autumn came and hung the woods with gold;  
Full on a night a spendthrift storm arose,  
And heedless of the sighing branches, flung  
Their hoarded riches to the vagrant winds;  
And in a flaming down the ruin'd woods  
Toss'd naked limbs in impotent despair.

Then Autumn sigh'd, and veil'd her face with mists;  
Wrapping her russet mantle close, she pass'd  
Upon her way; and from the frozen north  
Came her pale sister, cold and passionless,  
To hang the cottage's eaves with icicles,  
And paint the fern frond on the window-pane.

Black were the winds that swept across the hills;  
Each little chink and keyhole had a voice,  
And piped a treble to the chimney's bass,  
In Theron's hut; and from the valley came  
The tossing, tawny torrent's sullen roar.

Within the comfortable glow of burning logs  
Sat Theron and his Sire, and on a bench  
Between them stood the chequer'd Abacus,  
Whereon they play'd the game of twelve straight lines.  
Thrice had the old man won, 'twas Theron's move,  
And as he shook the dice a gentle hum  
Sounded about his ears; in angry haste  
He smote the air, but yet again it came,  
And Theron, with his mind upon the game,  
Struck to the ground a little banded bee;  
Then, anger'd by the old man's crafty play,  
Took umbrage, rose, and sought his couch of skins.

The night sob'd on, till in that baneful hour  
The raven hour that flies before the dawn  
When life's strong pulse sinks low, and sick men die,  
A cry arose that seem'd to fill the dark  
With little juggling stars of crimson light  
And Theron, starting from sweet dreams, beheld  
The lovely Dryad standing by his side,  
Tears in her eyes, and in her outstretch'd hands  
Her little velvet-hooped messenger;  
Its fragile wings all broken; dead it lay.



"Between them stood the chequer'd Abacus"

So stood she for a heart-throb, then she pass'd  
Once more into the darkness of the night.

And nevermore did Theron see his love,  
Tho' evermore his faltering footsteps fared  
By brimming rivers, and through leafy glades.

Blue zephyr-tinkled bells and little pools

Spoke of her eyes; the scarlet pimpernel,  
And drowsy poppy, told him of her mouth,  
The fluttering sunbeams caught in netted shade  
And milk-white pebbles, of her changeable smile.

"Ah, Theron, Theron!" sigh'd the tassell'd wheat;  
"Ah, Theron, Theron!" sigh'd the surf-beat shore.  
The sea's far-reaching kiss was on his lips,  
But she came nevermore.



"And in her outstretch'd hands Her little velvet-covered messenger"

"All that church and monastery of St. Peter's, Westminster, lately dissolved and the whole site, precinct, and parsonage thereof, all privileges, and liberties, and free common of the late dissolved monastery, the whole church, and all the chapels, together with the lands, tithes, glebe, and vicarage, and all other lands, tenements, granges, and everything else that was, or was reputed to be, within the site and precinct of the late dissolved monastery."

If the "Chapel of the Pyx" had been excepted from the grant, it would certainly have been excepted in plain terms; and the fact that it was in use as a Royal Treasury so more affected the title of the Abbey to the property of it than the use of Henry VII.'s Chapel as a Royal Mausoleum affected their title to that—a point argued and allowed in the reign of George II.

Supposing, then, that the King, having no further use for the Chapel as a Treasury, should restore the custody of it to the Dean and Chapter, from the Abbey point of view it goes without saying that its future use should be its original use—a sacred one. The "Chapel of the Pyx" is the oldest chapel in the Abbey precinct, and the only portion of Edward the Confessor's building which is still capable of being used for Divine Service. It would be the natural course, therefore, to use it for service on certain high days connected with the history of the Abbey, provision, of course, being made for its inspection by visitors.

The Dean of Westminster, however, in a lecture given recently at the Royal Institution, and printed in the *Cornhill Magazine* for June, makes the interesting suggestion, that in view of the difficulty of finding room in the Abbey church for further interments, the various chambers (of which the Chamber of the Pyx is one), into which the crypt under the old monkish dormitory has long been divided, should be thrown together again by the removal of the partition walls so as to form once more a single vaulted chamber. The chapel so constructed would be 100ft. long by 30ft. wide, and would provide a last resting-place for the ashes of the great men whom England chooses to honour, during not a few generations to come, especially if the rule were made that cremation should precede burial. The Dean is careful to speak of his suggestion as a "dream" rather than a "scheme"; but it is a dream that is certainly worth the serious consideration of all persons interested in maintaining what the Dean speaks of as "the splendid tradition of Abbey burials." Then there is the question of monuments. The lowness of the vaulting would prevent this crypt-chapel being used as a place for statues; but it would be well suited for busts, which in the Abbey church look insignificant, and wofully disfigure the columns, to which in too many cases they have been fixed. But on the eastern side is an open space; observe the flood of light that is coming from it in Mr. Brewer's clever sketch of the reconstructed crypt as it would be seen from its southern end, looking towards the altar in the Pyx Chapel. This

open space is at present occupied by the school gymnasium, but it would conceivably be possible to arrange for the removal of the gymnasium to a better site, so as to erect here a building in which the famous series of statues of our great Statesmen might be continued. The statue of Mr. Gladstone filled what has been regarded as the last vacant space in the North Transept, and it will be difficult enough to find an appropriate position for the statue of

Lord Salisbury, recently voted by Parliament, which on every ground we should welcome, and with special pleasure, as he was a High Steward. As there is no reason to suppose that the race of British Statesmen is extinct, the problem of where to erect statues has become urgent.

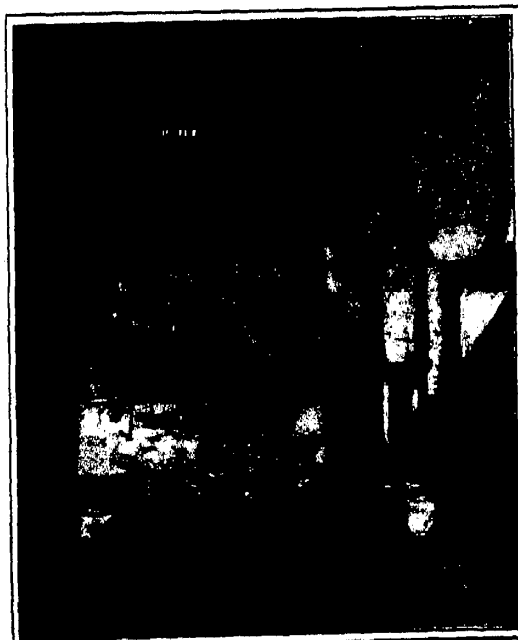
H. C. BRECHING,  
Canon and Treasurer of Westminster Abbey.



VIEW LOOKING NORTH-EAST, SHOWING EMPTY TREASURY CHAMBER NOW REMOVED

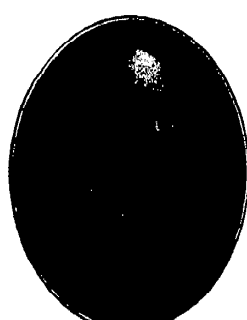


DOORWAY TO THE CHAPEL

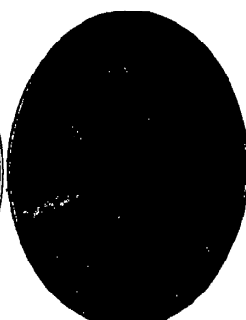


ALTAR IN THE PYX CHAPEL

THE PROPOSED RESTORATION OF THE CHAMBER OF THE PYX AT WESTMINSTER  
Copyright Photographs by B. P. Bolles and Co., Oxford Street



ADMIRAL MATUSEVITCH  
Wounded on board the *Tsarvitch*.



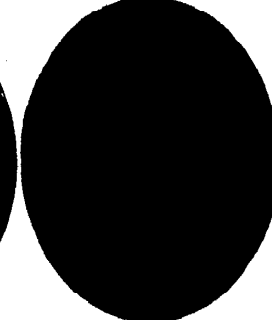
VICE-ADMIRAL KANIMURA  
Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese Squadron  
which sunk the *Rurik*.



THE LATE LADY HILDA MCNEILL  
Drowned east Burnstable.



THE LATE SIR FREDERICK BATEMAN  
Specialist in Brain Diseases.



MR. ALEXANDER FINDLAY  
New M.P. for North-East Lanark.

### Our Portraits

Mr. Alexander Findlay, the new member for North-East Lanark, was born at Irvine, Ayrshire, on November 25, 1844. In 1888, after many years' experience in Scotland and in the United States, he started in business on his own account, under the style of Alexander Findlay and Co., as a manufacturer of steel roofs and bridges and all kinds of general structural work, the concern in 1900 being formed into a limited company, with Mr. Findlay as manager. Mr. Findlay has been Provost of Motherwell since 1901. Our portrait is by Lafayette, Glasgow.

Sir Frederick Bateman, well known both at home and abroad as a specialist in brain diseases, died last week at Norwich. One of his best-known works is "The Idiot and his Place in Creation." Sir Frederick was not only a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, but Laureate of the Academy of Medicine of France, corresponding member of the Psychiatric Society of St. Petersburg, honorary member of the New York Neurological Society, and Foreign Associate of the Medico-Psychological Society of Paris. In addition to his professional work, Sir Frederick had spent an active life in Norwich as a city and county magistrate, and in 1873 held the office of Sheriff. Our portrait is by Sherratt, Luton.

Lady Hilda Maud McNeill, wife of Mr. Charles McNeill, Master of the North Cotswold Hounds, and sister of the present Earl of Strathmore, was drowned at Fremington, North Devon. May Pritchard, aged thirteen, who gave evidence at the inquest, stated that she went down to the river Taw to bathe with Lady Hilda, Ronald McNeill, and Glyn Pritchard. The boys entered the water first, and then Lady Hilda. While May Pritchard was undressing she heard Ronald screaming, and rushing out of the bathing tent, she saw Lady Hilda and Glyn Pritchard struggling in deep rough water. She attempted to unfasten the rope of the tent, but it was too tightly fixed. She then tied some towels to a stick, and waded out into the water with the object of rescuing them, but without result. Lady Hilda, who, it is presumed, went to rescue Glyn Pritchard, beckoned once, and then turned over, both she and the boy being carried away by the ebb tide. The little boy Glyn Pritchard was the son of Mr. Pritchard, of Donnington Manor, Stow-on-the-Wold. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

Admiral Kanimura has not escaped censure from his countrymen for allowing, on previous occasions, the Vladivostok Squadron to slip through his fingers and raid trading ships and transports. He has now had an opportunity for distinguishing himself, and proved himself a gallant and capable commander.

Admiral Matusovitch was on board the *Tsarvitch* when the fleet came out of Port Arthur and fought Admiral Togo. He was

badly wounded, and is now in hospital at Tsingtau, where the *Tsarvitch* sought shelter.

### The Late M. Waldeck-Rousseau

FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT

By the death of Waldeck-Rousseau, France has lost its "Dauphin." In two years M. Loubet's mandate as President of the Republic would have expired, and Waldeck-Rousseau would have made his triumphant entry into the Elysée, practically without opposition. If it had been France's privilege to elect him to the highest position in the State he would have surrounded the Presidential chair with the same prestige as he did the Premiership. Of this his countrymen were so convinced that his election was a foregone conclusion.

Yet he did nothing to court popularity. In spite of the fact that he was one of the most brilliant orators in France there was no one more reticent or more unapproachable in private life. With the eternal cigarette between his lips (he smoked eighty to ninety per diem), his hands in his trousers pockets (in order not to have to shake those of other people, said the legend), he lounged about the corridors of the Palais de Justice or the lobbies of the Luxembourg or the Palais Bourbon. His friends, few but tried, loved him, his followers respected him, and his enemies feared him as they did no other man in France. On the walls of the corridors of the Salle de Pas Perdue, one reads, in large letters, the notice "Défense de fumer." But no guard or *autrier* ever dared to draw the attention of the great advocate to the fact that he was committing a breach of the regulations. Next to smoking, his other passions were painting and fishing. Every moment that he could spare from his practice as an advocate, or from the affairs of State when Minister, was devoted to these two arts. His summer holiday he generally spent painting among the fjords of Norway, but if time did not permit of his going so far afield he used to run down to Holland. In winter he passed his spare time painting in Venice. When in Paris he painted plates in water-colour, which he presented to his friends.

As a speaker Waldeck-Rousseau had not his equal in France. But he indulged in no oratorical effects, either of voice or of gesture. His force was his pitiless logic, his power of dissecting the subject under discussion and of laying nothing but the naked truth before his hearers. While at the Bar he seemed to take a delight in defending the most complicated and difficult cases. He would handle causes bristling with figures and full of delicate points of law in such a luminous fashion as to make them clear to the meanest intelligence. But in all things he was a chivalrous opponent. His worst enemies were forced to respect him. If Waldeck-Rousseau had lived nothing could have prevented him being the next President of the Republic. In his France has lost its greatest statesman since Jules Ferry and Gambetta, and the Third Republic its most powerful defender and leader.

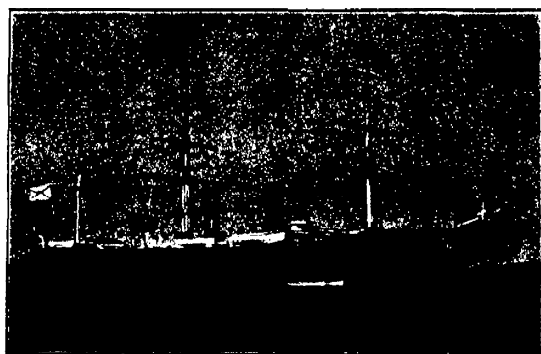
### Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE"

The season of Promenade Politics will now shortly begin. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain intends to make a supreme effort to persuade the country to renounce Free Trade, and his opponents are preparing to make a vigorous resistance. There are two young politicians, Mr. Winston Churchill and Lord Hugh Cecil, who are determined to employ every available moment of this season to force their way still further to the front. Already there are political prophets who predict that Mr. Churchill is destined one day to be the leader of the Radical Party, and Lord Hugh to be the leader of the Conservative. "Mr. Churchill has more talent than Lord Hugh Cecil, but less training; training will tell, however, in time," has said an experienced observer of men in the House.

The following extract from a letter that has been addressed to the writer by a foreign diplomatist who has served many years at St. Petersburg and has settled in Russia may interest many readers of this column:—"The uninterrupted success of Japan on land and on sea has thoroughly awakened the Russians. There were many of them who had become convinced that Russia was so large and so powerful that she was irresistible, and it must be admitted, that the dread Europe entertained of Russia, and never concealed, made them the more certain that this belief was correct. If a comparatively small, uncivilised, and weak nation, such as is Japan, can bent us uninterruptedly on sea and on land, we must be in a deplorable condition. Our generals and officers must be little wiser than savages; our officials must be idiots, or worse; the corruption which exists must be monstrous; and our whole system must be improper. You cannot take away from the facts that we have an enormous army, and that the Russian soldiers and sailors are desperately brave; if with these advantages on our side we are continually unsuccessful, the blame must rest with our leaders!

"Those are the thoughts which are passing through the minds of the ordinary Russian, and it is becoming obvious that the Russia of to-day is fast crumbling. Out of the ruins should rise the new Russia, erected according to modern principles. Whether this transformation will be accomplished peacefully or violently it is impossible to foresee, but take my word for it that, unless Japan unexpectedly collapses, the Russia of twelve months hence will not be the Russia of to-day. The last stronghold of mediocrity in Europe is doomed; the historian can smooth the footstep on his writing-table, and can dip his pen in the ink, the events he will have to record are about to tumble in on each other's heels. I tell you this, that every preparation has already been made by many an official to smuggle himself out of the country."



In the battle between the Vladivostok Squadron and Admiral Kanimura's fleet, the Russian cruiser *Rurik* was so severely damaged that she sank. The Japanese Squadron rescued about six hundred of her crew. The *Rurik* had a displacement of 10,000 tons and a speed of about 18 knots, and carried four 10-in. guns and sixteen 6-in. guns. Our photograph is by Symonds and Co., Portsmouth.

THE RUSSIAN CRUISER RURIK, WHICH HAS BEEN SUNK



The torpedo boat destroyer *Arata* came into collision with the destroyer *Dooey* off Sully at night, and the latter sank. No lives were lost, though a petty officer and a stoker were injured. The *Dooey* was built at Chertoff, in 1894. She had a displacement of 187 tons, and was of 4,800 horse-power and a speed of 17.75 knots. Her complement numbered sixty-four. Our photograph is by Symonds and Co., Portsmouth.

SUNK DURING THE MANOEUVRES: H.M. TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER DOOEY



## The Week in Parliament

BY HENRY W. LUCY

The closing scene of a long Session, memorable rather for speech than for work, was marked by a strange episode. Of all people in the world, the Peers raised the standard of revolt. That the Welsh members should, a week earlier, have had their flare-up was natural. It is their nature to do, and in anticipation of a recess campaign directed against interference by the Education Board with Nonconformist tendencies on the part of the county councils, was likely to prove useful.

With the Lords it was quite another thing. The Gilded Chamber is habitually the home of serene repose. The overwhelming majority on the Conservative side practically nullifies the nominal Opposition. Once or twice in a Session, just by way of maintaining ancient tradition, the Liberal Peers insist on sacrificing the dinner-hour and taking a division. But the women will turn at last, and a condition of affairs, to which attention was early in the Session called in this column, proved in the end, insupportable.

Speaking broadly, the Session in the House of Lords is divided into two terms. Through one, nearly six months long, noble lords have nothing to do. In the other, lasting a week or ten days, they are overwhelmed with work that must be rushed through within a period of time, marked not by days, but by hours. As was said in the article alluded to, the system of dumping lamented in other connections is ruthlessly practised in the House of Lords. Through the Session the Commons, more or less leisurely, mould legislative schemes. They rarely carry one right on to the end, laying it aside after Second Reading or Committee in order to bring up another to the same level of completion. Then in the last week of July, or the first week in August, they dump Bills down on the hapless House of Lords, with peremptory injunction to rush them through on pain of postponing Prorogation.

There were signs of revolt a week ago, when the Lords expected to advance a particular measure to a critical stage on a Friday night, insisted on carrying over the task till Monday. Mr. Balfour's arrangements of the business of the Session contemplated bringing about the Prorogation on Saturday last, so as to start the holiday on the first day of the week. To that end there were all-night sittings and a general condition of high pressure incompatible, according to ordinary business principles, with perfected work. It was calculated that in accordance with the complacency of former years, the Lords would suspend their Standing Orders so as to drive Bills through all their stages at a stride. The Royal Commission was to meet on Saturday and the business of the Session be comfortably wound up with the end of the week. This was, however, too much even for long-trained patience. The Peers blankly refused to be hurried, with the consequence that the Session was carried over into this week, the Prorogation being accomplished on Monday.

In the Commons, interest in the daily proceedings was maintained up to the last, the attendance being fairly good on both sides. Even so recently as the last Parliament, there was observed the ancient custom of holding a field-night on the second reading of the Appropriation Bill. It was the last opportunity provided the Opposition for attack on the Government, and they made the most of it. The Leader himself made elaborate review of the history of the Session, attacking Ministers all along the line. The Leader of the House replied, and a final trial of strength in the Division Lobby wound up the Session. The custom has so far fallen into abeyance that Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman began his holiday a week before the Appropriation Bill was brought in. Mr. Asquith followed his example at due distance, and Mr. Bryce was left alone among ex-Cabinet Ministers on the Front Bench to make believe to give battle.

In these circumstances it was not an inspiring affair, and when just before half-past seven Mr. Weir presented himself with intent of carrying debate over the dinner-hour, the Premier "pounced." The Opposition were, of course, shocked, this being the first time in Parliamentary history that debate on the Appropriation Bill was closed. Doubtless, in the privacy of their hearts, they shared the satisfaction beaming over the Ministerial Benches.

When the history of the Session comes to be written at large, it will probably be agreed that the most striking feature in it was its survival into August. There were many prophets who, last February, confidently foretold its demise before Easter. That these ill omens were falsified is due directly to the adroitness and personal influence of the Prime Minister.



During the recent visit of the Mediterranean Squadron to Alexandria, the men from the ships, to the number of some on one thousand, were entertained to an afternoon's picnic by the British community. A certain sum of money was allotted for the purpose, and the arrangements for the picnic were entrusted to Mr. George B. Alderson, who entertained the men on behalf of the community in his garden at Heliopolis. The men, who were conveyed from the quay to the gardens by tramcar, enjoyed themselves as only sailors can. Our illustration, which is from a photograph by Asis and Dore, Alexandria, shows the men dancing to the strains of the band of the Greek Philharmonic Society.

BLUEJACKETS ENTERTAINED AT ALEXANDRIA

## The British Association

The seventy-fourth annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, now running its course at Cambridge, bids fair, from all accounts, to show a record attendance. The unique local attractions of the University town, and the installation of the Prime Minister, the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, as president, coupled with the splendid series of hostilities that have been arranged for the benefit of English and foreign guests, furnish, no doubt, excellent reasons for the special interest that is manifested in the current congress. For the past few years the Association has suffered from a paucity of numbers frequenting its gatherings, the results of which have been unpleasantly reflected in diminished grants for scientific objects, and a general loss of power, consequently the officers are to be congratulated on the improved prospects.

The last occasion on which Cambridge welcomed the members of the organisation was in 1862—that is to say, forty-two years ago. Hence the present visit is fully merited on the score of a long wait for a turn. At that assembly the presidential chair was occupied by the Rev. Professor Willis, F.R.S., Jacksonian Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy.

While in the interval that has elapsed, new men have arisen to guide the fortunes of the Association, the period has witnessed a rich harvest of facts concerning the mechanism and wonders of the universe. A glance backward along the winding path of progress reveals to us epoch-making landmarks. In 1862 geology was in the robes of infancy; and study of the signs in the heavens had not yet realised the grand science of astro-physics, though Huggins was just beginning to lay its foundations. The spirit of evolution was not fully abroad—no one had demonstrated the all-powerful influence of micro-organisms on human life. Argon, helium, liquid air, and radium were, with their vast train of possibilities, untravelling secrets of the laboratory; and, needless to say, wireless telegraphy had not entered into the speculations of the physicist.

Mr. Balfour's address constituted a luminous survey of past and present conceptions of the physical universe. Intricate realms of philosophical thought and inquiry were traversed with sure step, and brilliantly expounded. As a critic without the camp of science the Prime Minister's generalisations were pregnant with interest, with instructive, perhaps, to the scientific professors entrenched behind laboratories and fortified by experiment. Two centuries ago, he remarked, electricity was but a scientific toy. It is now thought by many to constitute the reality of which matter is but the

reasonable expression. Bacon was referred to as the eloquent prophet of a new era; Darwin, as the Copernicus of biology; Kelvin, a physicist who embodied an epoch in himself.

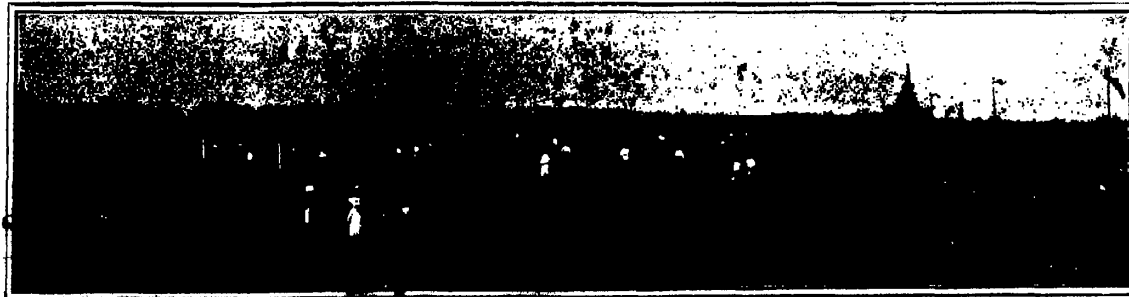
The sections of the Association, with the Presidents of each, are: Mathematics and Physics, Professor Horace Lamb, F.R.S.; Chemistry, Professor Sydney Young, F.R.S.; Geology, Mr. Aubrey Strahan, F.R.S.; Zoology, Mr. W. Bateson, F.R.S.; Geography, Mr. Douglas Freshfield; Economic Science and Statistics, Professor William Smart; Engineering, Mr. Charles A. Parsons, F.R.S.; Anthropology, Mr. Henry Halloway; Physiology, Professor C. S. Sherrington, F.R.S.; Botany, Mr. Francis Darwin, F.R.S.; Education, the Bishop of Hereford. The customary presidential addresses to these Sections formed the programme the day following the Prime Minister's discourse. The Hon. C. A. Parsons dealt with the subject of Invention, a suitable theme for the introducer of the steam turbine; Mr. Freshfield selected Mankind and Mountains as his topic; Mr. H. Balfour discussed the scientific aspects and popular application of Anthropological Studies; the Bishop of Hereford treated of Educational Methods, avowing conviction that English education needs more light and more thought in every quarter of its activities.

In 1905, if all goes well, the British Association purposes holding its meeting in South Africa, under the Presidency of Professor George Darwin, F.R.S.

## "The Dryad's Messenger"

Our supplement this week is one of those charming little idylls which Mr. J. R. Weguelin and Mr. Conrad Weguelin evolve so perfectly in unison. Nothing could well be more in harmony with the drawings of Mr. J. R. Weguelin than the writing of Mr. Conrad Weguelin, and no one could possibly better illustrate the writer's work than Mr. J. R. Weguelin. There is the same dreamy atmosphere in poem and pictures, the same simplicity and delicacy of fancy, so that the result is more like a finely wrought Norse fairy tale than anything else. Mermaids and Dryads live in the work of the two Weguelins as they live nowhere else nowadays, and the charm of this little romance of a herd-boy who loves and loses a pretty Dryad has a haunting melody.

It should have been stated last week that our reproduction of Mr. G. Harcourt's fresco for the Royal Exchange, "Presentation of the Charter to the Bank of England," was made from a sketch and not from the finished picture.



Football is all the rage in the Argentine, writes a correspondent, and in order to measure the strength of their play, a professional team was engaged to play the local club. Accordingly the Southampton Football Club visited the country on the invitation of the Argentine Athletic Club. The final match of the tour was against the Argentine League, in which the visitors won by five goals to three. The game was witnessed

with great interest by nearly 10,000 people. The Southampton team, which has already home, after an absence of ten weeks, won every match they played in South America, and as a result of their visit, the Argentine Minister of War has ordered football to be taught in every regiment. Our photograph was sent by H. B. through the courtesy of E. Gortle, of the Stadion.

FOOTBALL AT BUENOS AYRES: SOUTHAMPTON V. ARGENTINE LEAGUE



The three destroyers, Osumi, Akishimo and Hashibashi, which are of the type shown above, just wrecked twenty-fourteen Russian destroyers in the Port Arthur. They were built by V. I. Irova and Co., Ltd., and have been in constant use for six months.

#### THE MOST MODERN TYPE OF JAPANESE DESTROYER



The two Japanese here shown are carrying a section of a post-war—no light weight.

#### AN EVIDENCE OF STRENGTH

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The men here shown are proprietors of land, belonging to the Yui, which have been devastated during the war. They have come to Peking to demand compensation for damages.

#### A DEPUTATION OF CLAIMANTS FOR DAMAGES

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This party of Chinese officers is accompanied by a Japanese officer, whom they follow, to see that the party of the prisoners is duly sent off by the Japanese, who hold the end of the cord. The prisoners have been convicted of killing the Japanese.

#### CHINESE PRISONERS BEING LED OFF TO BE EXECUTED

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## Our Bookshelf

"IN THE PATHLESS WEST" \*

This book is decidedly disappointing. Beginning, as it does, with the promise of being a work of unusual interest, as one proceeds the interest is more or less lost, and the volume is filled up with pointless details. It would almost seem that the author were bound to write a certain number of pages and that she became tired of her task before its conclusion. Nothing could be more enterprising than the opening chapters. In them is told the story of the voyage of three officers and 118 men of the Royal Engineers, who, with thirty-one women and thirty-four children, went out to settle in a new country then known as New Caledonia, the name of which was afterwards changed to British Columbia. The *Emigrant Soldiers Gazette and Cape Horn Chronicle*, a newspaper published on board the ship in which they sailed, in speaking of the reason for sending these men out, says—

It is once occurred to Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton the Colonial Minister that great advantages would accrue to the colony could a body of men be sent out possessing at once of military and scientific acquirements. Inasmuch as while in their military capacity they could give all the necessary support to Government, and in their mechanical and scientific labours would contribute in a most important degree to the improvement and colonisation of the country.

In these pages is described, in amusing and interesting manner, the peculiarities of the passengers, a mutiny of the crew, the danger and discomfort incidental to rounding the Horn, and they also contain accounts of incidents in the lives of some of the old soldiers who had fought in the Crimea and elsewhere. The latter part of the volume is devoted principally to the customs and habits of the Indians. Cruel as these natives were they seemed to have a remarkably high standard of morality. For instance, Miss Herring tells a story of a young Indian girl who married to a Medicine Man whom she hated, ran off with the man she loved. When they were caught, her own husband fired the wood that was piled around the erring couple, and when the bodies were consumed, the whole tribe, including the husband went off to enjoy a big feast, without, apparently, giving a second thought to the tragedy that had just taken place.

"A LONELY SUMMER IN KASHMIR" †

Much as we admire the author's enterprise in travelling alone, or rather, unaccompanied by any of her sex, in a more or less uncivilised country such as Kashmir, we can only appreciate her description of her travels in a limited degree. Certainly her book will prove of use to future tourists, but it lacks that charm which in many books of travel make the reader long for an opportunity to fly to the places described. Miss Morrison started on her journey in a houseboat, in which she went up the river Jhelum to Islamabad, where she hired coolies and ponies. She visited Marud, Palsigau, and journeyed up the Lidder Valley to Lidderward whence she ascended the mountain of Kolohot. Starting a second time from Srinagar, she went to Gulmarg, a summer resort of the English officials in Kashmir. Perhaps the most interesting pages of the work are those in which she tells of her adventures at Gulmarg. It will, no doubt,

\* In the Pathless West. By Frances M. Herring. (Fisher Unwin.)

† A Lonely Summer in Kashmir. By Margaret Cotter Morrison. (Duckworth.)

surprise our readers to hear that torture is still resorted to in the prisons in Kashmir—prisons of which Englishmen have practical control. At Gulmarg the writer had the misfortune to have a trunk stolen from her tent. The police were informed of the fact, and, as is their custom, immediately fixed upon the author's servants as the guilty parties. What might be called magic was brought into use to pick out the actual culprits. The author writes—

They planned an elaborate ruse on one day in which I was made to take part. I was placed in solemn state in my easy chair in front of the tent, surrounded by a wide circle of interested natives. On the ground in front of me squatted on his heels the chief of the police (a superior man this, who had been especially sent up from Buzurg and to my relief could speak no English). He signed to my young cook to squat opposite to him on the ground. A small native teapot was placed between them and close at hand lay five tightly rolled scrolls of paper, on which were written the names of my five servants, so I was given to understand. The teapot had a somewhat broad rim round the top, and now the policeman on one side and the cook on the other placed a finger under this rim and held the vessel loosely suspended between them, whether there was water in the teapot or not, I cannot remember. Placing one of the scrolls in the spout of the teapot, the man now explained to me that if the paper held written on it the name of the thief the vessel would give a sign, and so aimed the breathless suspense of the whole thing, he proceeded to peel off rich-smelling incense cones. We watched with all our eyes while two papers passed through the ordeal, then, when it came to the third, the teapot with calm deliberation, made a complete turn round its axis and almost fell from their hands. An exclamatory burst of intense interest burst from the onlookers. The inspector put the paper to one side, remarking that the thief and the fourth was tried, with this one also the teapot swayed ponderously at the fifth it remained immovable. Apparently two of my servants were thieves, the policeman now told me, and their names were written on those papers. I appeared profoundly impressed, but to make the conviction more absolute, said I would like to shuffle the papers and see if the teapot would a second time give the same results, he complied, and that magical little article jibbed at exactly the same two names as before.

The volume contains a number of capital illustrations, which really give one a better idea of the charms of the country than does the text.

## "THE AMARANT"

It is said, now a days that the poets are no longer with us, that Pan is dead and the publishers of verse in a bad way. The nest of singing birds that was praised and overpraised in the early nineties of the last century is supposed to be empty and deserted. This is entirely the fault of the public who will not spare the time to nurture the poets who are being born every day and asphyxiated promptly by the, shall we say, pressure of circumstance. To those who care for the spirit of poetry, Mr. George Francis Wilson's volume "The Amarant" is full of hope and beauty. His subject well chosen, his manner cultivated and yet free and bold. His creed is condensed in the following lines—

Life flows in one eternal strain  
From beauty unto loveliness,  
From joy to wariness and finally pain  
From pain to pity's hopefulness,  
And so through anguish on again  
To a more perfect loveliness.

An optimism worthy of his poetic gifts. To prove his thesis on realistic lines is, of course, a hopeless task and therefore he uses the subtle arts of symbolism and the large vague ideals of the dream. The poem is, in fact, the outward tragedy and the secret paradisaic dream of a fine and absolutely lonely nature.

In short, if one may be permitted to put into crude prose the gist of the volume Mr. Wilson tells in impassioned verse of a girl of the people, ill adjusted to her environment with "a high immortal soul" a love of love, a love of the beautiful, a love of life, thrown back upon her lonely, lovely dream, and met at last by her divine lover—whose name is Death.

It is in the dialogue between Death and the young girl that Mr. Wilson works at his highest level. Here an adequate theme for a poet is treated with grace and dignity, attuned to a tragic key, in a manner that arrests and holds the reader. We hope "The Amarant" may have many readers, for it is certainly worthy of consideration and, we think, of appreciation.

## "MAYFAIR"

In "Mayfair" (F. V. White and Co., Ltd.) Miss Winifred Graham has achieved a distinct success. The story depends on what seems an improbable plot, but the author is convincing in her methods, and the reader soon forgets and forgives the demands made at first on his credulity. The entrance of Mrs. Philpott into London society, and her phenomenal successes, although she is dependent solely on the fact that she is willing and able to pay a large price for her first introduction, are episodes not altogether to the credit of those who had the launching of the rich *parvenue* into society. But it must not be supposed that Miss Graham devotes herself to the rather tiresome practice of throwing stones at modern society. Lady Calverley, the lady who undertakes the introduction of Mrs. Philpott, is very human, and, with all her obvious faults, gains the sympathy of the reader. Of the plot itself we cannot give a hint without being unfair to the author and spoiling the reader's pleasure. The secret of the story is well kept, and it would be a shrewd reader who would suspect its nature before he was nearing the end of the book. Miss Graham writes brightly. There is but little of what is called "descriptive writing" in the novel, and the story is woven by the conversation of the characters; consequently, it is never dull.

## "THE ANTIPODEANS"

It may be that England—despite any appearance to the contrary—is an effete old country, steeped in senile prejudice, and deplorably in need of the importation of some fine young Australians to wake her up and shove her along, and, since it will be as hard to convince the motherland of dotage as the daughter of infancy, it is all the kinder of Mr. Mayne Lindsay to make the attempt by writing "The Antipodeans" (Edward Arnold). The difficulty of the task no doubt necessitated his employing a rather extreme case by way of illustration. A fine young Australian husband and his fine young Australian bride find themselves, under a singular and not very intelligible complication of family circumstances, residing as guests, or rather prisoners, in the English country house of the young man's uncle—a victim of inherited stagnation that has culminated in a repulsive form of lunacy, and the self-appointed keeper of a horrible old sister, whose manner is homicide. The estate has naturally gone to ruin, though miserly neglect and crazy stupidity. It does not take the young Australian more than six months to set the land to rights, but domestic traditions require a bigger battle—so big that a savage plot to let the mad woman loose on his wife, with a view to her murder, compels him for a time to relinquish the struggle. It is only for a time, however, and the story closes with final victory in view. It is unquestionably well told, but while we willingly accept Mr. Lindsay's glowing portrait of young Australia, we cannot feel that England is fairly typified by degenerate savages like the Amyntas of Bole, or the country parson's belief that Australian settlers live in wigwags as representative of current English notions of Colonial conditions.

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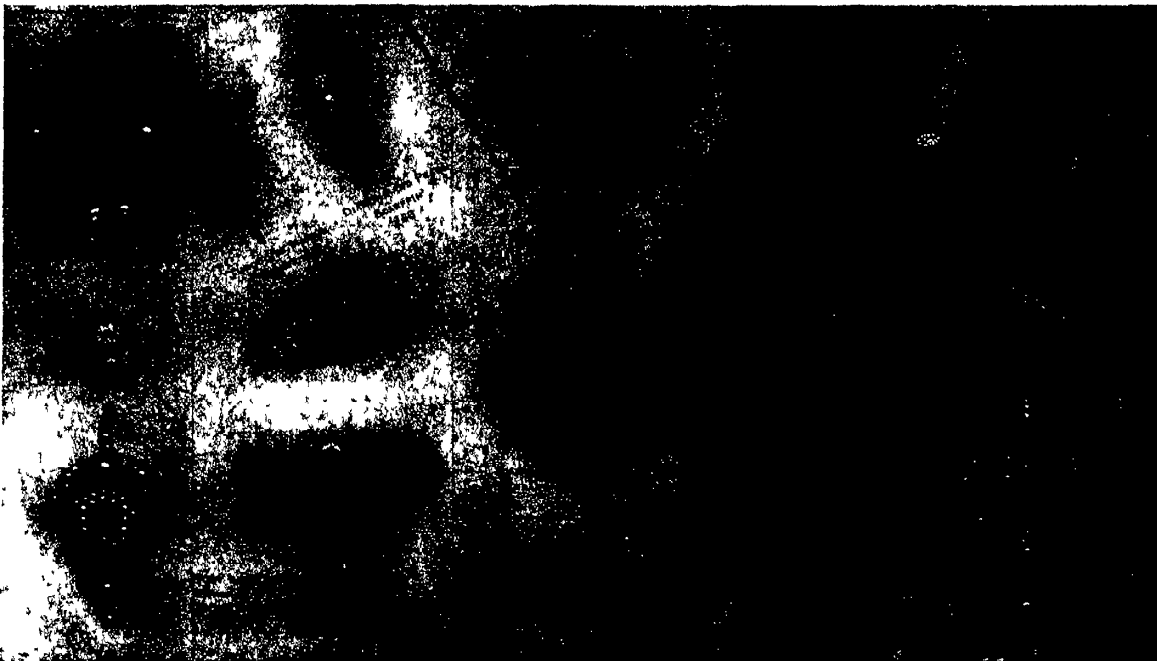
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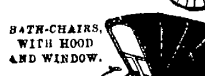
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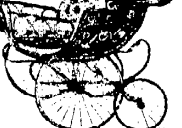
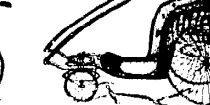
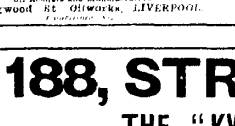
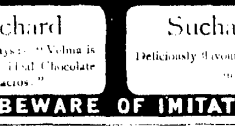
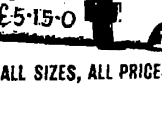
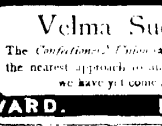
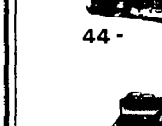
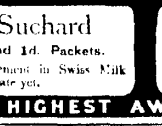
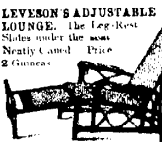
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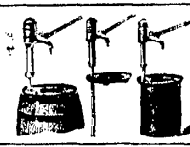
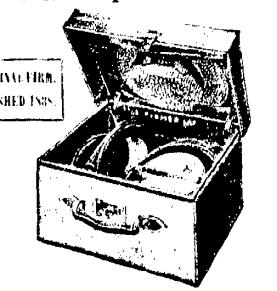
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No. 1,813.—Vol. LXX.

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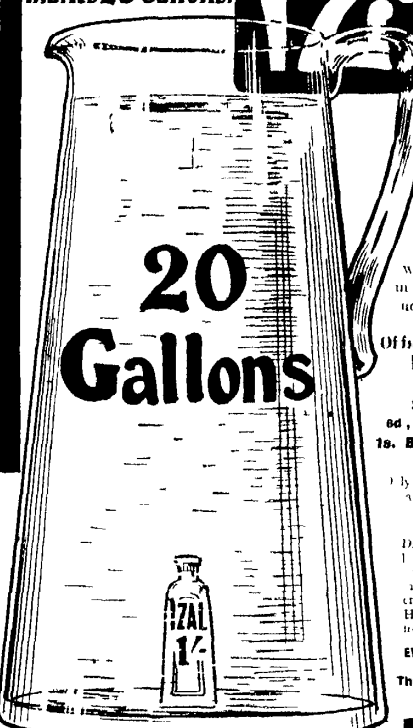
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# THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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DESIGNED BY H. J. J. 1914

Every effort has been made by private subscription with the Treasury at the heart of the Government to provide for the Russian sick and wounded. The Red Cross Society, through its efforts, has been able to provide for the Russian sick and wounded. The Red Cross Society, through its efforts, has been able to provide for the Russian sick and wounded. The Red Cross Society, through its efforts, has been able to provide for the Russian sick and wounded.

BACK FROM THE FRONT: INSIDE A RUSSIAN AMBULANCE TRAIN.

## Topics of the Week

Port  
Arthur

There has been nothing more dramatic in modern history than the struggle for Port Arthur. It focuses all the sensational attributes of a war which has no parallel among the great dramas of history since Bonaparte breathed *el ultimo suspiro del Moro* amid the orange groves of Granada. In a sense—in a very large sense—the fate of Port Arthur decides the present war. The frowning citadel in the Yellow Sea has been the most conspicuous, the most arrogant, and the most defiant badge of alien dominion that Eastern Asia has known. It has been a singularly impressive symbol of the far-reaching and irresistible power of the Great White Tsar, casting far and wide the herald-shadow of a mastery which only a few months ago seemed as irresistible as the decrees of Destiny. The echoes of the fall of Port Arthur will resound throughout Asia. Not a bazaar but will ring with it; for the meaning of it all may grasp. The fluctuating fortune of battle is not easily grasped, but there is no mistaking the loss of a walled city and the hauling down of a national flag. So that, however the war may end, the fall of the great fortress will never be forgotten, and the memory of it will survive every other incident of the Far Eastern struggle as the exposure of a huge fable, the incontrovertible demonstration of the human limitations of a power which had been judged well-nigh miraculous. Nor will this view be in the slightest degree softened by the gallantry of the garrison and its devoted commander. On the contrary, the more stubbornly they fight the clearer they render the significance of their failure and the more they magnify the achievement of their conquerors. But it is not only the fate of Port Arthur that is so dramatic. Everything about the struggle itself is calculated to fire the imagination. From the time that the Japanese drew round the fortress their circle of fire and steel only muffled echoes of the Titanic combat have reached the outer world. People do not sit by and watch it through the eye of the newspaper correspondent as they watched the agony of besieged Paris, or the daily onslaught on Osman's trenches at Plevna. Even the official despatch is silent except at rare intervals, when it furtively raises a corner of the curtain only to drop it again the next moment. The booming of cannon across the seas; the wild and almost incoherent stories of fugitives brought in junks to Chifu; now and again the tell-tale sortie of hard-pressed ships of war—these are the only glimpses we get of this life-and-death combat, which may well be colossal, for it is big with the fate of half a continent.

When such learned agricultural pundits as Lord Onslow, Lord Londonderry, Lord Crewe, Sir George Wombwell, and others tell farmers that better times have begun, even the most pessimistic must feel encouraged. Better crops and better prices; in that brief sentence lies the difference between the immediate present and the immediate past. There are, no doubt, some farmers who will despondently shake their heads on hearing themselves bidden to rejoice at the failure of this crop or of that. But even the most unlucky cannot dispute that higher prices for his produce will bring back most of the loss consequent on climatic vagaries. Taking it as a whole, 1904 has been very friendly to British farming, and it will largely depend on those engaged in the industry whether this stroke of good fortune continues. Heretofore their chief fault has been too much of a disposition to adhere to ancient methods and practices, forgetting how fast the world has been spinning round during recent years. Happily, the more enlightened have learned to appreciate the imperative necessity for breaking away from obsolete traditions, such as the superiority of individualism to collectivism in agricultural production and distribution. That wholesome change of mind will, in due course, permeate the less enlightened agriculturists, as has already happened to a considerable extent in the Sister Isle. Co-operation; there lies half the secret of success in what is still the greatest of British industries. By adopting it in thoroughgoing fashion, the farmer secures cheaper transport for his produce, better market prices, some lessening of working expenses, and the use of hired machinery until he has saved sufficient to pay its price.

One of the most interesting of the suggestions put forward by the many readers of papers at the British Association was a scheme for a physical census of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom. Such a census would place on record the principal measurements of men, women and children at different ages, and an attempt would probably also be made to record physical

defects, such as short-sightedness. The utility of these records for the purposes of comparison is obvious. Their existence would at once authoritatively solve the question of the alleged physical degeneracy of the British race. The difficulty is that, in the present state of public opinion, the searching inquiries necessary to make the proposed census accurate, would probably be resented by the large majority of the population. People do not like to be asked by strangers whether they are short-sighted, and still less to be asked whether they are mentally deficient. As for the measurements they could only be obtained by the employment of an expert and, therefore, costly staff, and, however tactful the members of the staff might be, they would certainly meet with a good many rebuffs from people who objected to having their forearms measured with a tape or their skull spanned by a pair of callipers. The idea of a general physical census must therefore be laid aside for the present, however attractive it may be to the social scientist. Somewhat the same could, however, be attained by a physical census confined to school children. The majority of children would be just as pleased to be carefully measured, as their elders would be annoyed, and there is nothing, except the expense, to prevent the annual measuring of all the million or more children in public or private schools. The data obtained from these measurements would be far more accurate than those obtainable from a general census, and, consequently, they would be more really valuable. After all, if the children show no sign of deterioration we may safely assume that there is little to complain of in the adults.

The peace negotiations at Lhasa do not, it must be confessed, make quick progress. But that was only to be anticipated, bearing in mind the Tibetan *Diastrophism* slow ways of these mountain people and, even more, the cross-currents which are in operation. Being a circumspect person, and shrewd withal, as Tibetan shrewdness goes, the Dalai Lama fled from his sacred capital, not through poltroonery, but in order to saddle the subordinate members of his Government with all the responsibility and all the blame for executing a treaty with the foreign intruders. Something similar has happened before now in England; political history tells of Cabinets "riding for a fall," as the best way of escaping from awkward positions. Again, it is not altogether unknown in this Constitutional country for the Opposition, when so invited to accept office, to turn away from the temptation for fear of finding itself saddled with a judgment. That, no doubt, is the current feeling among the high Lamas who are acting as intermediaries between their fugitive Pontiff and Colonel Younghusband. Personally, they would be right glad to quicken the departure of the British Mission, and would not hesitate about terms, however onerous—on paper. But they do not desire to bear the blame for that national humiliation on the return of the Dalai Lama to Lhasa, and so they seek safety for themselves in endless procrastination. In fine, there is a good deal of human nature in Tibetan monks, and these officials are hardly blameworthy for seeking to escape from the trap laid for them by their absent lord and master. Their strongest card in the dangerous game they are playing is his ardent desire to get back to his comfortable palace before the rigours of winter set in. When he is made to understand that the impious Britons, Sikhs, and Goorkhas will convert some lamaserie into barracks if forced to winter at Lhasa, he may recognise the expediency of coming to terms with the greatest possible despatch.

Although neither Mr. Holbein nor either of his competitors succeeded in accomplishing the feat which poor Matthew Webb performed, fairly and squarely, even the attempt should be productive of some national good. It may lend a stimulus to swimming as a branch of athletics, just as the Stock Exchange walking match to Brighton brought amateur pedestrianism into vogue, and as the rivalry between Hackenschmidt and Madrali gave scientific wrestling an impetus. Of infinitely greater importance to the nation than either of those exercises is skill in natation. Not that there is any occasion for our young men to seek to emulate Leander or Webb; it would suffice if all adults of both sexes could swim, say, one hundred yards at a stretch. Even half the distance would be enough to greatly diminish the heavy toll of lives now exacted from the population by drowning accidents. From a wholly different standpoint the argument is as cogent as from that of humanity. Soldiers and sailors are, when on active service, constantly placed in situations where swimming would be of the highest advantage to the State, their employer and paymaster. Its acquisition as a portion of their professional training should therefore be made compulsory, and every opportunity should be seized to practise them in the art.

## The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTLER

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

People who are clamouring for short sermons nowadays have probably no idea what our forefathers were compelled to endure. At one time anything within the hour was accounted brief, and an exhortation of two hours or more was by no means uncommon. You can easily understand this to be the case if you have sufficient energy to peruse a volume of sermons by any of the old divines. You will find their discourses cover an endless number of pages, and many of these orations must have occupied a long time in delivery, and doubtless constituted an excellent opportunity for the congregation. For many years past I have been endeavouring to read a rare work, the sermons of Peter Sterry, at one time rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster, Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and chaplain to Oliver Cromwell. Family reasons have compelled me to persevere in this matter, but I must candidly own I have not succeeded in mastering anything but a very minute portion of the volume yet. It seems to me that many of these sermons must have occupied three hours in delivery; they are so very diffuse and elaborate that long before you reach the end you have lost the thread of the discourse altogether.

There were some amusing specimens of short sermons given in the *Daily Graphic* the other day. Talking about short sermons reminds me of the tiny church of Lullington in Sussex. It is not far from Alfrinstoke, only the other side of the Cuckmere Valley. I daresay you know it. I believe it to be the smallest church in England, for it must be considerably under twenty feet square. The story goes that on one particular occasion, a good many years ago, it so happened one Sunday morning that they had everything in harmony with the size of the church. The clergyman was a little over four feet in height; his text was from the thirty-fifth verse in the eleventh chapter of the Gospel according to Saint John, and the sermon lasted ten minutes. There were only twelve people present, and the offertory amounted to eighteen pence. A visitor remarked, when the service was over and he paused in the graveyard to gaze upon the picturesque exterior of this Lilliputian place of worship, that it was the most minute church, the smallest person, the briefest text, the shortest sermon, the most limited congregation, and the most infinitesimal collection that had ever come within his experience.

A friend of mine says if he were absolute dictator of England—perhaps it is a good thing he is not—he would speedily hang any inventor, and straightway abolish their inventions. His reasons for these severe measures are that they deteriorate property, that they upset the world generally, and breed a spirit of discontent. This is a bold statement, but to a certain extent, however, I cannot help agreeing with him. As a general rule the invention that brings absolute comfort to mankind is a rare one. Take a commonplace everyday instance. Is it not a most extraordinary thing that the world has arrived at its present age and we have no better materials for writing than pen and ink? We have to be content with the calligraphic medium that satisfied our forefathers centuries ago. Can anything be worse than pen and ink? The first sticks its nibs savagely into the paper and stops the flow of one's ideas, and the second blackens your fingers. Now here the inventor might step in. Let him give us a stylus that shall be as easy to manipulate as a pencil, that is as indelible and black as the blackest ink, and he will make his fortune. I have spoken of this matter before, but having in the course of this column had to struggle with black ink and violet ink and every kind of abominable pen and pencil, I venture to allude to it again. Where are the inventors?

Possibly commercial men, bankers, and the like may think me a silly fool. I daresay I am. But, like Miss Rose Dingle, "I ask for information." Why are cheques that are payable to order, as a general rule, endorsed on the back? One would think that the common-sense, businesslike plan would be to have the signature of the recipient on the front of the document. See what an immense amount of labour this would save in banks where thousands of cheques have to be turned over daily to see if they are properly endorsed, whereas if the signature were on the face of the cheque it could be seen at a glance. There are other reasons, too, that would render this method advantageous. Besides, such a plan is invariably adopted on dividend warrants, which, after all, may be put in the same category as cheques, and I have known a few instances where it may be seen in ordinary cheques. I should like very much to know why such a custom cannot be universally adopted.

Is it not about time that something should be done to brighten the aspect of our towns on Sunday? A bard has sung concerning "the silent shuttered silence of the solemn city street," but as yet he has sung to no purpose. It is generally allowed in the present day that plate-glass is as good a protection from burglary as shutters, therefore there seems no reason whatever why the shutters should not be dispensed with and, though the streets are closed, the weekday aspect of the window might be displayed. In those days, when all picture-galleries are opened on Sunday, there surely would be no harm in contemplating what has been called "the picture-gallery of the streets." Surely it would be infinitely more elevating and refining to gaze upon a collection of first-class prints, the gorging blaze of colour to be found in a fruiterer's, and the iteration to be gained from other windows, than to stare at specimens of bad painting, faded blinds and corrugated iron. It would at the same time have the effect of dissipating the hopeless dullness, the inartistic effect, and the air of morose depression which is always associated with our streets on a Sunday. Is there any reason why this common-sense notion cannot be carried out?



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HEXHILL AND HASTINGS, SUNDAYS from Victoria and London Bridge,  
at 9.30 a.m. Fares, 1st Cl. Hexhill 10s., Hastings 10s. 6d. Weekdays,  
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Stations.—Wednesdays, 6s. to Brighton, 6s. 6d. Worthing, Thursdays,  
6s. 6d. to Seaford, 7s. Eastbourne, Bexhill and Hastings. Fridays, 6s. 6d. to  
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SOUTH COAST PLEASURE RESORTS.—Cheap Day  
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SAVOY HOUSE, 115, STRAND (Corner of Savoy Street).

"THE WAY TO THE CHURCH," "THE LITTLE GIPSY,"

"THE ROAMERS," "THE LITTLE GIPSY," "THE LITTLE GIPSY,"

"THE NEW PICTURE," "THE LITTLE GIPSY," "THE LITTLE GIPSY,"

"THE NEW PICTURE," "THE LITTLE GIPSY," "THE LITTLE GIPSY,"



The Hospital of the Red Cross Society at Mukden owes its existence to the Tsurian, who, as president of the Society, has been indefatigable in raising subscriptions, organizing hospitals, and sending out nurses and medical stores. This photograph was taken by one of the Red Cross doctors.

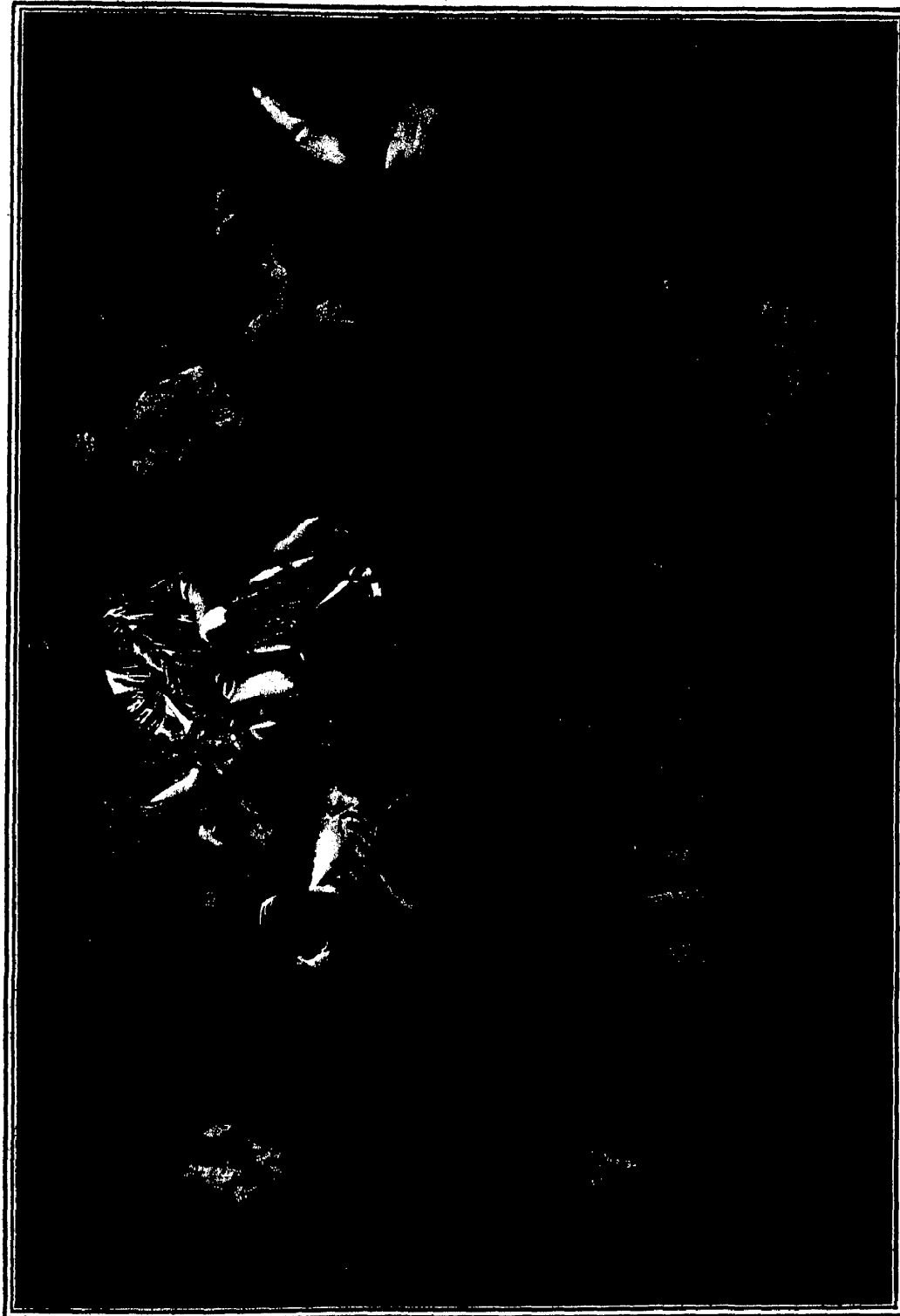
ADMIRAL ALEXEIEFF LEAVING THE TSARITSA'S HOSPITAL AT MUKDEN AFTER VISITING THE WOUNDED



DRAWN BY P. J. WAUGH

The Russian prisoners are a source of the greatest interest to the Chinese, who are never tired of gathering round the houses which are used temporarily as prisons for the Russians captured by the Japanese. To the right of the picture will be seen a British attaché talking to a Japanese officer.

"THE BEAR CAGED": CHINESE LOOKING AT RUSSIAN PRISONERS



FROM A PHOTO BY GENTILY R. T. L. RITOP

TO MR. WILKINSON, the British Commissioner, at Phari Jong, the Tibetan under a previous mission. The Tibetan Penlop is the official who has been with the British Commissioner at Phari Jong. The whole procession was a scene of colour.

BARBARIC SLENDOR: THE VISIT OF THE TONGSA PENLOP TO THE BRITISH COMMISSIONER AT PHARI JONG, IN TIBET

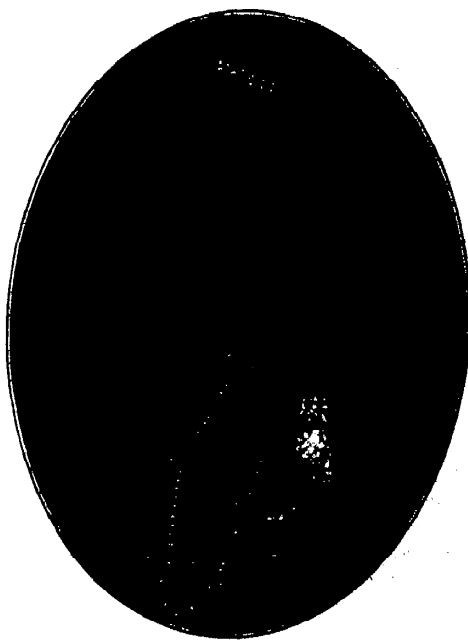
## "Place aux Baines"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

The list of accidents by drowning has been exceptionally heavy this summer, and the death of Lady Hilda McNeill was rendered all the sadder inasmuch as it resulted from an act of unsuccessful heroism. Be it noted that she had only recently learnt to swim, and was not a practised performer. The fact emphasizes the necessity so often urged—but so seldom complied with by parents—of teaching all children to swim. We live in an island, we are exceptionally foolhardy in lathing, we pass much of our time in boats and fishing by the river, and yet we rarely seem to realize the danger of going on or in the water, to a person who cannot swim. Even if not a strong swimmer, the initiated can keep himself afloat till help comes, and does not lose his head. As swimming is both a pretty and a useful accomplishment, every girl as well as every boy ought to learn to swim in their youth. Children quickly acquire the art, and are usually fearless, whereas in later life it is much more difficult and nervous work. I am often surprised at the audacity with which women will trust themselves alone or in company with other inexperienced persons in a boat, while being utterly unable to save themselves in case of an accident.

Some discussion has arisen lately as to the least a cultivated couple can live upon while retaining some of the graces of life. No doubt the sums mentioned—£100 or even £80 a year—represent the low-water mark of comparative poverty and strain; but there are many households of small means who, if they would simplify their lives, could live pleasantly enough. Luxuries are at the root of all the difficulty. Because innumerable wants have arisen, wants created merely for millionaires, we English, who always move in a groove, think everybody must do the same. Dress of the most exaggerated and newest fashion is not a necessity. The clerk's wife gets into debt; the shopgirls and servants spend all their wages in a futile attempt to rival some one a thousand times richer than they. Sham jewellery, sham lace, sham fur, are not really pretty in themselves, and mean nothing. A great deal might be saved in the unnecessary details of dress, in the innumerable hats and fallals which make the chief expenses of the toilet. Then, again, meals need not be so elaborate, *hors-d'œuvres*, *entrées*, sweets, and masses of flowers could be dispensed with, and the money thus saved would go towards good concerts, good books, and good pictures. Very few working men own a library, I am told. I am sure very few ladies of limited means, who yet walk abroad in comic opera hats, white bonas, and delicate gauze gowns, do. If only one begins, in furnishing, as well as in other matters, to think how much one can do without, it is amazing the long list of savings that could be effected and spent in really satisfying objects.

The Hon. Mrs. Wilkinson, whose three brothers and husband served in the war, has just published a brightly written booklet, entitled "With the Notts Militia in South Africa," which is to be sold for the benefit of the Society for Preventing Cruelty to Children, and gives some most interesting details of South Africa during the war from a woman's point of view. The anxiety of some of the fond parents for the comfort of their sons who had joined the Yeomanry, read pathetically. All kinds of patent cooking apparatus, collapsible drinking-cups, and tons of useless appliances, etc., were sent out to them. One officer possessed no less than five chronometers, yet all they were allowed to carry up country was 35lb. weight of baggage. Mrs. Wilkinson speaks enthusiastically of the Yeomanry's patience and endurance in hospital, and remarks that if they did complain, they had very good grounds for it. Sometimes, however, they were careless enough, as once when a lady gave the men some bottles of lime-juice to mix with their drinking-water, telling



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF PRINCESS CHRISTIAN

From a Photograph by Langley, Old Bond Street, taken just before Her Royal Highness sailed for South Africa.

them one teaspoonful was enough for a water-bottle, she discovered that one soldier had drunk a whole bottle of lime-juice straight off!

Women are fortunate in their wraps nowadays. The newest motor-coats and driving-cloaks combine the maximum of utility and comfort with the minimum of ugliness. When one remembers the days of the thin wool shawls, which were all women used to wrap themselves in formerly, and the meagre appearance they presented, one cannot but welcome these sensible coats, some of tweed or serge or cloth, some satin-lined, some unlined, some light, some heavy, to suit all tastes, but each one of them workmanlike and comfortable, with wide sleeves easy to draw on and off, with collars to pull up on a cold day, or reverse to turn back on a warm. The calash shawl, of which the Empress Josephine was so fond that she possessed hundreds of them, was a most expensive article to be found at one time in every bride's trousseau. It was heavy and cumbersome, and required all the art and beauty of the graceful Creole to wear becomingly. The Paisley shawl of the lower classes, also a necessity for the young married woman, and a warmer and lighter covering, seems to have completely died out.

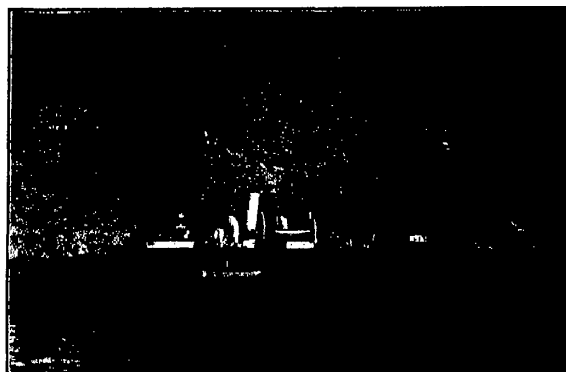
Girls are, no doubt, very much more independent and self-sufficing than their mothers were at the same age, but I do not believe that

they are really as fond of their own society as they pretend. This is natural. Men go about, mix with all sorts and conditions of other men, have far wider interests, more thorough and extensive knowledge of books, sciences, business, politics, commerce, and consequently have more subjects of conversation, and take a deeper interest in life than their sisters. It is not good for women to be always alone in the company of their own sex. Putting aside the question of flirtation, which engrosses every healthy-minded girl's attention, the society of a man brings gaiety, life, noise, bustle, and a broader atmosphere of thought into the house. Who is it has said that the mere banging of a door and the sound of boots on the stairs raised the pulse and increased the happiness of the women-folk indoors? This may be an exaggeration, but bad as it is for men to live always alone without the companionship of women, it is far worse for the woman, who, unless she has wide catholic sympathies and aims, becomes neurotic, narrow-minded, fatigued, and emotional.

When will the eloquence and delivery of the clergy be considered as an important part of their training? Much of the success of the Salvation Army and the Disciples is due to the fact that all their preaching and praying is distinct and audible, and delivered often with considerable eloquence. The Church of England curate is often a sad slimmer in this respect. I heard the whole of the morning service, including the Litany, gibbered over the other day by a clergyman in less than half an hour. He stumbled terribly at the proper names of the Old Testament, he left out all the "the's" and "and's" and "that's"; he curtailed the first syllable of words like redemption or possession; he observed neither stops, nor commas, nor expression, and hurried the congregation's responses by always beginning before they had finished. What possible edification could his congregation receive? In fact, long before the end of the service all sense of devotion had vanished. It is practices like these that keep coloured and revert people from church-going.

If proof were wanted of Miss Sarah Bernhard's energy, one of the chief qualities which has carried her on to success, it might be found in the following itinerary of a holiday which she has contributed to one of the magazines. She rises in all weathers between five and six o'clock, goes out shooting, returns at eight to arm herself with a shrimping-net and wades in the sea for a couple of hours. Then bath and toilette. At 12.30 lunch, after lunch, siesta. Like a wise woman, she has certain hours for rest, and keeps them compulsory and sacred. Then she reads. At five she plays tennis till dinner. After dinner music and conversation bring the well-spent day to a close. And this busy, senseless, happy holiday is undertaken after an arduous season of acting, rehearsing, management, and reciting. But mark, all reference to theatres and plays is strictly forbidden. Around are the wild cliffs, in front the boundless, magnificent ocean, and the curriculum of life is completely changed. It is all out-of-door work, all physical, all healthy; no dressing, no care. That is the true secret of the ideal holiday. People who take their cares, their letters, their bills, their love of dress, and their business worries with them, and lead their usual sedentary and feverish life, do not know the meaning of a holiday.

Princess Christian has started on her trip to South Africa, where she goes specially to visit the grave of her son, Prince Christian Victor, at Pretoria. Accompanied by her elder daughter, Princess Victoria, the Princess left Southampton on Saturday in the liner *Walmser Castle*, being seen off by her sister, Princess Henry of Battenberg, who had come over from Osborne Cottage, and accompanied the vessel some way down Channel in her yacht. Princess Christian and her daughter make only a brief visit to South Africa, leaving for home again about October 20. Princess Henry has just bought a new yacht, and with her sons has done much cruising about during her stay on the Solent.



About 1,000 yards from Looe-the-chen the Russian gunboat Otavajki struck a mine and sank. No details here as yet come to hand as to the fate of the crew. Our photograph is by Reynolds and Co., Portsmouth.

THE RUSSIAN GUNBOAT OTAVAJKI, SUNK BY A MINE



The Russian cruiser Ruyik, which struck after the battle at Port Arthur, was caught by the Japanese cruisers Chikuma and Totsukawa at Komsomolsk in the Gulf of England. Here she was attacked by the cruiser, and so badly damaged that she was beached in a sinking condition.

THE RUSSIAN CRUISER RUYIK SUNK AT KOMSOMOLSK

## The Theatres

The first theatrical event of the new season is the opening of the Gaiety to-night (Saturday) with Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new comedy, *The Chameleon*. The cast is as follows:—

|                            |                            |
|----------------------------|----------------------------|
| Mr. Arthur Boucher         | Mr. Arthur Boucher         |
| Mr. Walter Francis         | Mr. Walter Francis         |
| Mr. O. B. Clarendon        | Mr. O. B. Clarendon        |
| Mr. H. Nye Grant           | Mr. H. Nye Grant           |
| Mr. A. E. Matthews         | Mr. A. E. Matthews         |
| Mr. Sidney Valentine       | Mr. Sidney Valentine       |
| Mr. West-Darlington        | Mr. West-Darlington        |
| Mr. Richard Fielding       | Mr. Richard Fielding       |
| Mr. David Donville         | Mr. David Donville         |
| Mr. Arthur Chesney         | Mr. Arthur Chesney         |
| Mr. Stuart Denning         | Mr. Stuart Denning         |
| Mr. F. G. Knox             | Mr. F. G. Knox             |
| Miss Violet Vanbrugh       | Miss Violet Vanbrugh       |
| Miss Nancy Price           | Miss Nancy Price           |
| Miss Ethelwyn Arthur Jones | Miss Ethelwyn Arthur Jones |
| Miss Margery Fane          | Miss Margery Fane          |

Act I.  
"The Woodcock" Hotel at Greenbury.  
Early morning in the last days of October.

Act II.  
St. John's Study at Kelland Park.—A new house later.

Act III.  
The Pavilion at Kelland Park. Late afternoon on November 2.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, by the way, wishes to contradict the statement, which has appeared in several papers, that *The Chameleon* deals with the subject of hypnosis. The keynote of the play is contained in the following lines put into the mouth of one of the characters:—"When I have committed any delinquency, I have noticed that all persons and all circumstances glare at me, as if they knew."

Following this novelty come thick and fast. On Monday the ROYALTY opens with *The Chateaufort Affair*, which is said to have been written by Mr. Kennedy Cox when he was only seventeen. *The Chateaufort Affair* will be preceded by a one-act play, called *Evilness's Wife*, by the lady who calls herself Christopher St. John, and of this report speaks very highly. *The Beauty and the Beast* follows on Tuesday, at the NEW Theatre. The IMPERIAL will re-open with *Miss Ellinor's Prisoner*, on September 1, and that date is also fixed by Miss Ada Reeve for the production of *Winnies Brooks, Widow*, at the CRITERION. On Saturday, September 3, Mr. George Alexander will be seen at Denis Mallory in *The Garden of Lilies*; on the 5th, at the CORONET Theatre, Miss Lena Ashwell will present the English version of *La Montaigne*, and, according to present arrangements, Mr. Langwill's *Merry Mary Ann* will be given at the DUKE OF YORK's Theatre on September 8. Mr. Charles Cartwright is producing this, and Miss Eleanor Robson plays the leading rôle. The date of the revival of *The Tempest* at His Majesty's has been fixed by Mr. Tree for September 24. *The Prayer of the Sword* comes on September 17, and the English version of *La Princesse de Clèves* on September 26.

In the new place, *The Catch of the Season*, by Seymour Hicks and Cosmo Hamilton, which is to be produced shortly at the VAUDEVILLE, the music, with the exception of three American numbers, has been composed by Messrs. H. E. Balnes and Evelyn Baker, two young Englishmen. *The Catch of the Season* has been described as an up-to-date version of *Cinderella*, and it is a "comedy with music." The modern Cinderella, now christened Angela Crystal, will be played by Miss Zani Dare in place of Miss Ellaline Terriss, who will not be able to resume her stage duties till Christmas. The two scenes are laid in fashionable London, and the part of the Duke of St. Jermyns will be assumed by Mr. Seymour Hicks, his brother, Mr. Stanley Brutt, being a young sprig of the nobility. Mr. Sam Sothern plays his father's old part of Lord Dunderbury; and Misses Lowell and Rosina Filippi being ladies of society. The story was suggested by Captain Marshall, but at least five years have been engaged upon book and music.

Mr. Oscar Asche wishes to establish a permanent company at the ADELPHI. "Our new engagement," he said to an interviewer, "will begin with a play by a new dramatist, and will give a chance of distinction to at least one new actor. Mr. Otto Stuart and I," continued Mr. Asche, "want good plays. Our choice will not

depend at all on whether there are important parts particularly suitable to myself. We shall adapt our cast to the play. We do not want plays made to fit the cast." This sounds almost too good to be true, and one can only wish Mr. Asche every success.

No date has yet been fixed for the production of Mr. Pinero's new play, but when it does come, Miss Marie Illington will have a prominent part in it. Mr. Woodson Greenwood, who was to have played in it, has now, however, decided not to accept the offered part, as he does not feel that it is suited to him.

Mr. Frank Curzon has been complaining that there are too many theatres in London. "We managers," he says, "cannot find enough attractive entertainments." He does not think it is interesting to hear, that the new thoroughfares will shift the theatrical centre eastwards, but states that, "A theatre near Piccadilly Circus is certainly worth £1,500 a year more than a theatre erected near

## The Court

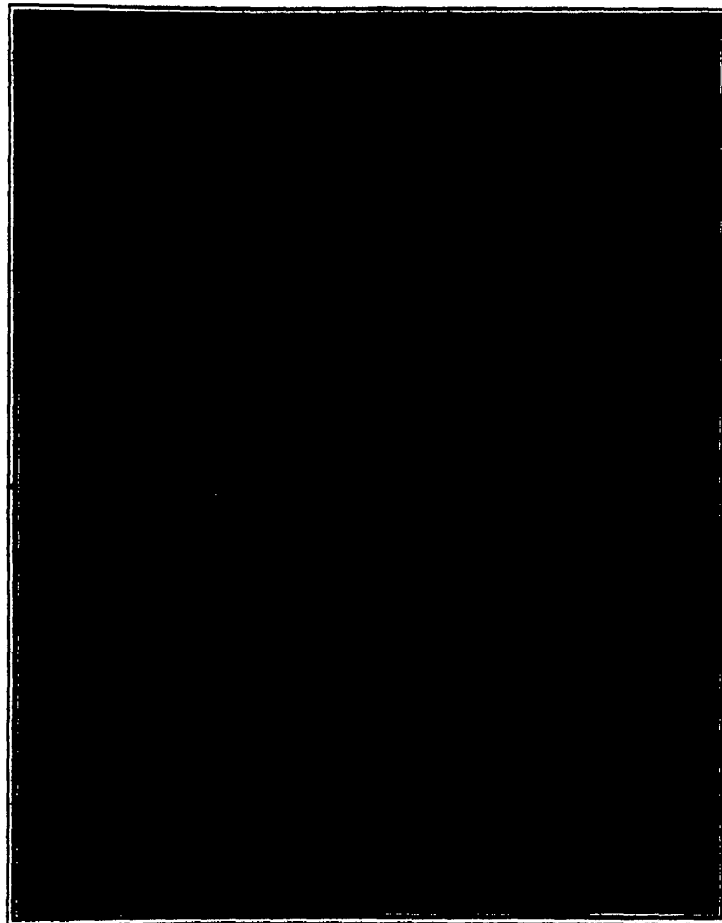
The King will remain at Marienbad another week before turning homewards. His Majesty leads a very quiet life, following out his "cure" most scrupulously, but he has plenty of visitors. Prince Louis of Battenberg came over to see the King before leaving for St. Petersburg to represent King Edward at the baptism of his baby great-nephew, the new Tzarevitch. The Duke of Teck stayed a few days, and Sir Rudolph Slatin was with His Majesty from Saturday to Monday, while there are always guests to dinner when the King dines at home. His Majesty has, however, been out to dinner a good deal, dining one night with Sir Francis and Lady Plunkett, and another evening with Mr. Arthur James at the Kursaal, besides going to the theatre several times. On the Emperor of Austria's birthday the King was present

at High Mass at the Parish Church, wearing the uniform of an Austrian Field-Marshal, and afterwards held a reception of Austrian officials. On Sunday, the King attended the morning Service at the English church, and later opened an exhibition of pictures on behalf of local charities, besides going to a Wagner Concert. His Majesty drives every afternoon in his motor-car, visiting the various places of interest near Marienbad. The King will be home about September 5 or 6, having stopped on his way to visit the German Emperor and Empress at Wilhelmshöhe. He then goes north to Doncaster and Scotland, and will stay in the Highlands for the rest of the month. His Majesty will be present at the Broomgar gathering, which takes place this year at Clunie, Invercauld, and is expected to be unusually large.

The Queen and Princess Victoria are already on Deeside staying with the Duke and Duchess of Fife at Mar Lodge. After a quiet ten days at Sandringham they reached the Highlands on Saturday afternoon, being received by a guard of honour from the Cameron Highlanders at Ballater. They drove first to Abergeldie Castle to see the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and thence to Mar Lodge. The Queen leaves for Denmark about September 1.

The Prince of Wales is having first-rate shooting in the North. After excellent sport on the Duke of Devonshire's Yorkshire moors he went on to stay with the Marquess and Marchioness of Ripon at Studley Royal, where he had equally good shooting on the Dallowgill Moors, and subsequently travelled up to Morayshire on a shooting visit to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon. He goes later to Abergeldie Castle, where his children have been staying some time, and the Princess will join her husband and family shortly on her return from Germany, where she has been staying with her lately widowed aunt, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

The new heir of All the Russias was baptised with great ceremony at Peterhof on Wednesday. He had nine godfathers and godmothers, including his grandmother, the Dowager Empress, his great-grandfather, the King of Denmark, King Edward and Princess Victoria, the German Emperor, the Grand Duke of Hesse, and three Russian relatives. Both the Tsaritsa and the baby are in excellent health. The ex-Tzarevitch, having no longer the responsibilities of a direct heir to the onerous Russian Crown, thinks of taking a wife, and is stated to be engaged to Princess Xenia of Montenegro. The Montenegrin Princesses are famed for their beauty, witness Queen Helen of Italy, and Princess Xenia is the fifth of the handsome six daughters of Prince Nicholas and Princess Miliza, all her elder sisters being married. She is twenty-three years old, while the Grand Duke Michael is twenty-five.

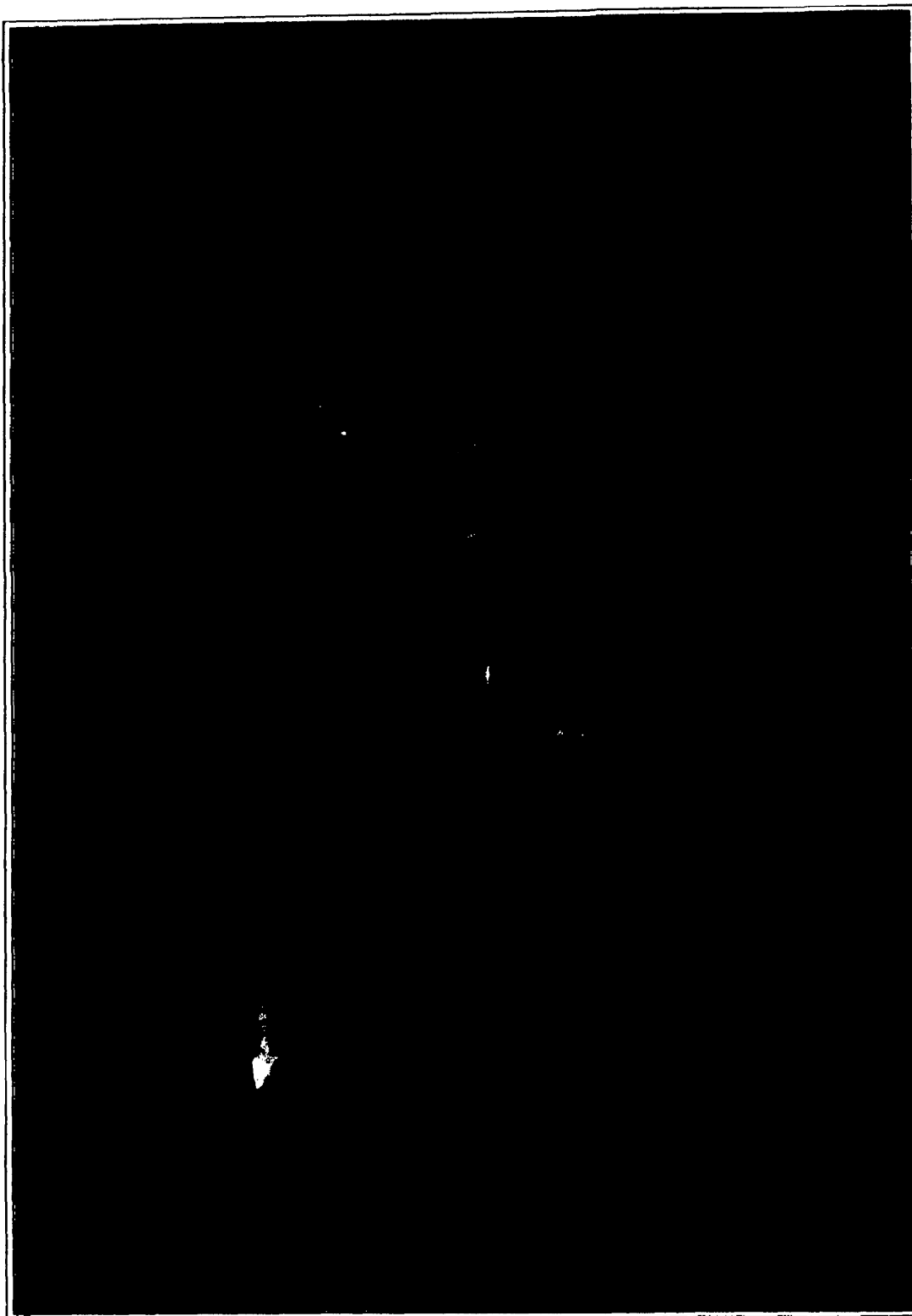


For the great sum of £20,000 the National Gallery has acquired one of the finest masterpieces executed by Titian, when the artist was still a young man. Of this amount only £1,000 was lent by the Treasury, the rest being very generously subscribed by Mr. W. W. Aspley, Mr. Herbert Morgan, Lady Weymouth, Lord Borton, Lord Eversleigh, and Mr. Alfred Bell. It is matter for public congratulation that one of the principal gems of Lord Darnley's collection at Osborne should have passed into the national collection at Trafalgar Square. The picture was bought by Sir George Donaldson, who, however, bequeathed it over to the National Gallery at the price which he gave for it.

A NEW PICTURE FOR THE NATIONAL GALLERY: TITIAN'S PORTRAIT OF ARIOSTO

the new Gaiety." Although London is, as Mr. Curzon says, overstocked with theatres, four or five new houses are in course of construction, and the new Tottenham Court Road theatre on the site of the old Prince of Wales's will be ready for occupation next month.

The new theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue to be erected on the island formed by Wardour, Rupert, and Upper Rupert Streets, will be owned by Mr. Seymour Hicks and his wife, Miss Ellaline Terriss. The lessee is Mr. Charles Frohman, who will utilise a portion of the upper part for his office, and has engaged Mr. Hicks and Miss Terriss for a further term of years to be the leading man and leading lady. Mr. Sprague is the architect, and his plans have been submitted to the London County Council; when they are passed the demolition of the present buildings will be commenced. As yet no title for the new theatre has been decided upon by the proprietors, but it certainly will not be the "Piccadilly," Miss Terriss, who will probably give the casting vote in the important matter of a name, being at present inclined to call it the "Mascul."



MADE BY W. L. STILES, A.S.A.

It was off the Sicily that the destroyer Derwent succeeded in torpedoing the cruiser Eolus. This was certainly a pretty clever feat, for there was a gale blowing at the time.

The torpedo was about 100 yards apart and there was a heavy sea. The Eolus threw her search light from the fore bridge and revealed the Derwent. The latter fired a torpedo from her after tube and got it home, for the dummy weapon was afterwards recovered with its head broken.

FROM A SKETCH BY ONE SPECIAL ARTIST, A. REEF, LONDON

A CLEVER FEAT: THE DESTROYER DERWENT TORPEDOING THE CRUISER EOLUS DURING THE MANOEUVRES



"The squire took her from Southwold and landed her at the *Spyrit Eagle* in Gracechurch Street."

## CHAPTER X.

### BARBARA IS INTRODUCED TO SOCIETY

The death of the Squire brought a considerable change. Mrs. Garraway took her blow with the resignation of the orderly mind, and kept and tended her household with the greater assiduity. She impressed upon Barbara the duty and privilege of Christian patience and rehearsed the virtues of the departed Squire.

"He was a pattern to the county for honour, was your father. Copyright, 1904, in the United States of America by H. B. Marriott Watson.

child," she declared, taking sad comfort in the reminiscences. "There was none more highly esteemed, and the Garraways have lived here for four hundred years. Their roots are in the soil. His tongue was rough, poor dear, and he loved a bottle as well as any gentleman in the shire. There was none better at a badger hunt, they say, and I've had him come home a welter of mud and wet to his flesh. He will be missed, child," and she swung her keys meditatively.

It is certain that he was missed by his own house, this rude, masterful rustic, and Barbara wept out her eyes for a week. At the close of that time Sir Piers paid a visit of condolence

and was received in state. He was most considerate and friendly, and pressed his services on the widow. She should seek a change, he suggested, and with that smilingly recalled his own advice, given under happier auspices, that she should visit London. Mrs. Garraway declared that she had not heart for town, and would feel out of harmony with the gaiety and lightness. Moreover, she had the affairs of the Manor to look to, and being a managing woman, capable and industrious, he had already taken them in hand.

"It is a pity," said Sir Piers, and turned from the subject to his own departure. "I fear I shall see you no more. I go to-morrow," he said.

"You have been very kind," said the lady gratefully, and Barbara looked at him softly. But he had not said his last words; his ultimate farewell was for Barbara's ear. The sky was brilliant with sunshine, and the trees were filling with leaves. That sweet wilding, April, had run her course and May was come. He had made his adieu to the mother, who, called back into the house by some domestic crisis, left him standing in the drive with Barbara.

"You do not fear the sun?" he said, and in answer to her look of inquiry, "Then walk with me, child, through the meadow. My chair is in Bolder village."

His air of authority was amiable, but exquisite, and Barbara did not dispute him; this assumption of a right over herself even pleased her vaguely. They walked across the lane, and by a side-path through the orchard, and over a stile into the meadow. Beyond bounded the fringes of the forest.

"This is my, child," he said presently. "Things begin in town. You must come to London and regain your spirits."

"It is impossible, Sir Piers," she gasped.

He smiled. "That is a very fine word, child, on childish lips," he said. "You have cried half your bloom away. You must come to town. If your mother will not, Lady Marston shall write to her."

The girl's face flushed. "Lady Marston!" she said. "I have heard of her."

He darted a keen glance at her to discover what she had heard, but her face had blossomed into surprise and pleasure.

"She is a great lady, is she not?" she asked.

"She is very well," said Sir Piers indifferently. "She is of tolerable blood, and has good manners. She knows the world. She is admirably kind."

Barbara made no answer, but looked at him gravely. If she were a country girl she was no fool, and she had her means of doubt.

"Why do you this for me?" she asked presently.

"I will not be I, Barbara, but Lady Marston," he said, evasively.

"That is not true," she said, swiftly. "It is she will do it because you ask her. Why should you trouble with me—a mere country girl?"

"My dear, you must guess!" he said in good humour, and looked at her quizzically.

She could not have endured a glance of affection; the passion which had moved her against her will in Faversham's farewell would have repelled her had Sir Piers at this juncture showed any sign of it. But he was quite friendly and good-natured, and that was all. He was sufficiently learned in the heart of woman to know that this was not the occasion for any manifestation of his feelings. The girl would recoil, all her maiden innocence and shame in arms; he would never get her to London if he opened his heart and appeared in the character of a lover. With that invisible and charming power which belongs to the sex, of thrusting troublesome things from them, or rather of ignoring their proximity and menace, Barbara was merely conscious of a relation between Sir Piers and herself which she would not analyse, which had not as yet frightened her; indeed, which even tickled her vanity and gave her thrills of pleasure. At his good-humoured rejoinder she smiled.

"I must go back," she said.

"Good-bye, child," he said, with grave kindness, and made no attempt to detain her. He walked through the wood with his head bent, swishing his cane at the grass. "Ravishing," he murmured. "She would dress to perfection. White or pink or blue—I cannot see one colour which would not harmonise with those tones and that hair. I would have her in white. She would accommodate herself to Society very fast. If I know anything of London Town and human nature, there is no one who would make a quicker fame. *Répété!* She ravishes me." This meditation continued until he reached the village where his carriage had been purposely left, to wait him and to give him the excuse for this walk.

Within a few days of this second departure, Barbara had a letter from Faversham, who was with his regiment at Dover and had received news of their loss. He wrote in a state of suppressed excitement, which was only subdued evidently out of a regard to the occasion of his letter.

He was in camp, and preparations were going forward, but not fast enough to please him. "We should be sailing now," he declared. "And give Boney a lesson before he can collect himself. If we delay longer, there will be a harder task and more knocks. A dash for the Scheldt, and Antwerp is ours! By the way, who do you suppose is in my regiment? Captain Miles, and no other; he is in another company, but very friendly. He is a fine fellow, but a little dull and obstinate, and, I think, a good soldier!" after which followed an appeal to the girl to write to him. "I can never forget how you forgive me, and how we parted. That is my best treasure, and will guard me safely in Dutch lands and keep me secure from French bullets. You promised to write, Barbara dear, and I am writing. I know you will; but don't tarry too long. We may go at any moment."

The appeal, however, was fruitless, for Barbara was somewhat annoyed that he should have interpreted her attitude and conduct so freely in his favour. She remembered what happened at their parting, but no so clearly, and it was clear that Gilbert Faversham regarded himself as tied to her. This she resented. With that anxious prospect of a season in town before her she was impatient when her old life pulled her back. She was certainly not affianced to Gilbert, nor would be. It was preposterous. She would see the world as Sir Piers made her choice, and by gaining experience make it more wisely than the most of her sex, who either took the first eligible young man to hand, or had the pick of some half-dozen at the most. Accident and propinquity, she decided, settled most marriages; and they should not settle hers. Consequently she looked forward to London, awaiting Lady Marston's letter, even as poor Faversham awaited her in his camp at Dover.

Lady Marston was clearly in no hurry, or, maybe, Sir Piers had forgotten his promise, for time slipped away without bringing the invitation. She had said no word to her mother, and so was forced

to fret privately to herself. The passage of spring was marked broadly on the face of nature. The violets and daffodils, primroses and wood anemones of April had given place to cowslips, narcissus and lily of the valley. The poppy blazed, blood-red amid the young corn, and the lilacs were in flower upon either side of the drive. Pink and white in the water-meadows bloomed the flower of the may. And in Barbara's heart reigned disappointment; but she was a sensible, healthy girl, and went about her duties.

"Never mind," said she. "I will go to Bath in the autumn to stay with Aunt Peggy."

You will perceive no morbid or undue craving after the excitements of a giddy life here; she betrays merely a wholesome vanity, a girlish curiosity, and a natural love of life and gaiety. She sighed, but she was as healthy as a milkmaid, if not built upon the rude lines of the traditional milkmaid. There was never a sweeter patch of earth on which to grow fine maidens and fine complexions, than within sound of those noisy shores, upon the uplands of the Forest, which take the sea winds daily and are musical in spring with the thrush and the chaffinch, and in the autumn with the lilt of the robin and the love-song of the yellow-hunter.

"Kiss me quick, quick, quick, and go, please-ease," calls the latter from the hedgerows of the moors and commons, yet he had not begun to call when Mrs. Garraway received a letter from town in an elegant and sloopy hand, sealed, and perfumed, and smelling of a fine lady. This fetched both women to stare in wonder at it by the window.

"Oh," cries out the mother, "it's from Lady Marston."

"She is asking us to town," burst forth Barbara, unable to contain herself, and thereby betraying to anyone who had ears that she was already familiar with the business. But Mrs. Garraway did not notice. She read the letter with deep interest and re-read it with growing emotion.

"There," she said, in conclusion, "I knew it would come. I have been expecting it," and she nodded her head emphatically.

"Lady Marston invites you to her house in London to see the season and for a change of air—says she. I see it all," and she looked with meaning on her daughter.

But Barbara, pink as she had turned, protested weakly. "Why should she ask me? I don't know her. The idea of going to London for a change of air!"

"You shall go, Miss," declared her mother, firmly. "I have settled it all in my mind. I can see what it all means." Barbara said nothing. "Do you not see how the invitation comes?" she asked.

"Is Sir Piers?" said Barbara, faintly.

Mrs. Garraway opened her letter again. "She writes that her old friend, Sir Piers Blenkinsop, has spoken of me, and of his felicitous time in the New Forest under my hospitable roof. La, that's pretty of Sir Piers. 'Sir Piers has told me,' she says, 'of your daughter, by whom he was reminded of me, when (alas!) I was younger. If that be so, madam, I should love to see the image of my lost youth. Sir Piers vows that he owes you a return for your great kindness, and would have you to town for a season. Madam, I am at your disposal, yours and your daughter that should be mine. I wonder if she be so fair as I. My hair was corn-golden when I was seventeen, but has turned of a deeper colour. But I must tell you why I chiefly propose . . . Ah! there is nothing more." Mrs. Garraway declared hurriedly, and folded the letter. "It is most civil and friendly of Lady Marston."

Barbara was certain that there was something more, as her mother's abrupt action had been significant, but she did not put any questions. She assumed an attitude which Mrs. Garraway interpreted as obstinate.

"I don't know Lady Marston," she protested.

"If Lady Marston, in her position about the Court, chooses to know you, foolish girl, what is it if you know her or not? Cease your objections. I tell you, you shall go. Your poor papa would have desired it that his daughter should mix in genteel society. I shall put matters in train at once. Stay, when does she ask you?" Again she consulted the letter. "The twenty-fifth of June. Sure, a very good time, and in the thick of the season. Barbara, you shall have the new black silk, and your Aunt Peggy shall send you a frock from Bath. I will write to her myself this night."

Barbara did not demur, yet privately resolved that Lady Marston should advise her in her gowns on her arrival in town.

Now that the invitation had come, and the girl was getting ready her dresses for the wonderful introduction to life, time passed rapidly enough. She was in mourning, it was true, but one of her figure and beauty was in no need of high colours to set herself off. On the contrary, it was avowed by her friends, Betty and Belinda Travers, of Bowall Green, that she was ravishing in black.

"Your complexion is so delicate," they declared, "that the black enhances it, dear," which was true enough. Barbara herself at this period was more than half disposed to resent the innumerable of mourning. She had a delightful blue satin gown and a flag-yellow frock which she would have worn. But her mother was inexorable, and she set off with her sombre finery one morning in company with her maid, Martha, bound for Southampton. For at Southampton she was to purchase some things that were lacking to the outfit. It was, in a way, as though Mrs. Garraway had been dressing a bride for the altar, had been equipping a wife with her trousseau.

The carriage went by Beaulieu to Southampton, with James, the outler of the Rose and Crown, as postilion. He was a very friendly fellow, as was natural in one who had known the young lady all her life. He turned on his horse to point out with his whip any marks upon the landscape that struck him.

"And here 'twas," says he in the middle of the heath, "that Master Gilbert Faversham came up with Sir Piers one day when I was driving him to Winchester. 'Stop that shay,' cries out Master Gilbert, and Sir Piers, he looking round out of his eye, without turning a head, 'We are called on to stop, my man,' he says. 'Is't a wayman?' Can ye tell me?' But when I saw it was Master Gilbert, I grinned. 'Do as the gentlemen tells you,' says Sir Piers, very bland, and so we reined in the horses. Down gets Sir Piers very lazy, and confronts Master Gilbert. 'Is't my money or my life?' he says with his drawl. 'Damn't,' says

Master Gilbert, saving your pardon, miss, and then they walked aside; and I see them out of my eye as near pistols as ever two men was. 'Tis said they quarrelled over cards, and I wot Master Gilbert could not abide Sir Piers's town manners," concluded the postilion dispassionately.

"Did they nearly fight?" asked Barbara eagerly.

"As near as a hair's breadth, miss," said James. "I was looking for to carry home a corpse, for certain."

Barbara drew a deep breath, and looked with interest to the spot which was now fast receding. After all, one cannot expect to be indifferent to the first great quarrel that rears over one's beauty at nineteen. It was very sad, but Barbara enjoyed it, and after staring long, turned and fell into a reverie. This was broken frequently by James's voice, instructive again.

"Yonder's Sir Thomas Rankin's house, by the creek," he said, "a mighty lovely place, and one where there's been strange doings, they do say."

"What strange doings?" demanded Barbara, looking with some excitement at the place in which Sir Piers had stayed.

James showed some confusion. "Well, not exactly strange," said he. "Quite ordinary, as you may say, but not what I could tell the like of you, Miss."

A wicked house! Barbara stored all the more, until they had passed beyond the range, and then, Sir Piers by this introduced into her thoughts, she set and revolved many things, including town, and Lady Marston, and Sir Piers himself.

The stage took her from Southampton and landed her at the Spread Eagle in Gracechurch Street, where she was met by Lady Marston's carriage, and conveyed safely to Mayfair. Here the lady, who was kind enough to have stayed in to await her guest, received her with gracious friendliness. All the while her eyes went over the girl, prying, estimating, and weighing chances. She had done what Sir Piers had asked of her, but had done it with no enthusiasm, and now she saw the girl she liked her task still less. The rustic was too handsome, and had too much promise in the bud, and, moreover, to the woman's shrewd observation, appeared no fool.

"She is as innocent, la, as a sheep," she said to her maid, "but she is not so stupid."

"I think she looks sly, my lady, if I may venture," said the maid.

Lady Marston considered. "Well, she may be sly," she agreed.

It had not yet occurred to her that her own reign was over; she still clutched fiercely at power. The hopes of salvation by means of the favour of younger rivals are acceptable only to intellects of the first order, or to desperate souls whose fate has been printed in crude plain colours even to their fond deceiving eyes. Lady Marston would have scorned to think that this handsome girl might benefit her in due time. She only felt that her obligations demanded of her that she should do as Sir Piers wished. She performed her task on the whole with much good nature and with a wonderful tact. It was this combination, rather than any beauty or brilliance, which had advanced her socially. If it is certain that Barbara was often amazed by the acts and comments of her hostess, and almost as often shocked, it is equally true that the constant iteration of strange opinions, and the persistent exposure to a new point of view, broadened her ideas of life and morals.

A month in Mayfair turned the world of the country girl topsy-turvy. She had not in her thoughts abandoned any of the principles in which she had been educated, but she was now never surprised that others held different opinions, nor, indeed, did their dissidence meet with her disapproval. They amused her, or it is fairer to say that they amused her as exhibited and published in Lady Marston's caustic exposition of the follies and vices of her neighbours.

Lady Marston had an indifferent good nature, but never satisfied either her interests or her spite to it. She had practised wit, and had reached such proficiency as to be negligent in the display of it.

"That woman," she said of Lady Jersey, "would have lost her head two hundred years ago. Now she doesn't even lose her reputation." Or it might be her Prince. His Royal Highness is highly virtuous in one particular. He has never condescended to pay his debts by falsifying his creditors on society. When his time is come let that be reckoned up in his favour." But then His Royal Highness had been unkind enough to overlook Lady Marston for several years past. "He has a taste for foreigners and—" she glanced at Barbara—"and dairymaids. If you were a dairymaid, my dear, you could make your bow before the Prince with perfect assurance as to your future."

Barbara herself had not been deeply impressed by the Prince, whom she had seen at the play. "Why, he is fat and old," she said in surprise to Lady Marston.

"He is the Prince of Wales," said the lady, "and whatsoever age or condition of body he wishes to be."

Beside the Prince, Sir Piers, who was in attendance, showed as a master of elegance and good looks. He carried himself by contrast with His Royal Highness with infinite distinction. Dignity was not at the moment so characteristic of him as pliability and suavity. The Prince beamed on him and roared at his jest. He drew all eyes of the house, even when the curtain was up; for His Royal Highness made no scruple of talking and laughing at such times, if he was of that mind. Sir Piers visited Lady Marston often, and paid his *dévoirs* to Miss Garraway. He was paternal and indulgent, suggested excursions, and not infrequently found time to make up a party for them. His wit and his experience, matched with Lady Marston's, were extremely entertaining, if they could not be called edifying. But Barbara had grown up, used to being amused, and accepted what came lightly. She was still intoxicated, and quite ready to do anything which offered itself as part and parcel of modern life. In the midst of these gaieties came a letter from Mrs. Garraway, whose thoughts and ambitions were innocently revealed.

"Your Aunt Peggy has sent you another frock, my dear, which I am sending on to you. . . It is of a black, with lavender sprigs, and reckoned very much the mode, she says, in Bath. . . Give my respects to Lady Marston, who is so kind as to have you,



though I fully approve of her action and understand it. I must say she is a good friend to Sir Piers and to you too, my dear. Write me as soon as you have anything to say, and commend me to Sir Piers when you see him."

Barbara folded the letter with a smile. She read her mother's mind as though it had been clearly set down in so many words. Nor was she offended. On the contrary, she enjoyed odd little feelings of satisfaction which amounted to a thrill at times.

"That was what mamma would not read," she thought. "That was why Lady Marston was chiefly concerned in asking me."

Sir Piers was expected that day, and she turned her thoughts towards his arrival with renewed pleasure. To play in the game in this intimate fashion was exciting, was almost alarming, was altogether pleasurable in the extreme. She began to wonder as she had wondered very often before, if she had any real power over Sir Piers. He was persistent in his attentions, certainly, but he was also so profoundly cool and so completely master of himself. She did not like that, and once again there returned to her the memory of a moment at the gate of Moyden, and the face of one whom she had almost forgotten in these crowded hours.

Sir Piers was a pleasant companion on all occasions, and they returned to sup at Lady Marston's in an excellent temper. Barbara had enjoyed the play and the people, and she had a hearty appetite for food. She talked more than was usual with her in company, and Lady Marston glanced askew at her, and from her animated face to Sir Piers' impassive countenance, striving to read in one or the other how things stood. The girl kept her counsel, she found, more than might have been expected in one so young and inexperienced. "That's a match for any town-bred girl," she thought. "She can take care of herself," she thought angrily. "She can take care of herself," she thought with a muttered excuse to the room.

The candles glimmered brightly in their sconces on the wall, and blazed in the candelabra on the table, throwing up the white of the tablecloth. Sir Piers looked across at the girl.

"Are you enjoying yourself, child?" he asked.

"In truth, Sir Piers," she answered, smiling happily. "I know not if I be on my head or my heels. I have seen so much, and Lady Marston is very kind to me."

He nodded. "Would you like to live in town?" he asked, regarding her gently.

His eyes held for hers, as they had held on other occasions, a quiet authority, an air of command, also a nameless fascination. She felt that she was changing colour and was irritated with herself.

"I should like it very well," she replied. "But mamma could not leave Moyden."

"I said not mamma, child," he answered. "You will marry."

"It may be so," she replied, indifferently.

"You do not know," he pursued, sipping his wine, "how greatly you influence us fevered townsfolk. You come upon us like a gust of good health air. You awaken us who have gone to sleep over what we call our pleasures."

"They are pleasures to me," she said.

"They were pleasures to me when I was your age," he rejoined, "but now they are duties. If I stepped out of the round, and went to live at Hone, or in the island, I should stop like a clock run down. So do we grow to be mechanical creatures, at the mercy of the hands or events that wind us."

"You talk as if you were old," she replied lightly, laughing.

"I am too old to change," he said, "unless I were rescued. I might be rescued."

There was an almost imperceptible pause before she answered.

"Then I must hope you will be."

"If you hope so, I shall be content," he said, and she winced under the strength of his gaze.

She rose and moved across the room, her bosom turbulent with apprehension, which was not wholly disagreeable. Sir Piers also rose and followed her. He looked very handsome and uncommon, and there is no doubt he was a person of importance in the world. He took her hand.

"I am glad you are happy, child. You should stay and brighten us."

She wrestled gently with the firm fingers. "It's good of Lady Marston to keep me, but I have tried her patience too long. I must go back."

"Why do you suppose she keeps you?" he asked suddenly.

Barbara gave him a shy and startled glance, and cast down her eyes. "I do not know," she murmured. "She is very good." She had ceased to struggle for her hand, which he pressed gently.

"Come, Barbara, look at me," he commanded, and she obeyed him. There was, however, resistance in her face, if tremulous resistance. What she should do depended on what he might do or say. With the delicacy of his judgment, Sir Piers understood this and said nothing. He merely looked at her and sighed, not unhappily. She was warm, blushing like a rose.

"You are too pretty, Barbara. You distract me," he said at last.

"I would I had never seen you."

Somehow she did not feel able to rebuke him for his bluntness and laughed faintly instead. "Then I must go back soon," she said quite boldly. "There is another reason for going—to rid both Lady Marston and yourself of a nuisance."

He paid no heed to this, but, being now under the goad of his passions, scarcely contained his voice. Under the mask the man was growing into giant strength and breaking the bonds of habit and principle which had confined his actions for years. He drew her to him, and she resisted.

"You must let me go, Sir Piers," she said tremulously.

"Nay," he said, with a queer bitter smile. "Tis you that must let me go, Barbara. Let me go, I pray you. You have me tight. It is not just—a bit of a girl and an—"

"And Sir Piers Blackiston of Hone, the most exclusive buck in town," she interrupted sharply, and with a swift and vigorous motion put his arm away.

"Child, you are harsh," he said softly. "I have warned you that I could be rescued."

She made him a curtsy. "It should be a privilege to save so fine a gentleman," she said.

But, indeed, she was not deeply angered, but more alarmed; and in her alarm, as ever with her, was a certain thrill of pleasure. She might have withdrawn, now that she was free of his hands, but she did not, and looked at him with a provocative smile. Sir Piers gave way of a sudden to his heart.

"Tis you, Barbara, that must save me," he said with emotion. "By God, you shall," and he caught her once more.

She had never seen the man emerge before; it struck her dumb with confusion and some other feeling which she did not understand. It frightened her, and she could not resist. In one moment he had gained more advantage than he had collected in all those weeks of patience. Sir Piers, though he prided himself on knowing the heart and ways of woman, had not understood this. However much we may know or guess of women, there is always a woman beyond, who lies outside that knowledge. She was taken to his breast, amazed, and at the same instant the door creaked, and Lady Marston entered.

The control of the man was characteristic and remarkable. He had given his passion the mastery, and like a bolting horse this was carrying him fiercely and recklessly forward. But upon the outer door of one small scene the turning of a handle struck and arrested him in full gallop. He put her swiftly by, and his impetuous face met Lady Marston with measured eyes as she crossed the threshold.

"I have been explaining to Miss Barbara the penalties of bachelorhood," he said. "If I were a sound married man I should go home to bed, thanking Heaven for a pleasant evening and delightful company. As it is I must visit my Lady Peterson and play Macao. Lady Marston, your humble servant."

(To be continued)

## Gorillas at the Zoo

The Zoological Society of London is to be congratulated in having secured the pair of young female gorillas which came into



"ORIOLE"



"VENUS"

NEW ARRIVALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS: THE TWO YOUNG GORILLAS

From Photographs by W. P. Dando.

the market a few days since, for these animals are only to be seen "in the flesh" at exceedingly rare intervals. At the present time the only other captive gorilla in the world is that in the Zoological Gardens at Bristol, where for seven years it has proved a great attraction. Even in a wild state these animals are rarely seen.

Venus and Oriole, the new arrivals, are yet in their infancy. Venus, who hails from the River Ogooué, in the Gabon country, is believed to be about five years old; Oriole, captured at Sette Camma, some considerable distance further south, is apparently between two and three years of age. Though generally regarded as fierce and untamable, the contrary will probably prove to be the case in the London Gardens, where "housely comforts" are now the aim of the powers that be.

On the occasion of our visit on Monday last we found Venus looking as though she felt play undignified, but her younger companion was leaping over with curiosity and good spirits. With a ridiculous little wobble she would stand up on to the bar swing, and vainly endeavour to draw herself up on to the bar. Foiled in this attempt, she started climbing the tree which forms part of the furniture of her spacious apartment. This attempt she accomplished with perfect ease and wondrous care. A few moments later she was down on her back on the ground, playing with her toes with all the delight of a human infant.

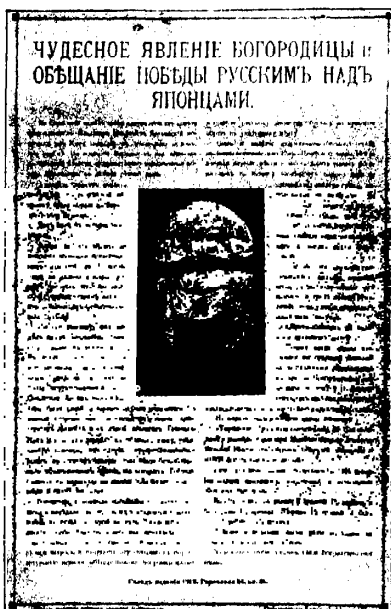
The enormous and ferocious-looking male in the Natural History Museum has, it appears, been grossly misapprehended by the taxidermist, for it is now contended that the gorilla is really a very timid and ingenuous animal. Only when at bay does he become really fierce—and who shall blame him for this? The Natural History Museum specimens, by the way, are the famous examples brought to Europe by Du Chaillu, and the cause of a lively and bitter controversy. They were not shot by him, but were trapped. Nocturnal in their habits, they are rarely seen alive by the natives, and then only as they endeavour to slip away among the tree-tops, where they rest during the day. Hence they more often fall victims to strategy than to the rifle. A gorilla appears to be an irresistible bait. In some spot known to be haunted by the gorilla one of these luscious fruits is placed, and to this is fixed a rope. The end of the rope is passed over the bough of a tree immediately overhead, and tied round a huge spear, which is so set that, in lifting the pineapple, the weapon is brought down with deadly force into the back of the unsuspecting victim.

The adult male is a powerful giant, standing some five feet high, with a girth of about four feet round the chest, and enormous arms of wonderful power. The voice of the gorilla is of surprising volume. But this may be accounted for by the fact that he possesses a resonator in the shape of a huge inflatable bag, which, leading from the larynx, extends round the neck, over the breast, and under the trunche. Closely allied to the chimpanzee, he may be distinguished therefrom by his small ears, which, in the case of the chimpanzee, are of great size, and stand out on each side of the head. He is also darker in colour. Moreover, being more of a walker than a climber, his calves are better developed, and his toes much shorter. The unrivalled collection of man-like apes now in the gardens has been doubly enriched by this last addition, so much as Venus and Oriole belong to the species known as *Gorilla gorilla*, and is therefore new to the gardens. Twice before in the history of the Society gorillas have been exhibited in the Gardens, but neither of these animals—the one a young male, the other a female—lived long. Both belonged to the species known as *Gorilla gorilla*. Some authorities, it should be mentioned, however, hold that there is but one species, and that the form called *castrocephalus* is but a variety.

Gorillas are notoriously difficult to rear. We would, therefore, urge all who wish to see these really wonderful animals alive, to pay a visit to the Gardens at once. The chance may not occur again in a lifetime.

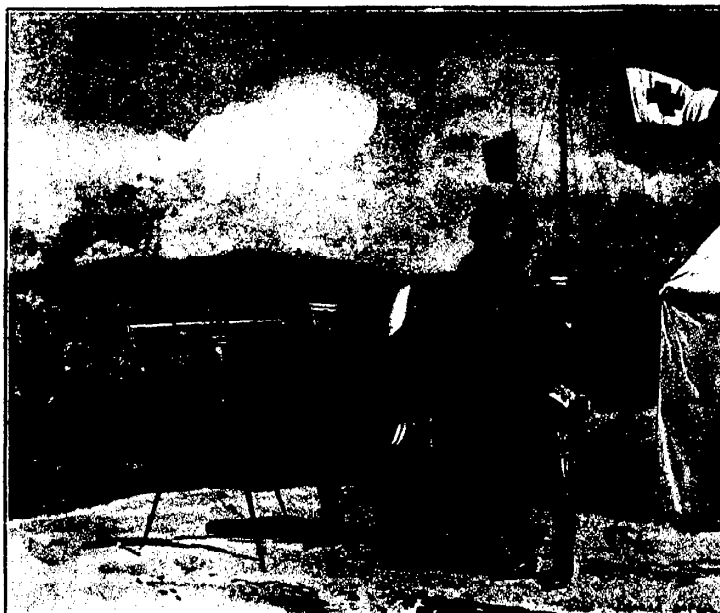
## The Siege of Port Arthur

Though it is quite impossible to arrive at the truth in the midst of innumerable rumours, we know enough to be sure that the state of affairs at Port Arthur has reached a critical stage. Indeed, the Japanese have drawn in near enough to summon General Stoessel to surrender, giving him twenty-four hours for reply. That reply was, of course, the only one which a gallant general could give in the circumstances—namely, an unequalled refusal to surrender. All accounts agree in stating that the Japanese have lost very heavily in the attacks upon the stronghold, which is, it would seem, giving them more trouble than they expected to have. A glance at the bird's-eye view of the fortress given in our supplement will help us to understand the position of affairs. On the eastern side of Port Arthur, the important positions, Takushan and Sinokushan, have been captured by the Japanese. Behind these forts is a fortified line of hills which must be carried if Port Arthur is to be taken from this side. Already there are rumours of positions on Golden Hill being taken, but these reports are scarcely trustworthy. The news, if true, would mean that Port Arthur was all but taken. On the west side—the right of the bird's-eye view in which the south is at the top of the picture—is to be seen Pigeon Bay, on which rests the Japanese right. Opposed to this wing of the Japanese besieging force are the forts on the Elm Hills, Antashan and Etsushan. Here there seems to have been some desperate fighting; the Japanese are given the credit of capturing one of the forts on this ridge. The Japanese centre has driven the Russians from Wolf Hill—not to be confused with White Wolf Hill, as was done in one of the daily papers the other day—and if they have been able to hold that position their guns will be within range of the dockyard and town. The cost to the Japanese of these operations must necessarily have been large, but the expenditure of life has not been without result. It is only a short time since that kindly critics spoke of Port Arthur as an impregnable fortress, but now even Russia's best friends expect to hear of its speedy fall.



This illustration is a reduced reproduction of a sheet (about the size of a page of *The Graphic*) which is being sold in the streets of St. Petersburg, and is largely bought by the poorer classes. The title of the production is "The Virgin Mary Promises Victory to Russia Over Japan."

A PROMISE OF VICTORY TO RUSSIA



DRAWN BY GEORGE SOYER

FROM A SKETCH BY W. D. STRAIGHT

Like the rest of the Japanese military organization, their arrangements for dealing with the wounded are admirable. Japan, the latest of the Great Powers to accede to the Geneva Convention, is among the foremost in bringing her hospitals, ambulances, etc., up to the most modern standard of efficiency.

THE JAPANESE SOLDIER IN THE FIELD: A RED CROSS SIGNAL STATION



Marshal Oyama.

Baron Kotani.

General Fukushima.

When Marshal Oyama, Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese field forces, accompanied by Generals Kotani and Fukushima and a numerous staff, left Tokyo for the front there was a remarkable farewell demonstration. In the early morning large crowds assembled outside the General Staff Office, and in the streets leading to the Shinbashi Station. The three generals left the building at ten o'clock, and were loudly cheered on the way to the station. There a reception was held, and the generals bade farewell to a large number of officials and officers. Troops lined the station platform, and when the train started it steamed out amid tremendous cheering, the band playing "Auld Lang Syne."

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE JAPANESE ARMY AND HIS STAFF LEAVING SHINBASHI STATION, TOKYO, FOR THE FRONT

A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT, FRED WHITING

SUPPLEMENT TO THE GRAPHIC, AUGUST 27, 1904

# THE WAR IN THE FAR EAST

FROM SKETCHES AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY OUR CORRESPONDENTS



DRAWN BY RALPH G. SALMON

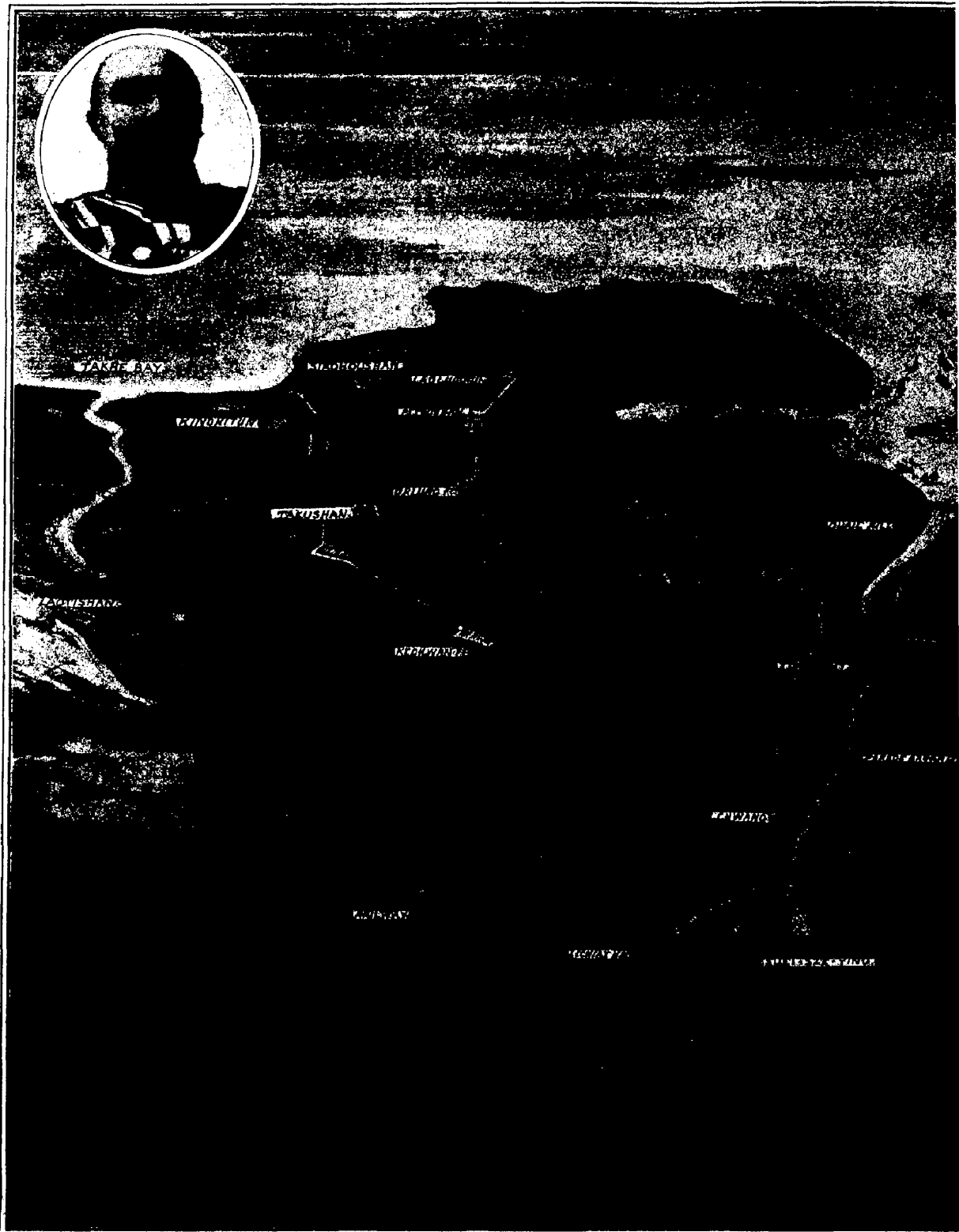
The main hospital stands in pretty grounds on the outskirts of Tokio. Adjoining the central building is a wing built in bungalow fashion. This is the officers' quarters. Here are to be seen

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FREDERICK WHITING

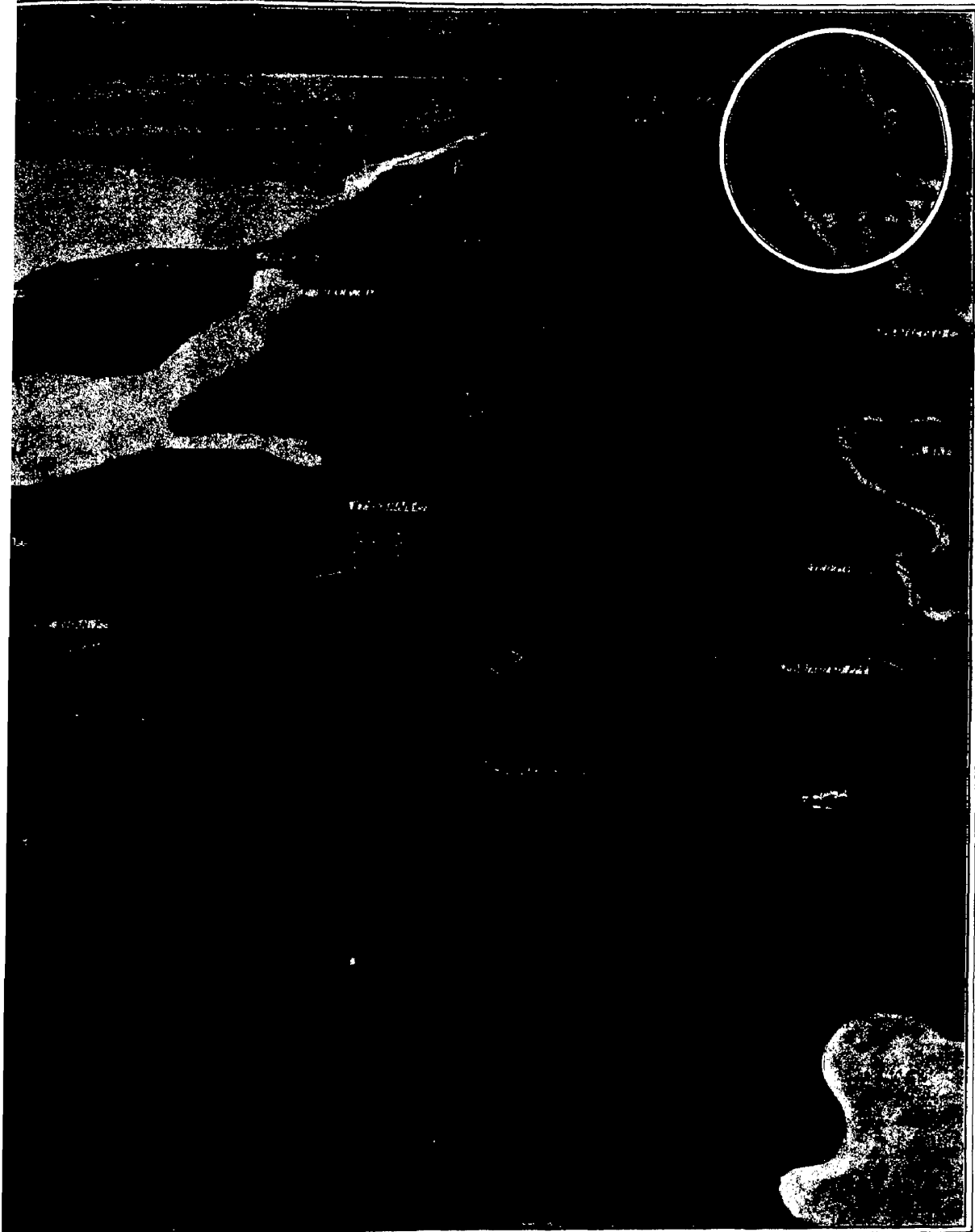
many young fellows, badly wounded, but forgetting their pain in their yearning to be back at the front. The patients are cheered by visits from their wives, who sit tirelessly fanning their wounded lords.

A WELCOME VISITOR: IN THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS AT THE TOKIO MILITARY HOSPITAL

GENERAL STORSEL  
In command of the garrison at Port Arthur



MARSHAL OTAMA  
In command of the Japanese force besieging  
Port Arthur.



PORT ARTHUR AND ITS FORTIFICATIONS AS SEEN FROM THE NORTH  
DRAWN

## "The Graphic" Diary of the War

Below will be found the chief events of the war that have occurred since the last publication of our "Diary":—

JULY 30-31—

Attack begun on the 30th by the Japanese on the entrenched heights around Tonucheng, fifteen miles south-east of Haicheng. There was fierce fighting during the whole of the 31st, at the end of which the Russians were driven from their position towards Haicheng. The Japanese captured six guns, and estimate their casualties at about 900.

JULY 31 AND AUGUST 1—

The Russian force occupying Yu-shu-lin-tzu, four miles west of Shi-ho-yen, attacked heavily on July 31 and dislodged on August 1, and driven westward towards Anjang. The Japanese captured two guns and 500 rifles. Simultaneously a battle was fought at Yang-tra-ling, about six miles from Motien-ling. Here, after two days' fighting, the Russians were driven from their positions. They fled towards Tang-ho-yang, on the Liao-yang road.

Russia notified the Porte of the impending passage through the Dardanelles of vessels of the Volunteer Fleet laden with coal, and that they would sail in the character of merchant ships, and maintain that character throughout the voyage. The Porte demanded a statement in writing, to which Russia objected.

AUGUST 6—

The British vessel Knight Commander, which was sunk on July 24 by a Russian cruiser, declared by the Prize Court at Vladivostok to be a lawful prize.

AUGUST 7—

It is officially announced at Tokio the Russians blew up the gunboat Sivutich with her armament at Pu-kia-tan.

AUGUST 8—

The Japanese reported to have occupied Louisa Bay. British steamship companies agreed to suspend their service to Japan.

AUGUST 9—

The Porte gives its consent to the passage through the Dardanelles of the remaining ships of the Volunteer Fleet, Russia giving a verbal assurance that these ships shall remain under the commercial flag.

AUGUST 12—

Two large Japanese destroyers entered the harbour of Chifu. The Retshitley was boarded, and a hand-to-hand conflict took place. The Russian crew were nearly all sent overboard, and the Japanese took possession of the ship.

The Russian torpedo-boat Burni went on the rocks near Shantung. All the crew were saved, and the vessel was blown up by order of the officer in command.

AUGUST 13—

The British steamers Hai-ping and Pei-ping, which were captured last month by the Japanese, were released.

AUGUST 14—

Protest lodged by the Russians against the seizure of the Retshitley.

The Vladivostok Squadron was intercepted on its way to join the Port Arthur Squadron by Admiral Kamimura, and after five hours' fighting the Kurik was sunk.

News received at St. Petersburg that Port Arthur had been bombarded for five days.

AUGUST 14-15—

Great battle at Port Arthur, which resulted in the capture of



In one of the fights off Port Arthur a Japanese officer was killed, his body being blown to pieces. A fragment of his body was taken to Tokio to be buried. The funeral was largely attended, some thousands of people joining in the procession. On the bier, which was carried by eight men in white, was a life-size half-length portrait of the dead officer. Our illustration is from a photograph by a correspondent.

### HONOUR TO THE GALLANT DEAD: THE FUNERAL OF AN OFFICER IN TOKIO

JULY 26-28—

Continuous attack on Port Arthur by land, during which the Japanese are said to have captured Wolf's Hill and Green Hill. The Japanese also attacked but failed to take Christ Hill. The Russian Fleet steamed out of Port Arthur and bombarded the Japanese positions near Lungantau.

AUGUST 1—

The Japanese with five columns moved out from Ta-shih-chiao, and occupied the line of the Pailho River next day, and the line Newchwang-Haicheng on the day after.

AUGUST 3—

Newchwang—thirty miles north of the port of the same name—occupied by the Japanese.

Twelve Russian destroyers, four torpedo-boats, and some gun-boats came out from Port Arthur at night, but were beaten back by the Japanese.

AUGUST 5—

With regard to the German steamship Arabia the Prize Court at Vladivostok decided to confiscate only the flour and railway material consigned to Japan and to release the ship.

A strong Japanese force of torpedo gunboats entered the river at Newchwang to intercept any Russian retreat westward.

The Japanese occupied Takushan and Shah-hu-shan (near Port Arthur) after fifteen hours' fighting.

AUGUST 10—

Sortie from Port Arthur. The Russian Squadron at Port Arthur tried to escape, but fell in with Admiral Togo's Fleet, and after a severe battle were scattered. The battleships Retvism (damaged), Sebastopol, Polkoda (damaged), Poltava and Peresviet returned to Port Arthur. The Diana went to Saigon. The battleship Tzarevitch (badly damaged) and three destroyers took refuge in the German port Tientsin, where they have since been dismantled and the Russian flag pulled down from their mastsheads. The cruiser Askold and a destroyer went to Shanghai, and the former was docked. The cruiser Novik put to sea, but was subsequently caught and sunk by two Japanese cruisers. The cruiser Palada was sunk during the action. The destroyer Retshitley found her way to Chifu. Admiral Vihof was killed in the action, and Admiral Matusevich wounded.

AUGUST 11—

Two Russian destroyers stranded near Wei-hai-wei. One was subsequently blown up.

positions in Pigeon Bay and the capture of forts at Liao-tre-shan and Pail-chwang.

AUGUST 16—

Protest by the British Government to Russia on the subject of the treatment by belligerents of neutral ships. An Imperial Ukase directs the issue of six new series of State Rente bonds to the amount of £15,000,000. Another sortie from Port Arthur. The fleet returned without encountering the Japanese.

AUGUST 17—

Major Yamaoka was sent to the Russian outpost at Port Arthur with a copy of the Mikado's order relating to the removal of non-combatants and a document advising the surrender of the fortress. The Russians refused to surrender. The British steamer Scotian stopped by the Russian cruiser Ural.

Battle round Port Arthur renewed.

AUGUST 18—

Russian gunboat of the Otavju type sunk off Liao-tre-shan.

AUGUST 19—

The Japanese occupied Anshan-chan, the Russians retreating towards Mukden.



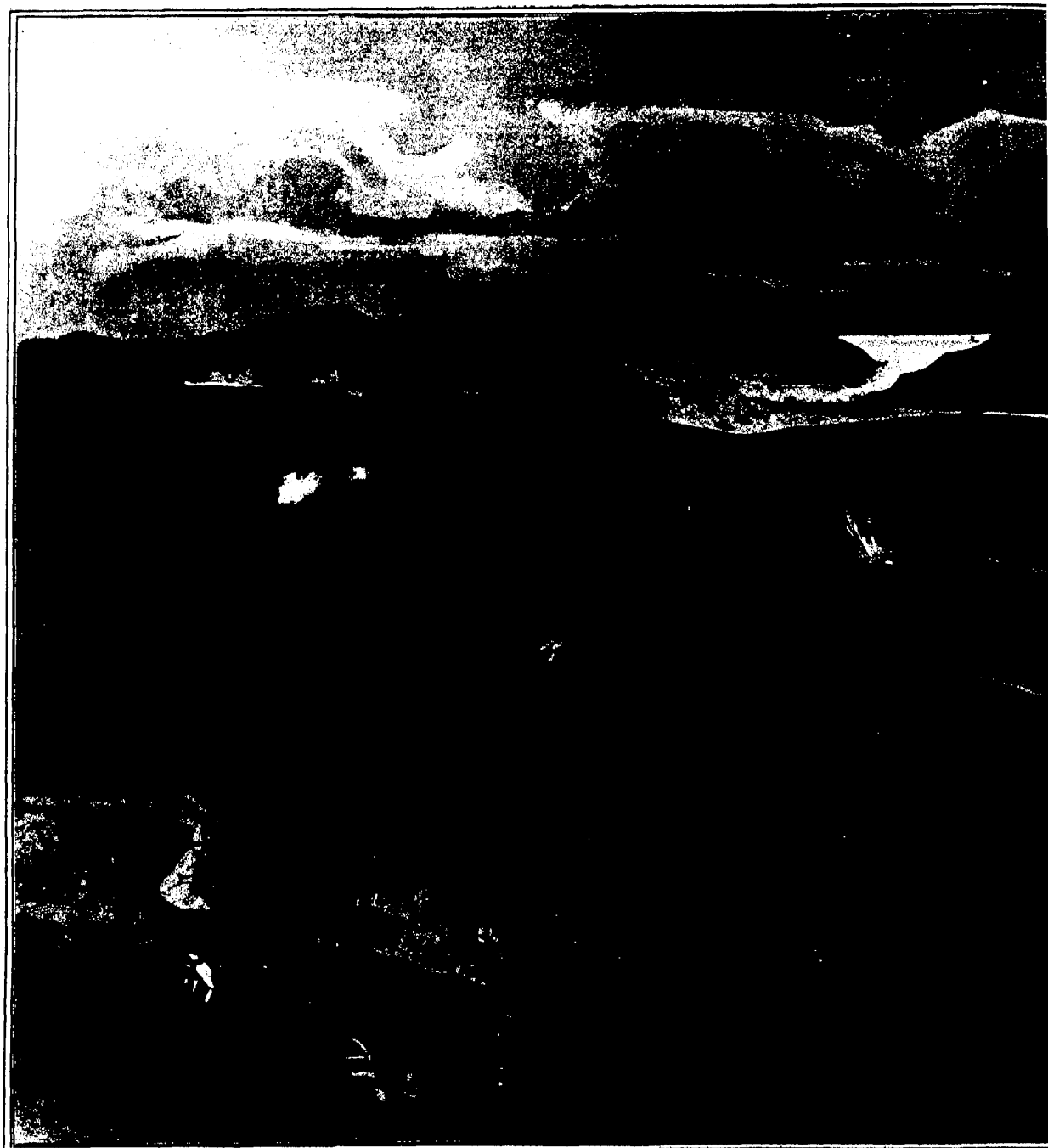
DEATHS BY JONES CHARLES  
 Our force was advancing in three parallel columns towards the Han Tso, across the great plain beyond Gurk, when the foremost transport animals with the oxen turned out as the party suddenly began descending the quicksand. An exciting ten minutes followed, and in the end all the loads were pulled out. As the hills were approached these dangerous places became more frequent, and the force could not follow the road under the hills.

FROM A PHOTO BY ADRIANUS A. N. N. 17107

TRANSPORT IN QUICKSAND: AN INCIDENT OF THE MARCH TO LHASA

October 1914

Japanese In



Engineers Building Gun-pits for High-angle Fire.

Engineers Dig

DRAWN BY H. C. BREWER

This view is taken from the heights above Pigeon Bay, to the north-west of Port Arthur. In the distance on the right is the ridge on the Tiger's Tail. At the

"NEARING THE GOAL": JAPANESE CONSTRUCTI



The Tiger's Tail.



• Fire.

Hauling up a Gun.

A Chinese Village.

FROM A SKETCH MADE BY CAPTAIN LIONEL JAMES, FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY A WOUNDED JAPANESE OFFICER

harbour and town of Port Arthur, and the heights rising above. On the range of hills between the Japanese and Port Arthur are Forts Antazhan and Eishan.

WORKS UNDER FIRE BEFORE PORT ARTHUR



MOVEMENTS, GESTURES, AND EXPRESSIONS  
A SELECTION OF STUDIES FROM THE SKETCH-BOOK OF PAUL RENOUARD



MOVEMENTS,  
GESTURES AND EXPRESSIONS  
— 101 —  
A SELECTION OF STUDIES FROM THE  
SKETCH-BOOK OF  
PAUL RENOIR



ADMIRAL SIR HENRY STEPHENSON  
The New Black Rod.



THE REV. HENRY PALIN GURNEY  
Killed on the Alps.



THE LATE MR. F. A. INDERWICK, R.G.  
Commissioner in Lunacy.



THE LATE LIEUT.-COL. G. H. HUNTER-WESTON  
Indian Mutiny Veteran.

### Our Portraits

Mr. Frederick Andrew Inderwick, K.C., was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1858. For many years he practised in the Divorce Court, where his experience was very large, and last year he was appointed a Commissioner in Lunacy. He was elected a Benchman of the Inner Temple in 1877, was Master of the Library in 1897, and Treasurer in 1898. Mr. Inderwick had been closely associated with Winchelsea and Rye for many years, and had been Mayor of Winchelsea on several occasions. In politics he was an advanced Liberal, and he had been chairman of the Reform Club Committee. He was a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and had deciphered and arranged the ancient records of Winchelsea. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

Admiral Sir Henry F. Stephenson, who has been appointed to the office of Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, in succession to the late Sir Michael Biddulph, is in his sixty-third year, and his service in the navy dates from 1855. He was in the St. Jean D'Acre in the Black Sea during the Crimean War, when he was present at the capture of Kerch and the siege and fall of Sebastopol. He was a midshipman on board the Raleigh when she was wrecked in the China Sea in April, 1857, and took part in the operations on the Canton River. As midshipman, too, he served in the Pearl's Naval Brigade in India throughout the Mutiny, and was mentioned several times in despatches. Sir Henry was lieutenant in command of the gunboat Heron on the Lakes of Canada during the Fenian disturbances in 1866; was commander of the Rattler when she was wrecked in the Straits of La Pérouse, Japan, in 1868; and was captain of the Discovery in the Arctic Expedition of 1875 and 1876, at the close of which he was made a C.B. He was captain of the Carysfort during the Egyptian War of 1882, when he was present with the headquarters staff during the night march from Kassassin and the battle of Tel-el-Kheir. Eleven years later he became Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific Station, and later he commanded the Channel Squadron. Sir Henry Stephenson was made a K.C.B. on the commemoration of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, and in 1902 he was created G.C.V.O. The office of Black Rod is one of the few remaining places in the personal gift of the Sovereign, and takes its title from the wand, surmounted by a gold lion, which the chief gentleman usher carries instead of the mace. "Black Rod" takes charge of all arrangements for maintaining order in the House of Lords. It is his duty to take into custody any peer guilty of breach of privilege, and to summon the House of Commons to the peers when the Royal assent is given to Bills or when Royal speeches are read. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

Lieut.-Col. Gould Read Hunter-Weston entered the Bengal Army in 1839, becoming lieutenant in 1842, captain in 1854, major in 1858, and lieutenant-colonel in 1861. As a young officer he was in political and staff employ in India, and in 1850 was present at the capture of the Durraut fort in Oude. Captain Hunter-Weston served throughout the Mutiny, including the operations in Oude in 1857, and the defence of the Lucknow Residency, where he commanded an outpost. He was on Sir James Outram's staff during the operations at the Alumbagh from November, 1857, to March, 1858, and was present at the siege and capture of Lucknow. Col. Hunter-Weston—the additional surname of Hunter was assumed in 1880 by Royal licence—was a Knight of Justice (Hon. Commissioner) of the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in England. He was also a Deputy Lieutenant and Magistrate for the county of Ayr, and a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries. Our portrait is by Frederick Hollyer, Kensington.

The Rev. Henry Palin Gurney, of Roseworth, near Newcastle, Principal of the Durham College of Science, Newcastle, was found dead at the foot of the southern spur of the Roussette, near Arolla, in Switzerland, where he was spending a holiday. He was a native of London, where he was born in 1847. After being educated at the City of London School, he went to Clare College, where he was fourteenth Wrangler and fourth in the First Class Natural Science Tripos. He was Deputy Professor of Mineralogy at Cambridge, and in 1894 he became Principal of Durham Science College, for which he worked very hard. He was a most enthusiastic educationalist, and brought the establishment up to a high pitch of efficiency. He was a member of several north country educational bodies, and was widely esteemed. Our portrait is by F. Macfadyen, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

### Paris Settings

BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

Whatever may have been the result of the anti-Clerical policy of M. Combes, it has not been able to destroy the popularity of Lourdes as a place of pilgrimage. In the last few days the now famous "white train," with its load of suffering humanity, again left the Orleans station. All classes of French society were again represented. One old lady, leaning heavily on the arm of a young girl, made her way painfully to the train. On her breast, like all the other pilgrims, she wore the red cross. The railway employees know her well. For years past she has been a visitor to Lourdes by the "white train." From her outward appearance she belongs to the wealthier classes. Rings cover her fingers and diamonds glitter in her heavy earrings. Her well-cut black dress, of rich materials, is evidently from the establishment of one of the leading couturiers.

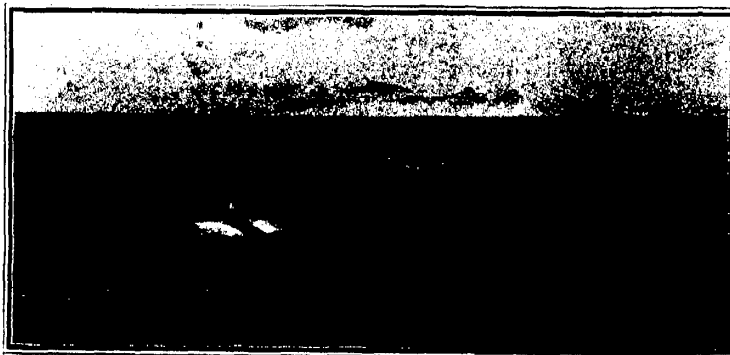
Round her are all sorts and conditions of men, some in silk hats and frock coats, others in the blue blouse of the French workman—even a Paris cabman in his blue uniform with its brass buttons, the red cross on his breast, is among the throng. Doctors and Sisters of Mercy go from compartment to compartment administering medicine and stimulants. Every now and then a young woman, overcome by fatigue and excitement, drops in a faint on the platform. Doctors and their aids spring to her assistance, and carry her into the train. But, strange to say, among all this suffering humanity one sees few traces of impatience or despair. All the faces beamed with the confidence that recovery and healing await them at Lourdes, and they leave for that place of pilgrimage with a certain joy in life that is touching to witness. When at last the whistle sounds, and the long line of white carriages begins slowly to move out of the station on the long and painful journey, the occupants raise their voices in the first of the many hymns with which they beguile its tediousness.

The question of the automobile "scorcher" is the order of the day in Paris just now. The newspapers contain columns of communications and suggestions, but so far no practical result has been obtained. The idea of giving the police further powers rouses the ire of all automobilists. The peculiarity of the policeman in every country is that he always imagines that he has a sort of stop-watch brain and that his judgment on the question of speed is infallible. He also considers that by being asked to control the "scorcher," the motorist of every category is his enemy, and he proceeds to lay traps for him with the ruse of a Red Indian. He actually, by carefully concealing his presence on stretches of road favourable for high speed, tries to lure the chauffeur into a breach of the regulations.

One step in the right direction was the fixing of larger numbers on automobiles, so that offenders who save themselves by flight might be identified. Unfortunately, however, if the "scorcher" desires to neutralise this, he has only to rub the board with oil, and five minutes after he starts on his wild career the number is invisible under a triple layer of dust, and all control is a delusion and a snare. An apparatus was recently brought out which was to be affixed to the axle of the automobile, and turned a disk of various colours fixed to the back of the machine. Up to twenty kilometres an hour this was white, above that speed and under thirty it was blue, at forty it turned red, and at fifty it became an ominous black. This was effected by the centrifugal force from the revolving axle driving out little weights to the circumference of a little brass drum affixed to it. When these touched the circumference they established an electric circuit, and the disk changed colour. These weights were on the end of springs of various degrees of strength, so that as the speed increased they touched the circumference of the drum one after the other. Unfortunately, the invention did not find favour in the eyes of automobilists. In the first place, it was expensive, costing, I believe, something like fifteen or twenty pounds. Then it was a somewhat delicate apparatus, and chauffeurs declared it might get out of order and register a speed above what was really been driven. The real truth is that every automobilist is at heart a "scorcher." He may not, as a rule, drive at an excessive pace, but he hugs the idea that, if the road is clear, and there is not danger to the public, he will do his hundred kilometres an hour. He therefore strongly objects to any self-registering machinery being imposed on him, and resists the application of such apparatus as above described.

However, something will have to be done if France is to remain a habitable country. At the present moment a drive from Paris to Versailles is as full of adventure as a cruise on a Russian warship in the Yellow Sea. The road is full of motor-cars moving in clouds of dust, and every time one turns a corner it is with anxiety as to what is at the other side. The road is "taloo" for children, and used to be for dogs and poultry. That it is no longer so is due to the fact that they have all been run over long ago. The only practical proposal yet made has been that the respectable automobilists who do not desire that their favourite sport should become a public danger should themselves act as police on the public roads, and in the interests of motoring should denounce those who bring it into discredit.

The proposal is to found a league whose members would be provided with a card similar to that given to the members of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Like these latter, they would show it to the representatives of law and order every time they desired to lodge a complaint. There is no doubt that if men like the Marquis de Dion, or Baron van Zuylen, President of the Automobile Club, should lodge a charge of furious driving against a "scorcher" it would carry more weight than the unsupported testimony of the policeman with the stop-watch brain.



Mr. Holbourn made his fifth attempt to swim from Dover to Calais on Saturday. He started from Lyddon, two and a half miles west of Dover, and his course was carefully mapped out for him by two experienced pilots. A tug accompanied the swimmer, and on board were his friends, with refreshments and a pilot. After being in the water about ten and a half hours, Mr. Holbourn had to give up the attempt owing to illness set up by the cold. He had covered 30 miles, and was, when he gave up, 11½ miles from Dover. Our photograph is by G. T. Pasoli, Dover.

THE ATTEMPT TO SWIM THE CHANNEL: MR. HOLBURN'S START

## THE NEEDLESSNESS OF BEING FAT.

What the Standard Work on the Subject says.

If it were possible within the scope of this short article to repeat the accelerating facts as regards the masses and the cure of obesity contained in the 256 pages of "Compulsory and the Cure," the standard work on the subject, by Mr. F. Cecil Russell, we should doubtless earn the grateful thanks of most of our stout readers, but space precludes more than a brief notice of this remarkably useful treatise. Suffice it to say that even a cursory perusal of the book makes it abundantly evident that the condition of over-stoutness, which renders so many lives burdensome, especially in hot weather, is absolutely a needless ordeal. Compulsory, when properly treated, can be permanently cured. That is an accomplished fact. The life-work of a great benefactor of the world has been concerned entirely with the study of the growth and development of obesity and the means of successfully combating it; that is to say, of radically curing it. The result is the famous "Russell" treatment, now regarded by scientific authorities as conclusively the only permanent cure. In this particular field of medical enquiry and achievement Mr. Russell may be looked upon as a great benefactor of mankind. In the "Russell" treatment we possess not only a sure means of reducing the bodily weight to the normal, but an equally sure means of toning up and revitalizing the whole system, which is always weakened by an over-development of adipose matter. The curative agent upon which Mr. Russell chiefly relies is a tonic liquid mixture of purely harmless vegetable ingredients. As food is the source of fat (both the internal deposits that clog the free action of the vital organs, and the subcutaneous fat that renders the personal appearance so unprepossessing) is being removed permanently from the body, the general health is being improved. The mixture referred to increases appetite and promotes digestion, assimilation and nutrition, that powerfully assisting in the blood supply through increased nourishment. The muscular fibre is rendered healthy and firm, and the nervous system is strengthened, with the greatest benefit in the way of renewed strength, nerve force, and brain power. The "Russell" treatment is not to be taken as soon as it is adopted. Within twenty-four hours of commencing the *refuge* the reduction of weight in superfluous fat will vary between 4lb. to 12lb., according to the case. In pronounced cases of corpulency the diminution even exceeds 20lb., and may amount to as much as 40lb. After this initial loss there is a consistent daily reduction, until the subject is satisfied that normal proportions have been achieved, when the treatment may be discontinued without more ado. Nothing more than ordinary prudence is required to preserve the restored beauty of figure. There are no disagreeable restrictions as to diet, nor is any departure from ordinary habits exacted. The treatment is in every way pleasant and easy, and may be followed in absolute privacy. The recipe of the mixture used is given in "Compulsory and the Cure" as a proof of its entirely harmless character. Stout ladies and gentlemen who desire to study "Compulsory and the Cure" for themselves with a view to a slower acquaintance with the wonderful treatment advocated by its author may obtain a free copy of the book by sending three penny stamps (for postage under plain sealed envelope) to Mr. F. C. Russell, Wolston House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. In this clearly written work they will find everything they could wish to know on the subject.

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## Our Bookshelf

"MARIA EDGEWORTH"

This volume is by no means the least interesting of that admirable series of monographs, "The English Men of Letters." Much, of course, has been written on this authoress, but, as her biographer truly says:—

"The history of the Edgeworth family, especially of that very remarkable personage, Mr. Richard Lovell Edgeworth, his complicated marriage arrangements, his relations with his daughter Maria, her sublimity to his views of literature, and the further question of how far that sublimity was real, or how far, injured, her own position as an author—all has formed the theme of a good many capable pens. It happens, however, that all who have occupied themselves with Maria Edgeworth have, so far as my researches have gone, been English; consequently the more purely Irish side of her writings, as well as the influence which those writings have exercised in Ireland itself, have either been neglected, or have been treated as merely incidental."

Maria Edgeworth's life, from a literary point of view, is not so interesting as it is from a personal. It was, certainly, owing to her fame as a writer that led to her becoming acquainted with Sir Walter Scott, Joanna Baillie, Byron, Madame Récamier, and other celebrities of her day, but the reader is more interested in them than in the story of Miss Edgeworth's literary career. She was born on January 1, 1767, at Black Bourton, near Oxford. Her father was first married when he was still an undergraduate, when he eloped with a Miss Elers, who he married at Gretna Green. Five children were born of this marriage, Maria being the second. The biographer writes:—

"How far the failure of that marriage is to be ascribed to this circumstance (the youth of the bridegroom) is an open question. What is quite certain is that, for a man who afterwards distinguished himself as a husband, Mr. Edgeworth's first *eloge* in that character cannot be called a success. Upon whichever pair of shoulders the blame ought to lie, by general consent the marriage was far from a success."

His wife died at the birth of her fifth child, and the father married, within four months of this event, a Miss Honora Sneyd, a beautiful young lady he had met previously at Lichfield. Seven years later she died, and in the same year he espoused her sister Elizabeth. Notwithstanding his many children, Mr. Edgeworth evidently could not get on without a wife, for on the death of his third wife, who died in 1797, he took to wife, in the following year, a Miss Neaufort, who survived him by many years. In all he had nineteen children. Clever and versatile as was Richard Lovell Edgeworth, and dearly beloved by his own womankind, he did not altogether win the esteem of the outside world. Miss Lawless says of him:—

"In sober truth, Mr. Edgeworth was precisely one of those men whose qualities show their least and most glowing side to the devotees inside their own family, and only become perceptibly ascribed with alacrity when confronted by the gaze of a colder and more critical outside circle. An ascetic he was, and had every intention of being. Wives, sisters-in-law, daughters, tenants, and the like were all regarded by him as so many satellites, revolving gently, as by a law of nature, around the central upon which he stood alone, in a graceful or commanding attitude."

In speaking of his influence on his daughter and her work, the writer says:—

"That he was essentially one of the best-intentioned of fathers is certain, yet few had, few merely indifferent fathers have inflicted upon a gifted son or daughter worse futures, from an intellectual point of view, than he did. He was merely ascetic, he actually lifted into the light of a solemn duty, what was by nature the most serious of Maria Edgeworth's mental failings—a lack, namely, of imagination, one which under his fostering care grew and swelled."

\* "Maria Edgeworth." By the Hon. Emily Lawless. (Macmillan.)

until it amounted to something very like a kindly and tolerant contempt for everything which that word conveys."

One of the most interesting personages of whom Miss Lawless writes is Mr. Edgeworth's intimate friend, Mr. Day, the author of "Sandford and Merton." So precise was this gentleman in his mode of living, so much was everything in his household carried out by rule of order, that one cannot help thinking that he took himself as a model for that uninteresting specimen of an unnaturally moral and high-minded instructor of youth, Mr. Barlow, who figures largely in the aforesaid book. This gentleman selected a couple of girls from a foundling hospital for the purpose of "breeding them up," with a view to finally marrying whichever of the two might prove to be the most worthy of that exalted privilege. In the end he married neither of them. The Misses Sneyd appeared on the scene, and he fell in love—or his substitute

for the passion—first with Honora, and when she married Mr. Edgeworth, with her sister Elizabeth. Day made a confidant of his friend, to whom he wrote explaining the terms upon which alone he could be induced to offer his hand and heart to any woman. "Seeing," says the author, "that these terms included, amongst other details, an absolute submission to the marital rule, especially in the matter of feminine dress, as well as an abstention from all the ordinary amenities of life, including such trifles as music, poetry, light literature, and epistolary correspondence, it will be seen that the letter did not come short in the matter of frankness." Mr. Edgeworth married the two Miss Sneyds, and a bride was found for Mr. Day who exactly suited his requirements. Maria Edgeworth never married. For the sake of her father and her country she sacrificed the one romance of her life. She was deeply attached to a Swedish count, M. Edelcrantz, but she refused him—"not," says one biographer, "without much suffering then and long afterwards."

## "SPORT IN NEW ZEALAND"

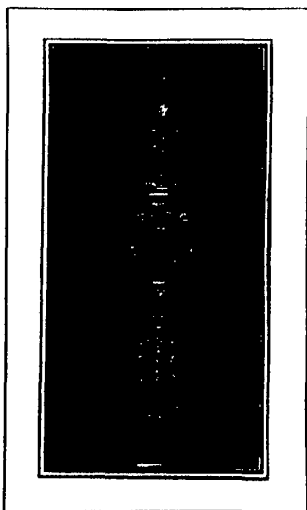
"Few people in the Antipodes, let alone in England," says the author of this excellent little volume, "realise the grand field for sport that exists in those far-distant latitudes 'neath the Southern Cross, and there are very few indeed who ever take advantage of it." That New Zealand should be a "grand field for sport" is all the more extraordinary, as originally the country contained no mammals with the exception of two species of bat; thus every animal that it is possible to hunt has been introduced, at some time or another, into the islands. But acclimatisation has proved so successful—too successful in the case of rabbits, sparrows and linnets—that now, as the writer says, New Zealand is an ideal sporting country. With regard to the imported rabbit, not only has it done harm incalculable, but the very means used to destroy it are answerable for greater damage than the rabbit itself. The author writes:—

"Granted that the rabbit is a most atrocious little marauder, and that he fouls as much ground as he eats, he nevertheless is not quite as black as he is painted. To a sportsman the greatest sin he is answerable for is the fact that so many worse than useless brutes have been imported to wage war against him, which said detestable vermin—stoats, weasels, and ferrets—have, instead of wiping the unfortunate covey off the face of the earth, first turned their attention to killing off all the curious and rare winged and flightless birds that are indigenous to New Zealand, and then to becoming the most determined heronoot robbers ever known, to say nothing of killing off every nesting partridge, pheasant, or quail that has been fortunate enough to escape the various pestiferous that law, again stepping in, has ordered to be laid everywhere for rabbits."

However, this mischievous legislation has luckily not affected deer, deer-stalking or trout-fishing, and for these two branches of sport New Zealand can challenge comparison with any other country in the world."

The first part of the volume treats of the work of the different Acclimatisation Societies, and, with the exception of salmon, their endeavours have been crowned with unqualified success. Amongst birds, thirty-eight separate kinds have been introduced into the country; and amongst animals are red deer and fallow deer from Great Britain, axis deer and sambar from India, and kangaroos wallabies, and opossums from Australia. No one seems to be able to account for the failure of salmon breeding. Over half a million fry and young salmon had been turned into different rivers, yet only one fish had been caught, "and that ignominiously captured in a net in the open sea." The deer-stalking in New Zealand is second to none in the world. In eight days' stalking the author managed to bag six stags, which is certainly a good average for one rifle.

\* "Sport in New Zealand." By Lieut.-Colonel Montagu Crockett, C.B. (Trafalgar.)



In memory of His Majesty's visit to Hamburg last June the King has presented a handsome silver gift cup to the Senate of the "Free and Hanse Town of Hamburg." The cup, which is of elegant Renaissance work, is richly adorned with precious stones and enamel.

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### "PATIENCE DEAN"

"Patience Dean: a Study in Temperament and Temptation," by Agnes Grosier Herlierson (Methuen and Co.), is the story of a young English governess in a Belgian boarding-school, and also by reason of its general drift and manner, cannot escape a certain obvious and unavoidable comparison. Assuming, however, the possibility of forgetting "Villette," there remains no room for fault-finding, and much for praise; in the rather stormy love-drama, evolved from Patience Dean's scholastic experiences in the little town of Dimy. Her "Temperament" is an almost morbid dread of poverty; her "Temptation" an opportunity to escape it by a marriage that would mean worse misery—for her at least—than all the evils of poverty put together. The description of the *pensionnat* and of its director has all the effect of observation at first hand; and Patience's troubles are all the more interesting for being such as might, without any strain of probability, occur to a girl thrown on her own resources in a foreign country and with knowledge of herself and the world all still to learn. That she is fast learning it, and from the most satisfactory of teachers, we are left to conclude.

### "HEARTS ARE TRUMP"

Sarah Tytler's new novel (John Long) may be cordially commended to all—and they are still many—who like a purely domestic story none the less for its being somewhat old-fashioned. Save for the critical situation—the startling discovery by a girl who has made a secret marriage that her elderly father's new wife is her husband's sister—there is nothing in the family history of Mr. Justice Peington that is out of the way. Its considerable interest is extracted from the portraiture of ordinary folk, with enough individuality about each of them to create such complications as the most amiable people with the best intentions cannot count upon avoiding. The whole novel is as thoroughly sensible and wholesome as will have been anticipated from its writer's name.

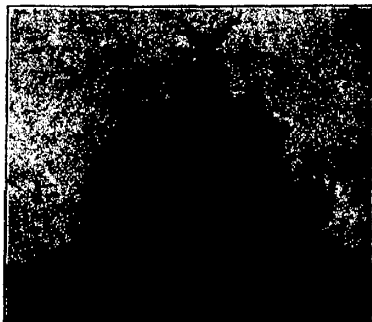
### "THE LITTLE VANITIES OF MRS. WHITTAKER"

"And truly she proved what marvellous changes an ordinary, stout, podgy, somewhat self-indulgent woman, getting near her half-century, can make in herself if she chooses." This is at once the story and the moral of John Strange Winter's eighty-seventh novel (F. V. White and Co.)—the "She" in question being one Mrs. Alfred Whittaker, a well-off middle-class wife and mother, whose so-called "vanities" were a courageous effort to win back the apparently straying affections of an ideally devoted husband. None the less the effort, in respect of personal appearance, health, and comfort, was by no means wasted; and Mrs. Whittaker's thrilling adventures with milliners, fat-reducing physicians, and lady hairdressers, to say nothing of shopping experiences in Kensington High Street, will doubtless secure an exceptional width of interest and depth of sympathy.

### "JUDY'S LOVERS"

Six happy weddings bring Katharine Tynan's "Judy's Lovers" (F. V. White and Co.) to an unexceptionable close. Each couple has its own separate story; and, save for the temporary peril that one of the prospective bridegrooms might, through a bad bit of mischief-making, have spoiled the whole thing by marrying the

charming Miss Judy Evelyn instead of the—to him—more charming Miss Rosemond Lindley, the courses of true love run comfortably smooth. That all this is told by Katharine Tynan very prettily indeed, we need not say.



The case presented to Lord Curzon by the Corporation of Darby, with the freedom of the Borough, is of silver gilt. The centre of the front of the box is occupied by the Arms of Crest and Mantling of the recipient, oval panels being arranged at each side containing views of Darby in enamel. The reverse side has similar panels with enamelled views of Government House, Calcutta, and the Jumna Masjid, Delhi. The ends of the case are furnished with ornamental pastiches, resting upon which are figures representing India and Progress, the whole being supported by four eagles. The lid is surmounted by a figure representing Peace, holding a laurel wreath in one hand and supporting a shield, upon which the Arms of Darby are shown in enamel. The case was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., Regent Street.

CASEY PRESENTED TO LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON

### Club Comments

BY "MARMAIUIKE"

The Japonification of Great Britain is a phrase with a future. Whether our politicians—in the near past and of the moment—have instilled us into a dislike of the Russians, or whether our enmity for them is justified, it is certain that most English men and women are delighted that the Japanese are meeting with so much success in the Far East. Moreover, the uninterrupted course of that success is making most of our fellow-countrymen and women imagine that the Japanese possess more intelligence, perseverance, and courage than do the people of any other nation, and, therefore, that they are to be imitated in almost every particular. There is to be a "society" stamped to Japan this winter; the publishers are besieged with proposals from writers who are acquainted

with the country and customs; and astute shopkeepers have already ordered Japanese goods to meet the demand which is sure to arise!

But the success of Japan on sea and on land have come at an opportune moment, for most Englishmen are thinking of the reorganisation of our Army. Some years have passed since the "misheps," "entanglements," "surrounders," and "surprises" in South Africa showed us clearly that, though English officers and their men are brave, the first are not as intelligent as they should be, and the second not as independent. Moreover, the course of circumstances throughout the war in the Transvaal made it plain that our military system is seriously in need of reorganisation. Two Ministers for War have already dealt with the matter; a thousand and one small details have been altered; a big scheme has been adopted—but the Army is in exactly the same condition as it was at the time of the war, and, were hostilities to break out to-morrow between the country and our neighbours, we would be in no better a position to fight than we were five years ago! "Let us learn from Japan," are words which may be heard a dozen times in the day! "Why should the men who wish to be officers not take the profession seriously? Why should many of the most earnest of them not learn their business abroad, as several of the Japanese officers have done? Why should an English officer be described as 'a simple soldier,' whilst that description cannot be, and is not, applied to the officer in any other Army but our own?"

Bath-chair field-marshal, generals who have obtained their rank by seniority, and drawing-room captains are unknown in Japan. The officer who joins a regiment because the Army is a "gentlemanly" service which does not occupy too much time, provides a handsome uniform, and can be left at once when he inherits the family estate, would probably be studied by the Japanese doctors as an interesting phenomenon. "Remove your patent leather boots and pipeclay, and London will be sacked," recently said a witty Guardsman who wished to turn the condition of the Army politely into ridicule. "The duty of an officer is to be killed for his country; the killing of the enemy is of secondary importance." In these matter-of-fact days, however, we are inclined to think that a good officer is one who kills the most of his opponents at the least cost to his regiment, just as a good fireman puts out the flames whilst doing the least possible damage with the water.

The tripper-lined shores of England! An idle yachtsman has steamed slowly round the coast, and has stopped at every "seaside resort." If only for an hour or two, and has come back with a dismal story. The inevitable "nigger-misère!" has been found at each! Wherever the climate or the beauty of the country has justified the expenditure, there is the yder with its villainous band, the concert-room, the high charges for accommodation, the Carlton Hotel prices for Lit le Pedlington refreshments, and the tripper and his insufferable *char-a-banc*! Is it to be wondered at that those who have sufficient money to insist upon obtaining more picturesque accommodations now go abroad, individually the "tripper" is a most inoffensive person, but collectively he or she utterly demoralises a neighbourhood.

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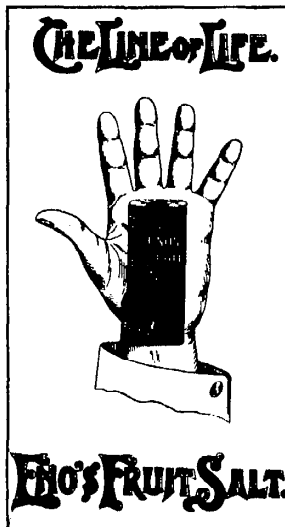


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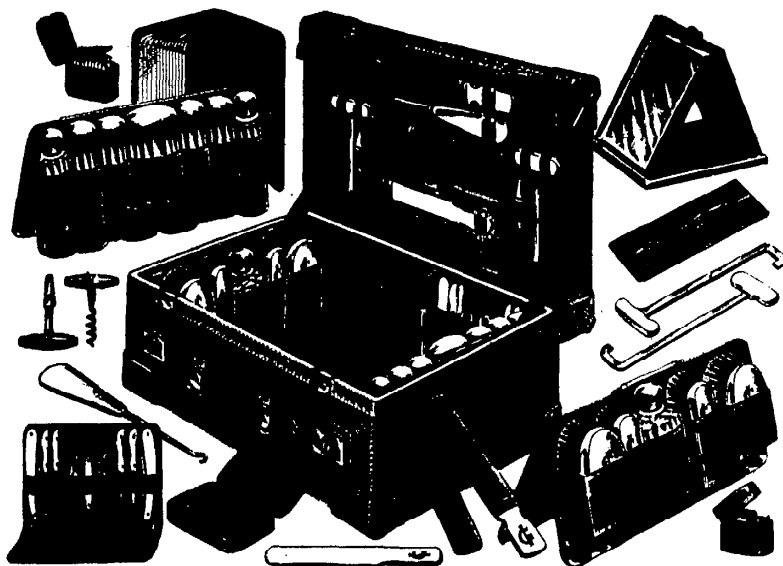
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## Music

### NOVELTIES AT QUEEN'S HALL

Although the great symphonies and other favourite items of the orchestral repertory are by no means neglected, and, in fact, now that the permanent orchestra have settled down to their work, are being given with the finest fine performances, yet Mr. Henry Wood is every week introducing at Queen's Hall three or four compositions either entirely new to London, or at any rate unfamiliar to his audiences. This week it is the turn of Herr Volbach, as represented by his orchestral piece suggested by the popular play *Alf Henselberg*, and of Mr. Charles Macpherson, the Edinburgh musician who has for the past nine years been assistant organist at St. Paul's, and whose orchestral suite, entitled *Italianen*, is promised for to-night.

performed to foreign audiences. The interesting of the unfamiliar compositions—for one reason, because it is based on Russian national tunes—was the richest place, in which in the last act of his opera, *Alazpka*, Tchaikovsky sought to illustrate the battle of Poltava. The opera was presented in Russian in the provinces some years ago by a troupe from Moscow, whose visit, however, ended before *Alazpka* could be given in London, so that the excerpt was quite a novelty to Queen's Hall audiences. It is rather a noisy example of orchestration, as might indeed be expected from a balletic tale, but it is hardly any less a shock to the ears of those who have not lately again visited the "Mizra" culture, a Russian folk-song known as "Glory," and a march which is said to date back to the time of Peter the Great—that is to say, the period of the drama.

M. Claude Debussy's *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*, an work, or rather it is an attempt at modern impressionism in music. For no one can possibly tell the nature of the soliloquy of a Faun, decaying away its afternoon under the shade of a forest, so that M. Debussy has purposely made vague both his thematic material and its treatment. We are not acquainted with the original poem by Stéphane Mallarmé, by which the music is suggested, but we can conjecture by the character of the music that it is intended to convey the idea of a Faun's soliloquy. It is interesting to observe, however, that the work is not regarded as a leading work of a French school, but is rather considered as a work of a French composer of the French school of Parisian musicians, and his music in *Pelléas et Mélisande* excited admiration and a good deal of discussion, when it was produced at the Opéra Comique some time since.

The American school has been represented among the Queen's Hall novelties by an orchestral Suite entitled *The Types of Love*, by Mr. F. S. Converse, who, it is understood, is a son of the well-known writer, lawyer, and musician of Erie. In this piece, which is said to be based on certain passages from Keats's "Endymion," Mr. Converse has not done himself full justice, for his music is but a reflex of the advanced Wagnerian style, which appears to have so great a fascination for the younger school of composers in both hemispheres. Among other works untailfilar, though not absolute novelties, presented by Mr. Wood may be mentioned a rather feeble *viola concerto* by Hubay, skilfully played by M. Wertheim, a recruit to the orchestra; and M. Gullmann's first organ symphony, which, as performed on Saturday by Mr. Topping, was greatly appreciated. M. Gullmann was the greatest excitant of his audience. He is a young man, about seven years, just started on a career of musical conquests, and through the United States.

## THE GLOUCESTER FESTIVAL

Gloucester is the first of this year's Musical Festivals, and moreover it is the first anniversary of the Cathedral celebrations, for, thanks to the generosity of the stewards, who each put down at least £5, it earns, and therefore can afford to spend, the most money. The last Festival, indeed, was almost a "record" one, for the sum available for the clerical charity was no less than £1,721. This year's Festival, which will commence on Sunday week, will, it is hoped, be equally fortunate. We now, however, have only to pass a rapid glance over the novelties. Several will be produced at the opening orchestral service, when the music will include for the first time an orchestral piece from César Franck's *Redemption*, a setting in G of the Canticles by Mr. Ivor Atkins, the Worcester organist, and an anthem, *A Song of Zion*, by Mr. John E. West, a London organist and one of the musical advisers of the Cathedral. At the close of the evening too, a series of Symphonic Variations by Mr. Hathaway, on the theme written by the famous Dr. William Haydn in the middle of the eighteenth century for the chimés of Gloucester Cathedral, will be played.

For the Festival proper, Mr. Lee Williams, who was formerly a Three Choirs' Festival Conductor, has composed a "Festival Hymn" in the form of an unaccompanied Motet, to words written in the first half of the seventeenth century by Jeremy Taylor. This will be sung on the evening of the 6th prox. Perhaps the

most important novelty will, however, be the short oratorio, *The One Thing that Availeth*, composed for the Festival by Sir Hubert Parry, who as square of Highnam Court, is peculiarly identified with Gloucester. The words are partly selected from Holy Writ, and the music, apart from a couple of solos sung by Miss Muriel Foster and Mr. Plunket-Greene (the latter Sir Hubert's son-in-law), is for double chorus, that is to say, a Mystic and a choir.

The Sunday League concerts have now commenced at Queen's Hall, and as the League has been obliged by their arrangement with the London Council to take the hall on every Sunday in the year, the Sunday concert there will henceforward go on all the year round, as in fact they have always done at the Albert Hall. Last winter the League had twenty-one London or suburban halls and theatres engaged for Sunday concerts, in every case with free seats, and at prices which ranged from threepence to two shillings, the highest charge in the suburbs being a shilling. This winter twenty four places of entertainment have been secured, so that the total attendance may prove to be not far short of a million persons. Last winter it reached to nearly 700,000.

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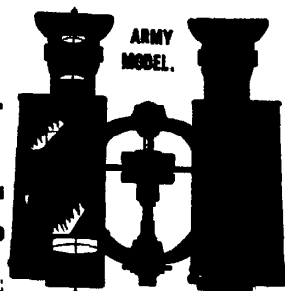
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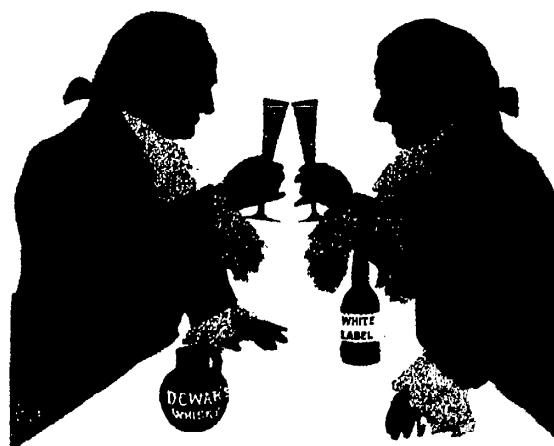
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
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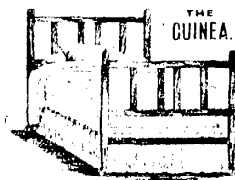
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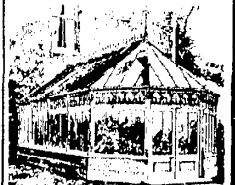
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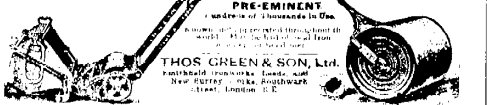
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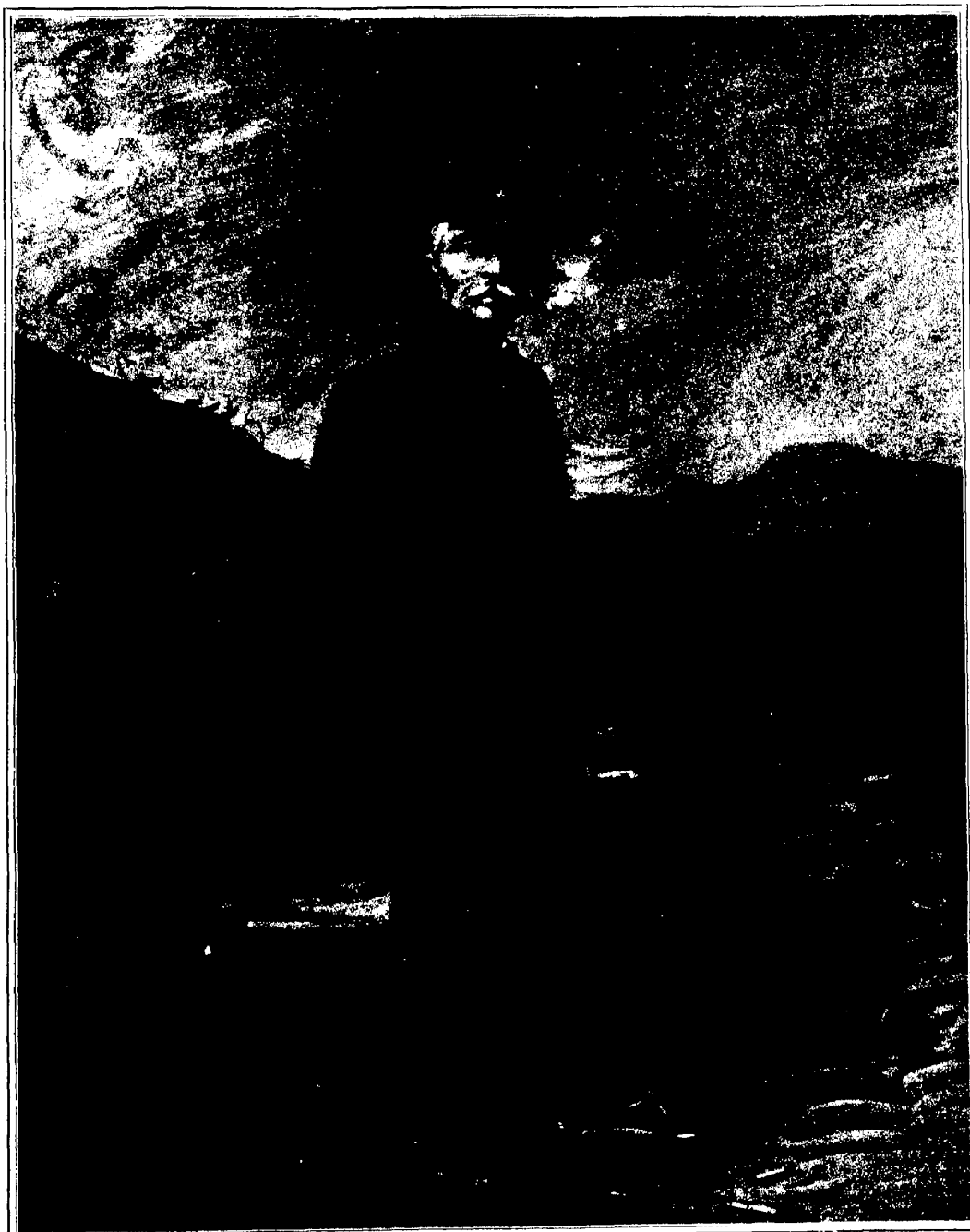
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DRAWN BY MONKEY P. HALL, M.C.O.

Our Artist writes: "General Kuroki is an inveterate cigar smoker, and is seldom seen without a weed in his mouth. He is singularly unassuming and unostentatious, and can often be seen walking up and down in front of his quarters in his very plain uniform, and wearing the combi-

shi Japanese slippers. He is not much taller than the average Japanese. He wears three shirts, and certain strips of barrow cloth, and the combi, and the combi is decorated with ornate, and is decorated with that of the Japanese military.

THE VICTOR OF KIU LIEN CHENG, GENERAL KUROKI



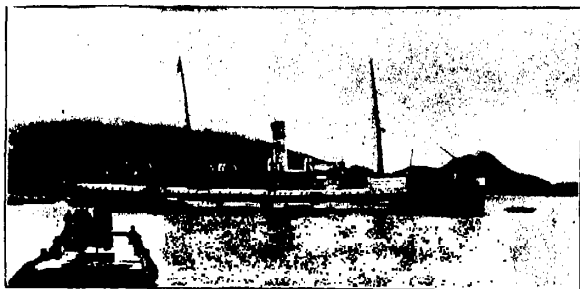
FRONT VIEW OF THE SOCIETY'S MAIN HOSPITAL AT TOKYO



REAR VIEW OF THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE SOCIETY



REAR VIEW OF THE SOCIETY'S MAIN HOSPITAL



WOUNDED PRISONERS LANDING FROM THE HOSPITAL SHIP HAKUAI MARU AT TAKAHAMA

The main hospital stands in pretty grounds on the outskirts of Tokyo. It is built of stone and brick, and there are many spacious and airy wooden buildings in the grounds. There are two kinds of hospital ships in the service of the Red Cross Society. One can accommodate 100 to 200 patients, and

the other can take about half that number. These ships bring back to the hospital wounded Japanese and wounded Russian prisoners. The latter are very grateful at the treatment they receive at the hands of their captors.

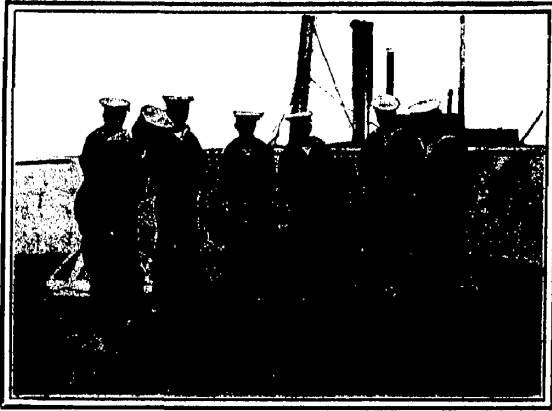
#### THE JAPANESE RED CROSS SOCIETY AND ITS WORK



In this photograph are shown some Russian soldiers who fell in a skirmish with General Kuroki's force on the road to Liao yang. Two are dead and the others too badly wounded to join in the retreat.

#### THE HORRORS OF WAR: RUSSIAN VICTIMS OF A SKIRMISH WITH GENERAL KUROKI





A LESSON IN DRY SWIMMING

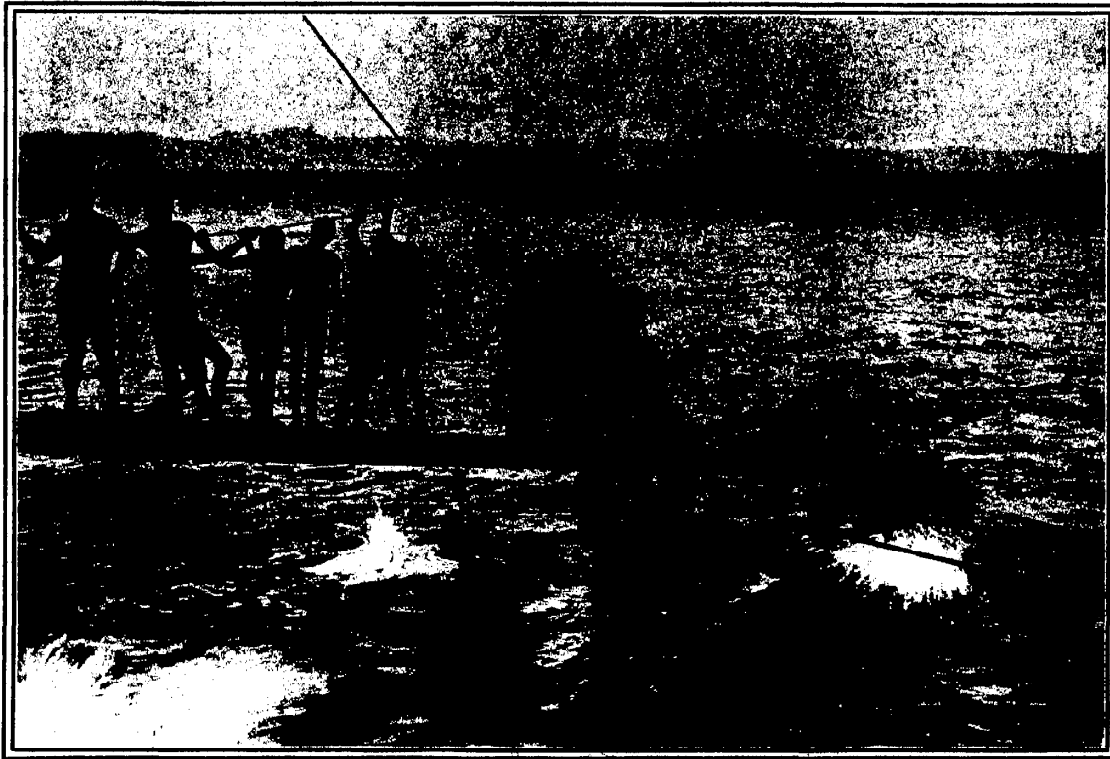


A CLUMBY PUPIL

It may sound absurd to say that swimming can be taught on dry land. But, as a matter of fact, every day dozens of men in the British Navy are acquiring the rudiments of the art, with nothing but hard, dry planking under them. Everyone in the Navy has to have some ability in natation. Many of the men who join as stokers and artificers have, however, never been in the water in their lives, except through an accidental tumble. However, swimming is in the regulations, so swim they must. Before being sent to the classes of instruction in the baths, non-swimmers are laid across a stool and taught the rudiments of the art. It looks very comical to see a full-grown man lying across a stool, kicking and struggling in a

seemingly ridiculous fashion. But experience has shown that men who have in this way been taught the proper method of using legs and arms soon become proficient in swimming when they get into the water. When under "dry" instruction a man is shown how to strike out. His teachers do this by working his limbs for him until he has acquired the proper knack of doing it himself. Not so easy this as may be thought. Having passed through dry instruction, the naval tyro is sent to the baths. Some men have a great terror of entering the water, but in they must go. If they do not take the plunge voluntarily, they have to do it the other way. A rope is passed round the tyro's waist, and he is pulled into the bath. This rope serves the double purpose

of forcing him to take his "header" and supporting him after he is in the water. Bathing parade must be attended every morning until a man is pronounced a competent swimmer. But before he is classed as proficient, he has to show that he can swim a certain distance with his clothes on. It is obvious that when a man falls overboard he does not wait to strip, and as swimming is taught in order to avoid, if possible, such accidents being attended with fatal consequences, the learner is made to jump into the water fully clothed, and swim a given distance before the instructing officer will certify him as proficient. Our photographs are by Stephen Chubb, Southsea.



THE RESULT OF TUITION AND PRACTICE: A BATHS AT SEA

THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF SWIMMING AS TAUGHT IN THE NAVY



"There were handsome women about him in numbers, women of wit and women of individuality."

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE PRINCE INTERVIEWS

It was with suppressed anger that Sir Piers parted from his hostess and called for his carriage, but he was as polite as ever. He was furious with her for her return to the rooms at that junction, a return which, indeed, she had deliberately made. Whether it was sheer malice, born of her angry retrospect of her life, or a decent repentance that changed her mind, it is certain that she interrupted at a set purpose. Noe was she deceived by Sir Piers's coolness, having considerable knowledge of the Baronet. To confirm her suspicions, also, she found clear marks of agitation

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In Barbara. Sir Piers made his way to the Macao party, and won with *insouciance*. Yet he was even less absorbed in his fortunes than usual, and his mind wandered to other matters more than once. There were handsome women about him in numbers, women of wit and women of individuality. Yet his thoughts returned to the girl from the country and lingered there. She held a charm for him which he felt to be increasing daily. He was not at all disposed to be taken by mere freshness; there was something else that fascinated him, and he could not analyse it. He abhorred dullness, but Barbara was not exactly brilliant in fence. In fine, it was personality that contained the mysterious charm, which is to say, of course, that the riddle was as far from solution as ever. But as he went home at a late hour he found himself questioning his opinion as to Barbara's

wit. He recalled several instances of her repartee. She clearly had the makings of an expert woman of the world. And in the end his memory retained the scene in the dining-room, and her unexpected retort.

"The most exclusive back in town." From those pretty lips the phrase was piquant, and he confessed that she had met him in the right way. He had been upon his shifts, and she had shown him that she knew it was an audacious thing for a rustic girl with no accomplishments and less experience. "I would wager a hundred guineas she would make a figure in the town, and she shall, by Heaven!" with which resolution he was complacently content.

Barbara also went to bed late, but not with such satisfaction. No sooner was Sir Piers out of the house than Lady Marston attacked her, at first with fury, and next with philosophy. Yet

the fury lasted long enough to open Barbara's eyes a little wider.

"Tis not proper conduct," she said. "You should know better, miss. The man had your hand."

"Indeed, madam," replied Barbara blushing, but with spirit, "if you had been present this would not have happened. I am indebted to you for your courtesy, and must thank you, and bid you farewell to-morrow."

But this cooled the jealous temper of the lady, who began to consider her position between the two.

"You would like to go home?" she asked incredulously.

"I beg, madam, you will let me make arrangements to go to-morrow," said Barbara hotly.

Lady Marston frowned. "I believe you would be best in the country," she said at last. "It is a healthy place, I'm told, and London is bad for complexions. If you wish it you shall go, but—" she hesitated, "there's no need to hasten. Mrs. Camberley's rout is for Thursday, and there is the expedition to Richmond on Saturday."

"The country, madam, agrees best with my complexion, as you say," said Barbara, with dignity, and all unconsciously directed a glance at the lady's cheeks. Lady Marston flamed under her paint, but controlled herself. She would move no hand to save this saucy creature; let her perish.

"Well," she said lightly, "you shall get your complexion back soon enough. But I will not spare you this week."

The next day, however, to Sir Piers she showed signs of restiveness. "What is it you want?" she asked. "I have told the girl she must go home. It will be better for her health."

"By all means," responded Sir Piers, urbanely once more. "By all means, my dear lady, she shall go home—if she wishes."

It appeared, however, that Barbara did not wish, and she amazingly enjoyed the river journey to Richmond. Lady Marston said no word of departure, but the girl tacitly began to assume that she must prepare, which she did, it must be confessed, with reluctance. It was some days later that she was met by her hostess late in the afternoon, and invited to accompany her in the chaise.

"I am going to Bland's, child," she said.

"Bland's?" said Barbara, not knowing the name.

"Yes, I must have some new perfume," said Lady Marston.

"I have used all my stock, and shall need it now the season comes to an end. There is no scent like Bland's in Brighton."

Bland's was a little shop in Piccadilly, in which the fashion was wont to meet when occasion required. A casual encounter here was often the sequel either of an ardent attachment or of a promising opening in the game of love. But of this Barbara knew nothing, and innocently tested the man's wares and cast envious eyes on the beautiful fana which he produced for Lady Marston's inspection. Some purchases having been made, they were ushered into a further room, very modestly furnished and quiet as the grave. Here, evidently, they were to view other goods, for Lady Marston, bidding her ward wait, marched still further in the man's company, no doubt to the inner sanctuary of his shop. Barbara waited, toying with a bouquet of flowers and the bottle of perfume which Lady Marston had bought for her.

She had been seated there on the sofa for some few minutes, when the door opened and Sir Piers entered. He was in an amazing fine suit, very chaste of tone, and simple in design, but advertising its magnificence in every line and button. Barbara half rose from her seat, being delighted at the surprise and showed her pleasure in her vivid face.

"I heard you were here, child, and followed," he said. "I must go with the Prince to Brighton to-morrow, and resolved to see you before I went."

"You will enjoy it, Sir Piers," she said, with her nose in the bouquet. "If I hear your heart is in Brighton, as you have told me."

"Ah, dear child, I have no heart," said he, with a sigh, "or if you will have it so, 'tis all in London."

There was some doubt as to his meaning, but she ignored it. A glow of pleasure in the game of fence arose in her, and she considered her next move.

"Tis buried there, then, I suppose?" she asked, gravely. Lady Wilnot said that she had gone to the funeral of Sir Piers Blakiston's heart twelve years ago.

"Pooh!" answered he. "I was in my nonage, and had a funeral twice a year. Death grows more solemn as we grow older, Barbara. Did she hint for whom this poor heart died? Was it for herself? I was desperately in love with Kitty Wilnot fifteen years ago. She was handsome even then."

Barbara laughed. "Pie!" she said. "Tis most unkind of you, Lady Wilnot says very pleasant things of you."

"That would be her memory. She has a wonderful memory. She remembers to forget. There is no memory so perfect. To pluck out of the ancient past the pleasure and ignore the pain—we learn that lesson also as we grow old."

"You always talk of your age, Sir Piers," she ventured, flashing him a look. He dropped softly into the seat beside her.

"I am not young," he said, in a low voice. "But I am young enough to love. Do you think, Barbara, you could love fat fifty?"

She moved slightly from him, and with a feint of spreading her skirts. "I do not admire fatness," she said, and it was upon her tongue to say, "But you are not fat." His next words seemed to answer her.

"Yet the Prince was once as slim as I. I shall turn forty very shortly."

It had been late in the afternoon when they had started from Lady Marston's house, and now the lights of the sky were dwindling. The open window on one side let in the winds of the street and the dusk. Barbara had forgotten Lady Marston and was once more under the spell of this man.

"That is not old," she said uncertainly, and he had her hand in his. Once more she struggled against the seizure, but more faintly now than on previous occasions.

"Not too old for you, dear?" he whispered, and she could not answer. Her heart was full, but of what emotion she knew not.

She had the desire, all of a sudden, to break into tears.

"Do you remember the dusk?" he said, "the dusk and the storm? I shall not forget that desolate barn, a very haven for us, dear. I saw it sheer, bleak and blank in the twilight with the rain a sheet against the greyness, and you betwixt me and it. And then in the darkness was your hand, your hand, child." He pressed it softly.

"It is time I was gone. 'Tis growing dark," said she.

"You shall not go, dear," he answered. "I am responsible for you, not Lady Marston. Do you know why you are here? I believe you do. Is it, do you think, that Lady Marston cares two straws about you?"

"She is very kind," gasped Barbara.

"Kind, dear, kind! What else should she be? But she is a fierce creature over her past—she is jealous. She must have looked in these pretty eyes—faith, I can scarce see them for the dusk—and bit her lips. Oh, she is kind, but she is kind for me. That is why you are here in town. For me, for me!"

His voice rose exultant, and she moved away on the couch.

"I do not understand you, sir," she said.

"You shall understand me very perfectly, child," he answered.

"But you shall not go. I think you are the sweetest rose that ever I smelled. Tush, there is no need for starting. There is no one here, and none will come here. This is my kingdom, and yours, child, is here." He put his hand to his heart.

"I do not want a kingdom," she said, in a low voice.

"It shall be thrust upon you," he said, swiftly. "It shall be thrust upon you; and you may not refuse it. Give me your hand, if I may not have your heart." He took it, and carried it to his lips. "Have I your heart, Barbara?"

"I like you very well," she answered, in a tumult of feelings.

"Like!" he said. "Ah, like is good, but love is better. You say I am not old, nor am I. I am in a position that many have envied, and do still envy. The King is ill, and the Prince will be Regent again. There is no one who will stand higher than the woman I love in all the land."

"She will be greatly honoured," said Barbara, struggling to rise. He held her still.

"Dear, are you deaf, are you blind? Where is she? I profess I do not know her if she be not within these four walls."

"Lady Marston is waiting, sir," said Barbara.

"Let her wait," he said, with authority. "It is her mother. You and I do more—we tarry. I would have you tarry, child."

He drew her down as if he would kiss her, but she wrenched herself free.

"You must not, sir," she stammered.

"Lord, give me patience with you, child," he answered. "Do you not love me?"

She shook her head. "I cannot tell," she said. "I think I am afraid of you."

"You must not fear me," he replied. "Yet that fear spells love. I believe you know it. Do you feel something quivering at your heart, Barbara?"

"You must not ask me," she murmured.

The confusion he interpreted to his satisfaction, and caught her suddenly to his breast. "My dear, my dear," he said, "I have known your soul better than my own. I am friend to many, but kin to none. You shall have all I have. I am lonely among plenty and starving at a feast. It is in your company that I shall find consolation, and on your lips refreshment. Give me them, dear child. Oh, dear heart, let me have your lips." He was now upon the full tide of passion and nothing might restrain him. He drew her face to his, and she surrendered to the shock, dizzy and bewildered.

"Let me go—oh, let me go," she whispered.

"I will never let you go," he declared. "You are mine, Barbara; you are mine, my little rural girl. There is much in store for you. The Prince will be King one day, and you shall be my Queen. You shall stand in a great place. There is no one shall hold her head higher. Not Mrs. Fitzherbert nor any other. We shall work our will together."

Barbara gave a faint and fluttered laugh. She was well-nigh hysterical with the emotions she had allowed herself.

"But Mrs. Fitzherbert," she said, "is a most unhappy lady. 'Tis a poor woman, Sir Piers."

In the impetuosity of his passion he paid no heed to minor indications of her thoughts. "Tis because she was a fool, dear child," he said, caressing her. She sprang maiden-like from him. "If she had not fallen into the hands of the priests and stood out for what was impossible, she would have been happy and fortunate, the highest in the land, for all to envy—as you shall be," he added tenderly.

As if struck by a shot she started back, and the suddenness of the start sufficed to carry her out of his embrace. The quick wit in her young mind jumped to the situation with alarm, with shame, and with a flooding indignation. She was to stand towards Sir Piers as Mrs. Fitzherbert should have stood towards the Prince.

"You speak," she said unevenly, yet controlling her voice to speak, "as if you were the Prince himself."

The man was on the wings of his triumph, and saw not nor heeded.

"Barbara, child," he said in his exaltation, "I am Prince to you, and shall be ever. Am I not better than the Prince?" he asked with his native arrogance frank and manifest.

She rose in agitation. "Maybe, maybe," she said, her voice a tremble. "I know not the Prince, yet I would hope that there are some not wholly base in London. But, if the Prince be so base, God help us all."

She ceased with a sob in her throat, and Sir Piers, too, had risen, and, stupefied for the first time in his life, gazed at her. In the dusk her face was visible merely as a blurred image shadowing forth wondrous beauty; her gown swayed with her sobbing, and then even as he opened his mouth to speak a door rattled and a voice broke in upon them.

"Ho, Blakiston, so I have you at last, you fox."

The new-comer held a lamp in his hand that shed upon the room

a mellow light and illuminated the Baronet, who stood between him and the girl. There was a dead silence for a time, and then the intruder spoke again.

"What, are you not glad to see me? I was in the next room and thought I heard your voice. So I seized Bland's lamp when my business was done, and presto! Blakiston, you should be glad to see me, if only that I save you from—stand aside, man, and let me see what I save you from. I have smelled a rat, Blakiston, for long."

He was a tall, broad-faced man, with a full body and a good-humoured smile, but Barbara could not see him, for Sir Piers interposed himself between them more determinedly than ever, and she was in deep shade.

"Your Royal Highness," said he, "I am delighted to see you, the more that you save me from the *ennui* of my own company and solitude."

"Solitude," echoed the Prince with a significant laugh. "Why, 'tis a kind of solitude I know very much about. Stand aside, Blakiston. I won't have a denial."

Sir Piers's face was drawn hard, and a sinister smile began to grow about his lips. He did not move, and by an odd flash of memory even at that moment of deep agitation and embarrassment, there recurred to Barbara's mind the scene in the barn, and the looming of the same resolute figure in the dark between her and the intruder.

"I must ask your Royal Highness to give me leave," he said, quietly, but with firmness.

The Prince laughed, for he was himself excited and in a very humorous temper. "You shall have leave, if you will give me leave," he said. "Come, Blakiston, do I ask too much? I am a little curious, and I hear you have been cheating us. Do not play the old bear. You grow like a dog with a bone. A cat may look at the king, they say."

"But the Prince shall not look at what I do not wish," said Sir Piers, with sudden sharpness.

"Say the cat, say the cat, man," said the Prince in good-humour. "What kitten have you there? Damme, I will see. I will know what she does at Bland's."

Barbara trembled, but with indignation, with shame and with scorn rather than with fear. She had been betrayed into this situation, and her fury embraced all who were privy to the plot; her heart surged up against Sir Piers Blakiston, the coward, against Lady Marston, whom she vaguely recognised as a party to the treachery, and against this fat Prince, too, with his menacing eyes and his abominable insinuations. What Blakiston himself might have done or said it was impossible to say; for he had no chance for act or word further. Barbara, in the full tumult of her anger, came swiftly forward into the light. Ah, she would confound these brave and generous men, confound them even if she stablished herself in doing so.

"It is I, Barbara Garraway, sir," she cried in an impetuous and reckless breaking voice. "It is I who am here. Sir Piers Blakiston has just done me the honour to ask for my hand," and she laboured with her emotion, and gasped forth—"and I have assented." She turned from the Prince to the Baronet with a haughty look that should have burned hot in his very face. The Prince started, and seemed to be taken back. Sir Piers, with a little lowering of his eyebrows, as if contemptively, shot a glance at her.

"If this is so," began the Prince in surprise, "I must beg—"

"It is as the lady says," broke in Sir Piers in his civil unemotional voice. "I beg to be excused, Blakiston," said the Prince, and bowing towards Barbara, "I hope Miss Garraway will forgive a blunder which she will perhaps come to understand later was natural. Blakiston, I congratulate you," and with that His Royal Highness, in no very good temper now at being made to cut a poor figure, walked heavily out of the room.

Sir Piers turned round to his companion, but she was gone—the room was empty.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE SKY-BLUE CHAIR.

Barbara fled in precipitation from the house. It was dark when she reached the street, after groping her way through the ill-lighted shop, and although she had no definite ideas as to what she was to do, she sped into the road, and began to go as fast as her feet would carry her along Bond Street and towards Mayfair. She was full of bitterness, and came now near to a collapse. If on her way she had found any friendly soul she knew, she must have burst into tears and poured forth her troubles. But she realised as she went along past strange faces and peering eyes how much she was alone in London. She had no one to whom she might turn; not a creature in that wide city seemed to her in that crisis trustworthy or honest. London was a dreadful town of sins and deceptions, as she had sometimes heard, not that gay and delightful city of airy pleasures which she had dreamed. She was clad in a pretty tawdry frock, and, though she was cloaked, in the twilight men stopped to gaze at her, and more than one, arrested by her rapid gait, turned back and followed her for a few yards. But she rushed on, heedless, only anxious to get away from that foul place, and burning with her anger and her wretchedness. How had she been mistaken in that woman, Lady Marston! And how cruelly had Sir Piers behaved! She could have wept in the street to think how he had shamed and insulted her. If this were the life of London, she did not wonder that the country folk spoke of it with such disapproval, and with such bated breath. For herself, she would leave town at once, never see the treacherous Lady Marston again, pack up her things and fly that night. She reached the house in Mayfair at last, and, entering, sought her own room. Upon the table in the hall lay a letter, to which the man called her attention. This, in the privacy of her chamber, she tore open, without looking at the handwriting, confident that it was from home—that home for which she yearned so deeply. It was from Gilbert Faversham.



He wrote from "Before Flushing, August 10th, 1899," and his letter, bright and valiant, yet with a little note of sadness and wonder and even of hope also, touched her worn spirit to tender issues. She felt a longing to see Gilbert again, she marvelled how she could ever have let him go, and in the sudden downfall of her world and her confidence she crept for an honest soul on whom to rest. "I would not trouble you, Barbara," he wrote, "but I have been looking for word from you, according to your promise, for many months. I must hope you are well, but I hear no news. Since we sailed on the 29th of July, up till which time I looked anxiously for a letter, we have been busy in the river and very successful. The Dutchies ran before us, and here we are laid before Flushing, which we shall storm, they say, in a few days, and no doubt take. There is some say we should be better pushing on to Antwerp before the French collect there in strength, but my lord Chatham knows, I have no doubt, and though I expressed some such opinion to-day to Captain Miles, he did not seem to think that we could do better than our present plan. If I had any wish, Barbara dear, dearer than another, 'tis that ere we go into another battle here I should have a letter from you and read it. I would carry it with me in my tunic, and I am sure it would save me from any wounds. I like Captain Miles, as I told you. I suppose you have long since lost knowledge of Sir Piers Blakiston's movements. I think, maybe, I was wrong, and that he is an honest man."

Barbara let the paper drop from her hand, and clenched her teeth. Honest! She seized her pen. Gilbert Faverham should know and the whole world should know. She was over-wrought to the point of hysteria, and her tears fell as she indited the letter. Poor, honest Gilbert was perhaps, dying in the stricken field by Flushing, while a self-indulgent and treacherous popinjay was amusing himself in town with his evil pleasures. The contrast struck her forcibly as pitiful, as a thing for tears, and her tears ran as she wrote. She was persecuted. Gilbert should know that he had not been wrong, and that she despised and detested London and its vicious crew.

"Your letter came to me," she wrote abruptly, "in the nick of time, when I thought everyone had forsaken me. It was like balm on my poor heart; for, Gilbert, I have been dreadfully abused, and by no other than that Sir Piers Blakiston, of whom you are changing your opinion. I pray you do not so. He is a villain, and has offered me the greatest insult. I am persecuted by the wretch, and must escape him, but the wiles of London are terrible, and a poor girl is so beset. My mother (alas, that I left her, for this sojourn in town!) would weep to hear how I have been treated. I knew not men were so wicked, and so evil, and so cruel. I am obliged to fly from that man's importunity. I am a miserable girl. To think that anyone should dare insult me so! I would you were here to call the villain to account for his base conduct, and to protect me; but, alas, you are far away, and perhaps dear Gilbert lying upon a field of battle. My heart cries for you and for myself. Alas! that we ever left the Forest and gave ourselves up to such terrible risks and hazards!"

She wrote more in this strain, but here is enough to show in what a loose spirit of hysteria she had seized her pen. The wounded heart poured forth upon the paper, heedless of anything else, and oblivious even of the house in which she was sheltered.

But she was reminded sharply of this by the entry of Lady Marston, who opened the door unbidden and approached her with a twinkling look, something between affected surprise and amusement.

"La! where did you get to?" she asked, and saw the tragic face, suffused with tears. "La! what are you in tears for, child?" Barbara drew herself up, and, with haughty agitation, turned on her the vials of her wrath and shame.

"You have exposed me deliberately to insult, madam," she said. "Heaven alone knows what hand you had in the disgraceful plot. But this I know—that your roof is not safe for a virtuous girl."

"Hohy, tohy!" declared Lady Marston, and sat down. She was an admirable liar, and never lost her head. "So this is what I earn by my kindness—to be accused by an ungrateful girl."

"Madam," demanded Barbara with contempt, "did you meet Sir Piers Blakiston?"

"Yes, miss, I did," retorted the other sharply, "and learned you had fled. Why did you not wait for me? You had, I have no doubt, business of your own elsewhere," she ended with a sneer.

"My business was to be gone from your house," said Barbara, with a sob, "to be gone out of London, where I am so deeply insulted and shamed."

"Dear me! and who insults you, pray?" asked Lady Marston with scorn in her voice. Barbara leapt at her again.

"That man," she said, "and you were a party to it, madam. You leave me there alone, and he comes in, and grossly insults me."

"Sir Piers!" cried Lady Marston in accents of astonishment.

"La! that was why he looked so glum, and that's the reason of his suspicions? Was he sober, child?"

Barbara nodded, for Lady Marston's attitude took her aback. She had looked for denial, but not a denial which wore such an innocent face.

"La!" said the lady, "I will speak my mind to Sir Piers. He has no right to worry you so. He is growing too confident, and thinks the whole world is under his thumb or waiting for his handkerchief. I will lecture him, the wretch."

"But, madam," protested Barbara, amazed by this tone, and anxious that all her hideous wrongs should be known and appreciated. "You cannot know how he behaved."

Lady Marston did not exhibit any horror. "La!" she said, "he is too rude. I will tell him my mind."

The mildness of her reproof struck spirit into Barbara. "I suppose," she said with bitter irony, "that I should be honoured by so delicate an invitation from so notable a gentleman. I suppose I should be grateful to him for his kind condescension."

"No," said Lady Marston, bluntly; "some girls should, but not you. You are of a different quality. I will tell Sir Piers so. How came he to make such a blunder?"

To have her tragic adventure so described was more than Barbara could bear. She threw up her arms with a hopeless gesture, and sat down again. But Lady Marston was a shrewd woman, and was watching her. She proceeded in her even, pleasant voice.

"Yet, after all, my dear, it will do you no harm. Of course you may dismiss Blakiston about his business, if you will. He deserves it. But you must remember his temptations; and many girls would have jumped at the offer. You need not have been compromised—"

"Madam——" began Barbara, fiercely.



Japanese guns. This skirmish was one of the many that took place near the Motien-ling Pass. The hills in the background were held by Russians, and on the left can be seen Japanese scaling the heights, their plan being to threaten the Russian right.

A RECONNAISSANCE NEAR LEN-KHAN-KWAN  
FROM A SKETCH BY WALTER RINTON

"Tut, child! do not spring on me. I can see you are not of that temper, and no one who knows you would have supposed so. I am annoyed at Blakiston. I think he must have been seized by vertigo. La! he will be expecting me to fall before him next. There are different ladders up, child, and you can take your choice. Some are dainty, like you. But I can assure you that the easiest way up is the shortest, and the most comfortable. But no one can change her nature. Still, it will do you no harm. To have spurned Beau Blakiston is a feather in your cap, miss. It will advertise you."

"Madam, I do not wish to be advertised," said poor Barbara. "It is detestable. I will go back to-morrow."

"Of course you will, if you wish," said Lady Marston, cheerfully. "You shall pack your things to-night, if you will. And now, child, take my advice, and set the matter out of your head. Here's supper called, and you shall go to bed early."

This reasonable and sagacious command had its effect on the girl; she obeyed her hostess quite meekly, and (if it must be confessed) slept quite soundly and without perturbing dreams. Meanwhile, the letter had gone on its journey to the "Camp before Flushing." This important fact had almost escaped Barbara's mind the next morning. If her blood was not at fever-heat, it was still purging and angry, and she studiously avoided all reference to Sir Piers. She refused to accompany Lady Marston to a party that had been arranged, and sat down to spend her time in reading and writing to her mother. She had not yet packed, but was quite prepared to do so. She told herself that she must not alarm her mother, but send warning of her arrival. Moreover, as the day wore on, and her book proved dull, she began to come back with some satisfaction to the idea of London. She had been greatly entertained there, and was conscious, also, of her own advancement as a woman of the world. She grew to take pleasure in the thought that she had crushed Sir Piers effectually, and wondered if Lady Marston could have behaved in a more masterly way. The scene with the Prince, of which she had said no word, recurred to her with added satisfaction. She, a poor country girl, had confounded both the high and mighty Prince and his dissolute friend. On the top

of these considerations she was even drawn on to imagine what she would do if she ever encountered either again. From this it was an easy step to a half-veiled desire that she should come face to face with her insulter, and treat him as he deserved. If Sir Piers had entered at that moment she would have taken an exquisite delight in handling him with the scorn and contempt which he had merited.

(To be continued.)

## Paris Tottings

BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

Paris has at last witnessed the introduction of the "taximeter," or the apparatus for indicating the amount due to the Paris cabman under the new *tariff kilométrique*. The working of the new instrument is simple in the extreme. Below the driver's box is fixed an apparatus resembling a clock. Instead of indicating the hours, however, the dial indicates fares and centimes. At one side is a little metallic flag bearing the word "libre" (disengaged). As long as this is upright the apparatus is out of gear and does not work. When, however, a passenger enters the cab the driver pushes down the flag, and this action automatically puts the axle of the back wheel in connection with the recording instrument. The finger on the dial then indicates seventy-five centimes, and it does not move from that figure till 1,200 metres (or about a mile) has been covered.

As soon as this distance is exceeded the finger moves another point, indicating an additional ten centimes. At the end of 400 metres it moves again, and so on, ten centimes for every 400 metres. At the end of the drive the fare has only to look at the instrument to know what he has to pay. If he has luggage a separate space on the dial indicates the supplementary fare, twenty-five centimes for each piece. If the passenger desires to stop *en route*, while the cab is at a standstill the "taximeter" continues to move by a clock-work apparatus which the driver winds up. The rate is ten centimes for three minutes, or about the time a cab is supposed to take to cover 400 metres. After midnight the rate is doubled both for distance and for waiting.

Of course, under the new *régime* the passenger will, under certain circumstances, pay more for the drive than under the old tariff. This was one franc fifty centimes for the *carré*, irrespective of distance. Thus one could go from the Porte Maillot to the Place du Trône for thirty sous. I say could go, but I never yet met anyone who had the courage to try the experiment. I know that I would personally be very sorry to have to listen to the language the precaution would evoke from the average *cocker de fiacre*. It would certainly be eloquent and probably profane. The new system will certainly do much to improve the relations between passengers and cabmen in the French capital. These were, to put it mildly, strained. The Paris cabman is not an estimable individual. He ill-treats his horse and is insolent to his passengers, especially if they be of the fair sex. I know many ladies who will not take a cab alone because they know that if the Jehu is not liberally tipped he will become insulting. It is true that there are very severe police regulations regarding cabs and their drivers, but they seem to be applied in a perfunctory fashion. All the danger that the *cocker runs* is a *cont-mettion* which will cost him three to five francs, or, at the worst, a *mis-à-pied* of a week or so—that is to say, that during that time his licence to drive is suspended.

Unfortunately, any efficacy these measures might have is sadly discounted by the foolish custom of the President of the Republic publishing an amnesty for the offences of the cab-drivers every New Year's Day. As the fines for *contraventions* are not collected at once, but are paid pretty much when the *cocker* pleases, he has only to wait for the amnesty and then he gets off without paying anything. All disputes about fares will, however, now be at an end. The cabman now receives at the end of his day's work one quarter of his takings as indicated by the "taximeter." Of course, this will not get rid of the tipping system; but a sort of tariff which probably be established: one sou per franc is a likely rate.

But the great benefit of the "taximeter" will be that it will put an end to all strikes. Up to the present the men paid so much a day for the hire of their cabs and earned what they could over and above that amount. This was known as the *moyenne*, and fluctuated between sixteen and seventeen francs. The cabmen complained that the rows of days when they did not earn enough money to pay for the hire of the cabs and might then work all day and find themselves out of pocket at the end of it. The masters retorted that such cabmen spent most of their time in the winshops and neglected their business. By the new system all conflict is at an end. The "taximeter" shows the number of kilometres covered and the total earnings of the driver. If he has been sitting all day in a winshop the fact that the apparatus is hardly moved will demonstrate his indolence clearly.



DRAWN BY F. M. TAYLOR

At a gymkhana held recently in Bermuda a novel event was introduced called "The Babes in the Wood" Race. The conditions were as follows:—The men had to gallop up to a wall, dismount and climb over. Then they had to find dolls hidden in the wood beyond, and return each to his lady, who had to put the "babe" in a perambulator and wheel it over a short course.

FROM A SKETCH BY MISSY-GOCHAL E. BULLYAS

A GREAT EVENT IN A GYMKHANA: THE "BABES IN THE WOOD" RACE



The figure performing on the stage is that of a private who is entertaining a gaudy. His performance was so good that he made his audience roar with laughter.  
WITH GENERAL KUROKI'S FORCE ON THE WAY TO LIAO-YANG: CAMP AMUSEMENTS



By decree is here shown of the admirable military administration of the Japanese. Their soldiers are not allowed to become ragged during the arduous campaign. New uniforms are constantly being sent out to the front, and the men bring their old war-worn uniforms to the government and receive new uniforms instead.  
HOW THE JAPANESE SOLDIER IS CARED FOR: SERVING OUT NEW UNIFORMS



A SNAPSHOT OF SOME OF THE DEFENCES



ADMIRAL ALEXANDER'S FORMER QUARTERS

VIEWS AT LIAOYANG. THE SCENE OF THE GREAT BATTLE

From Photographs by Colonel E. Emerson.

### "Place aux Games"

BY LADY VIOLET GERVILLE

Now that everyone is away holiday-making, two questions present themselves to the owners of London houses. The first is, what to do with one's servants. The fact that "high jinks" frequently take place in the family's absence is extremely well known to the police, and the case of the housemaid who was recently committed for trial for theft, and who entertained her friends in her master's house at his expense, is one of many that are never discovered, owing to the freemasonry of servants and the ignorance of mistresses. It is quite a common sight to see coachmen's wives and friends taking drives in the carriage and exercising horses that are supposed to be resting in a loose box after the arduous labours of the season. Not long ago I beheld the incongruous spectacle of a groom in top-boots lolling in a victoria smoking a pipe and apparently enjoying himself extremely. To put as much temptation as possible out of the reach of servants is always a wise proceeding. To lock up the wine-cellar and the plate-chest, dismantle the rooms and make the house as uncomfortable looking as possible is a good plan, and to ask the policeman to keep an eye on the premises is another sensible precaution. There is not much fun in giving a party in a bare room where the carpets and curtains are up, and the refreshments have to be paid for. Wardrobes and drawers containing valuables should be locked. A lady who had a five years' character with her cook discovered, when too late, that the said official had admitted a burglar into the dining-room in her absence, and that all her stock of linen had disappeared.

The second question, How to make use of our empty houses, and our deserted gardens and squares, has been ably solved by a rich American lady in New York. She turned the upper stories of her house into a sanatorium for little alumi children, sent them out to play in her garden, amused, fed, and looked after them, and returned the children healthy and lively to their homes after a fortnight's supreme happiness in what was to them a fairy palace. Not everyone could or would do anything so fantastically philanthropic, and the silent streets of large empty houses with drawn blinds and shuttered windows will probably long continue to resemble a cemetery in the dull season. But why could not the squares and private gardens be used for the children of the alums who have no playgrounds near, under proper supervision,

when the quality are away in the country? Not necessarily even for games, but for the quiet sauntering of the elderly, and the restful seating of the weary? Slums lie all round the best parts of London, and it would not be difficult to find plenty of poor people to take advantage of these gardens, and to enjoy the approximate sensation of a country walk. The grass is cool and green, the flowers bloom brightly, and their massed colours are pleasing to the eye, wearied with the glare from the hot pavements and the rows of brick houses. Yet all this beauty and sweetness is wasted when Society is out of town.

A shopman has given his opinion of women buying during the sales, and this is what he says of their proceedings. "Ladies are extravagant, prone to sacrifice quality to quantity, and consider too seldom the claims of individual style. The net result of their promiscuous shopping is tawdry." This is quite true. Very few Englishwomen buy well. A Frenchwoman thinks of the future, decides what clothes she requires, what will suit best her purse or her appearance, and chooses accordingly. The consequence is she is well dressed. The question of fitness is the last thing an Englishwoman considers: whether a thing is cheap or attractive is all she cares for. Thus blondes wear the colours suited to brunettes, gowns are bought because they are the fashion, ribbons, laces and chiffon because they look cheap and crumpled, and in the end the Englishwoman has spent three times as much as the Parisian, who knows what she wants, and why she wants it.

When one reads about the wonders of Lord Anglesey's wardrobe, the dainty dressing-gowns, the marvellous smoking-suits, the shirts and waistcoats and socks, the delicate embroidery, the gorgeous colours, the elaborate designs, and the critical taste displayed, in the choice of clothes, one feels that here is an artist mind gone astray. Lord Anglesey had an imaginative nature; he loved colour and poetical effects. He ought to have been encouraged, instead of snubbed and sold up, to originate colour and variety in the costume of the men of to-day. In the days of Leicester and Sir Walter Raleigh he would have been acclaimed as one of the beaux. He did nothing more extravagant than the Earl of Essex, who sewed precious stones so loosely on his garments that they fell on the ground, and the ladies of the Court scrambled for them. The costume of the waiter, which is the evening dress of gentlemen now, would never have been permitted then, would never be permitted at present if Lord Anglesey had had the ordering of fashion and only been the arbiter of taste, if he had occupied a post.

say, such as "Lord of the Wardrobe" in a Royal household, giving out edicts of splendour and originality. Unfortunately, Lord Anglesey was born three centuries too late, instead of living in days when to dress, to talk, to fence, and to dance were considered the acts of a gentleman, and occupied the thoughts of the bravest, the most gallant, and the most heroic men.

One of the pathetic experiences of days passed in hotels and foreign health resorts, is the constant coming and going of people who have served one as passing friends. The empty chair at the dinner table, the nook in the corner of the *salon* speak eloquently of those who are gone, and who have charmed one for a few fleeting moments with their beauty, their intelligence, their gaiety, or their good nature. Hotel acquaintances rarely meet again; it is not a part of fate that they should; but they take a little bit of one's heart with them over and over again, and open out glimpses of new worlds and new ideas which one is destined never to visit. One would not wish to continue the acquaintance; it would lose all its charm; but while it lasts, it is vivid and fresh and new and altogether delightful. It is laid in beautiful scenes, in Switzerland, Italy, by the ocean, in some quaint old city, pleasure is one's only aim, and the memory of it survives perennially sweet and green.

### Our Supplement

Young people are often thrown together in strange ways. Shipwrecks have served their purpose before now—dogs and cats have served as a bridge across which souls have met in communion—there was a man once who very recklessly presented the object of his adoration with a tame snake, and the horse has played a large part in human love affairs, as the motor-car will probably play in the future, but the cockatoo has usually been singularly useless in this direction. Perhaps because his vocabulary is not wholly to be trusted he has figured in few love idylls; but our artist in our coloured supplement this week has shown that even a cockatoo may play a part, though unconsciously, in the comedy of life. Given away by a grandmother because of bad halits, it falls into the hands of a prepossessing young woman, and though we do not read that it mends its ways, its vagaries result in good. There is a subtle moral in the little tale, and one is tempted to pervert the old proverb and say that the unexpected brings happiness.



A great fire at Antwerp, involving nearly all the great petroleum tanks at Hoboken, broke out last week. The fire was caused by an explosion of gas near some of the reservoirs. The greater part of the tanks first attacked belonged to Russian companies, but the fire soon spread to the tanks of the American Standard Oil Company, which were completely destroyed. So far as is known, the number of victims of the



fire was about thirty. The burning oil flowed on to the river, and the disaster threatened at one time to be even more serious than it was. The destruction of property is calculated to exceed four hundred thousand pounds. Our photographs are by Edm. Rustens and Co., Antwerp.

THE GREAT OIL FIRE AT ANTWERP: TWO VIEWS OF THE BURNING TANKS



The ceremonies connected with the baptism of the Tsarevitch were conducted with great splendour, and were followed by the general public with every manifestation of delight. The procession from the Palace to the Church at Peterhof was marked by all the stately magnificence of the Russian Court, and

hailed by the populace with the most intense enthusiasm. The little Prince, with his grandmother, the Dowager Empress, was conveyed to the church in a state coach, drawn by eight horses.

THE CHRISTENING OF THE TSAREVITCH: THE STATE CARRIAGE WITH THE INFANT PRINCE IN THE PROCESSION

From a Photograph by Bulla, St. Petersburg.



This photograph was taken on the eve of the battle of Tientsin. The first officer on the left is Baron Hagen, military cross owner at Mukden; next to him is Captain Kuznetsov, who was taken prisoner by the Japanese at Wafanien next day. The young man with the dark beard, Colonel Sosnitski, the old

man with a beard, Captain Bogdanovich, and the second officer from the right, Kasulin Makoffin, were wounded, while the fifth from the left, Oranok Notniak Lemastoff, was killed.

THE EYE OF THE BATTLE: HOW IT WAS SPENT BY RUSSIAN OFFICERS

From a Photograph by a Correspondent.



DRAWN BY W. HATGERELL, R.I.

The two days' battle at Wafankau ended in a complete victory for General Oku and the rout of the Russian force. The Russians held on stubbornly for a long time, but they were tal

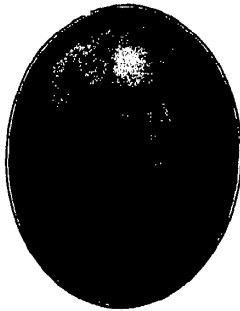
**THE FLIGHT OF A MODERN ARMY: RUSSIAN OFFICERS**



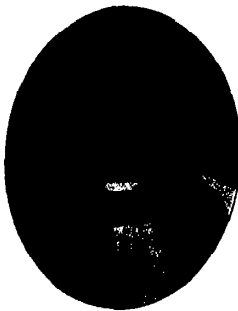
FROM A SKETCH BY ONE OF OUR ARTIST-CORRESPONDENTS

ge, and finally broke before the Japanese troops. When the rout was completed, the correspondents and officers boarded a train which was in waiting and hurriedly left for the north.

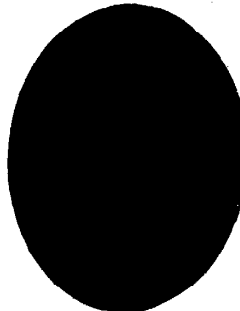
THE FIELD OF BATTLE BY TRAIN AFTER A DEFEAT



THE LATE VERY REV. R. REYNOLDS HOLE  
Dean of Rochester.



THE LATE REV. GEORGE RIDDING, D.D.  
Bishop of Southwell.



THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL H. SHAW, V.C.  
Ormscott Veteran.



THE LATE INSPECTOR-GENERAL MACEWAN, R.N.  
Hon. Physician to the King.

### Our Portraits

Major-General Hugh Shaw, V.C., was born on February 4, 1830, and was educated at Sandhurst, whence he entered the 18th Foot (now the Royal Irish Regiment) as an ensign on May 10, 1855. He served in the Crimea subsequently from December, 1855, until the conclusion of the war in the following year. He took part in the war in New Zealand in 1864-6, and was present in the engagements at Nukumar, for which he obtained mention in despatches, and was also awarded the Victoria Cross for his gallant conduct at the skirmish near Nukumar, in New Zealand, on January 24, 1865, in proceeding under a heavy fire, with four privates of the regiment who volunteered to accompany him, to within thirty yards of the bush occupied by the rebels, in order to carry off a comrade who was badly wounded; and for another gallant deed on the same day, when he went, under a heavy fire, to the rescue of a wounded soldier. Our portrait is by A. Nicholls, Sandown, I.W.

Inspector-General Dugald MacEwan, M.D., R.N., entered the Royal Navy as surgeon in 1847, became staff surgeon in April, 1856, fleet surgeon in 1875, Deputy Inspector-General of Hospitals and Fleets in January, 1882, and Inspector-General in January, 1887. He served in China, the East India and Burma, in the Baltic throughout the Russian war, and was present at the bombardment of Swallow and Hango, in South America. He was honorary physician to the King and to the late Queen Victoria.

Mehmed Murad was the eldest son of the Sultan Abdul Mejid, and elder brother of the present Sultan. He was born at Constantinople on September 21, 1840, and early became the hope of the Young Turkish party, for he was intelligent, advanced in his views, and a strong advocate of reform. In 1867, when Abdul Aziz visited Paris and London, he took the Prince Murad with him, chiefly because he was afraid to leave him alone in Constantinople. On the deposition of Abdul Aziz by the Palace conspiracy of May, 1876, Murad was proclaimed Khalif. Under the guidance of Midhat Pasha he set to work, and a Constitution was drafted. This Charter of Turkish Liberties was of the most sweeping kind, but the Sultan was not destined to see his great plan in operation. The Old Turkish party threatened revolt, the Sultans openly protested against the equality of Mohammedans and non-Mohammedans, Ministers were assaulted and two were murdered. Foreign affairs also became complicated, and Servis declared war. Dissatisfaction again became general, and on August 25—after a reign of less than three months—Murad was deposed, and his brother Abdul Hamid, the present Sultan, set in his place. Madness was assigned as the reason for the deposition of Murad. For twenty-eight years he was kept immured in a kloak deep in the park of Yildiz, and the most stringent precautions were taken to prevent any stranger approaching or even looking at the house. At one time he was allowed to walk about the small garden attached to the kloak, but fifteen years ago this privilege was withdrawn, and since then, it is said, the unhappy Prince never saw any other faces than those of Idris-Hassan Pasha, his gooler, and a couple of eunuchs.

Bishop Ridding was born at Winchester on March 16, 1828, and was educated at Winchester College, of which foundation his father was a Fellow, and at Balliol College, Oxford, where he had a distinguished career. In 1861-2 Mr. Ridding was Junior Proctor of the University, and in 1864 he returned to Winchester as second master under Dr. Moberly, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, whose son-in-law he was. He filled the office of second master at Winchester till 1868, when, upon the appointment of Dr. Moberly to the Bishopric of Salisbury, he was elected his successor, the following year receiving from his University the degree of D.D. His administration of Winchester College during the sixteen years that he was head master was marked by that sound judgment and capacity for organisation which were so conspicuous in him as first Bishop of Southwell, and his departure from Winchester was a source of considerable regret to all concerned with the college. He was selected as first Bishop of Southwell on the creation of the see in 1884, and governed it for over twenty years with judgment and tact. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry.

The Very Rev. Samuel Reynolds Hole, D.D., came of an old Nottinghamshire family which had been settled at Causton, near Newark, since the time of Queen Elizabeth, a Samuel Hole having been Lord of the Manor for over a century. He was intended for

the Army, but relinquished that profession for the Church, and was ordained Deacon in the year of his graduation and priest in the following year. He was licensed to his home parish of Causton, serving that curacy till 1850, when he was presented to

Rufford Hounds and tending with patient care his beloved garden. He was appointed to the Deanery of Rochester, by the late Marquess of Salisbury, in 1877. As a younger man he was the intimate friend of Shirley Brooks, Mark Lemon, and more particularly of John Leech, and is said to have been the only Dean who ever participated in the weekly *Punch* dinner. To one of his earliest published works, "A Little Tear in Ireland, by an Oxonian," Leech contributed nearly forty illustrations, including the famous steel frontispiece of the "Claddagh." At Rochester Dean Hole made the cause of the working men, by whom he was greatly beloved, his own, and to the Conservative party in the cathedral city he was a tower of strength. He had a strong aversion for the wordy harangues and illiberal arguments of many teetotal orators, and often pointed to his own case and that of his father as refutations of the teetotalers' denunciations of moderate drinking. Dean Hole was full of good stories, and his keen, kindly, quizzical eyes seemed to be perpetually smiling, even when the rest of his face was serious. Columns could be filled from his volume of "Memories of Dean Hole," enriched with his portrait and illustrations from Leech and Thackeray, and the supplementary volume, "More Memories," issued a little later, while horticulturalists will reverse his memory for his great love of flowers, especially the rose, upon the cultivation of which there was no greater authority, and upon which he had written that standard work, "A Book About Roses," which has passed through nearly twenty editions. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

With very sincere regret we announce the sudden death of Mr. Thomas Percy Milbourne Betts, an old and valued contributor to this journal, for which he had been musical critic for many years. Mr. Betts, who was fifty-three years of age, was a most able journalist and a very kindly, but discriminating, critic. He had an exceedingly wide grasp of his subject, and his knowledge of musicians past and present was almost unrivalled. His genial personality made an ever popular figure at all musical functions, and he will be keenly missed by a very wide circle of friends.

### The Coronation Illustrated

It may at first sight seem somewhat late in the day to bring out a book about the Coronation, but a glance at the very handsome volume issued by Messrs. Harrison and Co., Limited, will serve to show such a work could not be issued in a hurry. The volume bears the following somewhat stately title: "The Historical Record of the Coronation of their Most Excellent Majesties King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra, Solemnised in the Abbey Church of Westminster, on Saturday, the Ninth Day of August, in the Year of Our Lord 1902." It has been compiled by Mr. H. Farnham Burke, C.V.O., Somerset Herald, and has been printed privately. No expense seems to have been spared in the production of the work. The book measures about twenty-five inches by nine inches, and is beautifully illustrated by Mr. Byam Shaw, R.I. The pictures, all of which are full-page on stiff card, have a value quite apart from their artistic merit, and that is their absolute accuracy. There are altogether thirty-three illustrations, of which nine are in colours, but it is a pity that Mr. Shaw's drawings are neither titled nor numbered, as it is a little annoying to have to consult the index and judge by inference which title belongs to which picture; still in nearly every case the portraits are so excellent that no index is needed. Each is, of course, in the robes worn at the ceremony, and the greatest care has been taken to ensure that every button, every ribbon, should be accurate. Mr. Byam Shaw has, we understand, obtained a sitting from each of his subjects in Coronation robes. Moreover, the Earl Marshal has examined and passed as correct the details of costume in every case. The value of the book from the point of view of costume cannot be exaggerated, seeing that it is, if not official, at least a semi-official account of the Coronation. The letterpress contains all the official documents connected with the ceremony. To begin with, we find the preliminary proclamations set forth in very clear type. Then comes the very interesting question of claims. These are set forth exactly in the words in which they were made, and then follow the decisions of the Court of Claims in each case. Sixty-nine claims were made in all. The ceremony itself is dealt with at length, and there is a list of occupants of the Royal box and of all persons invited to the ceremony. The book forms a magnificent record of a great historical event, and will always be of great value—thanks to the joint efforts of compiler and artist.



THE LATE EMPIROR MURAD V. OF TURKEY

the vicarage, a benefice which he held till he was nearly seventy years of age. While at Causton he led a tranquil life, keeping his health robust by hunting one or two days a week with the



THE LATE DEAN HOLE IN HIS GARDEN  
Photographed for The Graphic by C. Pilkington





DRAWN BY A. S. BOYS

FROM SKETCHES BY NABEL INCE

(1) Her Grandmother had given her entire share of the Cockatoo, as it hit the native servants. One morning, when having its bath, it flew off (2) right down the compound into the link. (3) where it took refuge in a big "Almira" in the front room. Just as it was being secured (4) a strange man with some luggage entered, called for a whisky-pot and gave every evidence of staying for some time. "Odious thing," she said, as she gently closed the wardrobe door. (5) Then the servants, rushing in, fastened all the doors and windows—were present of a dust-storm that might last for hours. (6) The situation became so tedious to the prisoners in the wardrobe, that the feathered one emitted shrieks of impatience, to the alarm of the strange man and the servants. (7) With as much dignity as possible, she explained while he listened sympathetically, and she considered him by no means objectionable. (8) While the dust-storm lasted, the time passed much more agreeably than she could have expected, the stranger afterwards escorting her home. (9) Her Grandparents asked him to return to dinner, and before he left that evening she regarded him as perfectly charming.

HE, SHE AND THE COCKATOO: A TALE OF A DUST-STORM IN INDIA





H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, E.G., BEING USHERED FORWARD BY  
SIR A. SCOTT-GATTY, ACTING FOR OLAFENORUX KING OF ARMS



FIELD-MARSHAL, H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AND STRATHEARN, E.G.



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN LEAVING THE ABBEY, SUPPORTED BY THE BISHOP OF NORWICH AND THE BISHOP OF OXFORD, HER  
MAJESTY'S TRAIN BORNE BY HER PAGES

From "The Historical Record of the Coronation of their Most Excellent Majesties King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra, solemnised in the Abbey Church of Westminster, on Saturday, the Ninth day of August, in the Year of our Lord 1902." Compiled by H. Farnham Burke, C.V.O., Somerset Herald. (Harrison and Sons.)



THE VERY REV. GEORGE G. BRADLEY, D.D., DEAN OF WESTMINSTER, AND THE REV. CANON J. ARMITAGE ROBINSON, D.D., ONE OF THE PREBENDARIES OF WESTMINSTER (AFTERWARDS DEAN OF WESTMINSTER)



THE UNION STANDARD, BORNE BY THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, K.G., HIS CORONET CARRIED BY LORD GERALD WILLESLEY



THE CROWNING



THE DUKE OF ROXBURGH, K.E., BEARING HER MAJESTY'S CROWN

From "The Historical Record of the Coronation of their Most Excellent Majesties King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra, solemnised in the Abbey Church of Westminster, on Saturday, the Ninth day of August, in the Year of our Lord 1902." Compiled by E. Farnham Burt, C.T.O., Somerset Herald. (Hart-on and Sons.)



## The Theatres

## "THE CHEVALEER" AT THE GARRICK

In a new play, *The Chevalier*, produced by Mr. Bouchier at the GARRICK, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has set out with an ingenious idea, to which he has hardly done adequate justice. He has invented one really amusing character, the Chevalier Montegale, a bombastic showman, whose impudence is as colossal as his eloquence is superb; but one bizarre figure, although played with a thorough appreciation of the infinite humour of the part by Mr. Bouchier, does not make a play, and the rest of the comedy merely consists of shreds and patches from Mr. Jones's previous works. The play which the dramatist meant to write dealt with the troubles of certain people who, having committed indiscretions, are always imagining that people who know nothing of their follies recognise them as sinners, and are glaring at them. There is a subtle, though not very new, idea here which might have been developed, but Mr. Jones contents himself with letting his showman terrorise both Sir John and Lady Kellond, who each have a harmless escape to conceal, with the sole object of obtaining satisfactory terms for a big commutation show in the forest's park. Montegale knows nothing, but he is astute enough to know that there is something to know, and this knowledge he uses for all it is worth. The Chevalier himself is a delightful figure in the world of farce. The play is that all these other people who allowed themselves to be coerced, browbeaten and terrorised by him have no real existence at all. They are fatuous shadows, so wholly devoid of common sense that they cease—in fact, never begin—to be interesting. The usual friend of the family succeeds in compromising the usual wife in the usual country inn, and the story, perfectly harmless, by the way, has at all costs to be kept from the usual idiotic husband. Artless lies are arranged by the guilty ones, and their delightful little romances, as usual, exhibit fatal flaws. But all this is old and immaterial; we are really only interested in the Chevalier, and we only laugh when he is exhibiting his marvellous power of "doing what he likes" with the English language. Miss Violet Vanbrugh, as Lady Anne Kellond, strikes rather too tragic a note for a fantastic comedy, but Miss Nancy Price, as her hypocritical friend, is admirable. Mr. Sydney Valentine, as a Puritan waxwork exhibitioner, gives a clever character study. Miss Ethelwyn Arthur-Jones and Mr. Walter Pearce struggle with some scenes of juvenile wooing, while Mr. O. B. Clarence gives a clever sketch of an old aristocrat. Mr. Bouchier's performance is altogether admirable, full of light and shade and zest. If *The Chevalier* succeeds, to him should go the honour.

## "BEAUTY AND THE BARGE" AT THE NEW THEATRE

We have not for a long time had such an exhilarating programme as that with which the NEW Theatre (temporarily in the possession of the Haymarket Company) opened on Tuesday night. *Beauty and the Barge* is by W. W. Jacobs and L. N. Parker, and is founded on one of the former's delightful stories. It is entirely

slight and entirely harmless, but so irresistibly humorous in its characterisation that it goes with a roar from first to last, and those who want an entertainment that is strikingly fresh in character and full of unexpected turns of humour cannot do better than visit this theatre. Without going into the plot in detail, one may say that it deals with the adventure of pretty Ethel Smedley, who runs away from her father's house to escape an unwelcome suitor, and persuades—she does not need persuasion—Captain James Barley, of the barge *Heart in Hand*, to take her up the river to London, while a young naval lieutenant, who is the girl's more favoured lover, manages to get on board the barge as mate. The scenes are laid at Major Smedley's riverside house, in the bar of the Old Ship at Coatham, and on the river bank with the barge moored alongside. All are novel and effective, but the real joy of the production lies in Mr. Cyril Maude's elderly, amorous little shipper, who deprecatingly laments the trouble into which his "affability" has landed him with the fair sex. It is one of his most brilliant performances, and so quaintly humorous that Captain James Barley is likely to be the most popular figure in London for many a long day. Miss Jessie Bateman is very sweet and attractive as the wayward girl; Mr. Kenneth Douglas, as the young naval officer, is audacious and spirited; Mr. Calvert is admirable as an old hotelkeeper, while excellent little character sketches are given by Mr. Lennox Pawle, Mr. Frederick Volpe, and Mr. E. M. Robson. In brief, the trifle is capitally acted all round. *Beauty and the Barge* is preceded by *That Brute Simmons*, a rendering by Mr. H. C. Sargent of one of Mr. Arthur Morrison's "Tales of Mean Streets." Scarcely less humorous than the longer play is this episode, which tells of the return of a very modern Enchanted Arden, who tries to do a deal with the man who has slipped into his shoes. In the end both men decamp, and the termagant wife with two husbands finds herself husbandless. It is well acted by Mr. F. Volpe, Mr. W. Cheesman, and Miss Carlotta Zerbin.

## "THE CHETWYND AFFAIR" AT THE ROYALTY

There is a story of a well-known actor who had a play submitted to him and returned it to the author with this terse note: "My dear Sir, I have read your play. Oh, my dear Sir!" Irresistibly, one is reminded of this story in connection with Mr. Kennedy-Cox's play at the *Royalty*. Childish in conception, crammed with entirely irrelevant conversation, without a single gleam of anything which could, by the most charitable, be said to foretell promise, it passes comprehension how it ever came to see a daylight. It is said to have been written when the author was seventeen—well, many people write plays and poems at seventeen. In older days, written on stout paper, the pages served very well to go round the butter; but it is no kindness to a would-be dramatist to produce such work as *The Chetwynd Affair*, and one is only profoundly sorry for one and all concerned, and particularly for the actors and actresses, some of them very capable, who struggled with it.

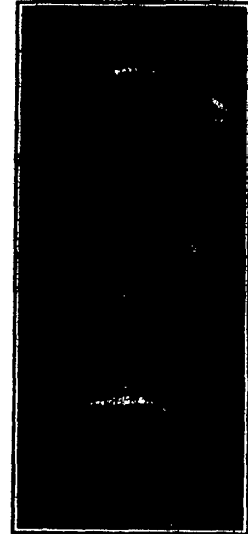
The new ballet at the ALHAMBRA, *The Enchanted Cordials*, deals fancifully with politics, and opens with a struggle between the forces of Peace and War in the Grove of Concordia, where the Great Powers of Europe assemble to render homage to the "Goddess of Progress." Following this we have a few little

prophetic touches in the way of illustrating coming international alliances. France conquers with Russia and England, and other nations, most artistically attired, make bowdances or are introduced, while a number of smart little Japs artfully dodge a Russian bear. "The Temple of Peace" is a charming scene, and, if prophetic, is truly Utopian. For the first time we see the Triple Alliance dancing, and the delicate reds, whites, and greens of the Italian group are very pretty. Russia, forgetful of her troubles, trips it in company with Japan and America, while other dances are no less inspiring. Mr. Landon Ronald's score is very pleasing and bright, as might have been expected from so skilled a hand.

Mr. Charles R. Sweet, who is now appearing at the *Empire*, is described as "A Musical Bungler." His humour is unfailing and his skill on various instruments quite extraordinary. He has a marvellous fund of high spirits, and a clever use of that dry humour which is originally American. Miss Genée, who has been enjoying a holiday, is once more in the ballet, and receives a warm welcome. The *Empire* has seldom had the services of a more charming dancer.

## The Kaiser's Cup

The cup offered by the German Emperor for an international yacht race across the Atlantic has now been completed. It has been made from the Kaiser's own design, which was carried out by Prof. Otto Runkel. The cup is of silver gilt, and stands on a mahogany pedestal. The cup and pedestal reach a height of nearly forty inches. On one side of the cup, which is of elegant antique design, is to be seen the portrait, in relief, of the donor.



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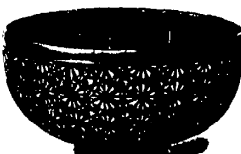
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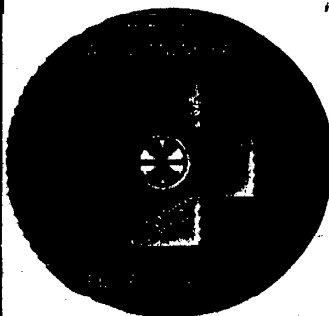
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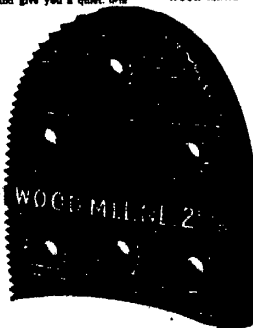
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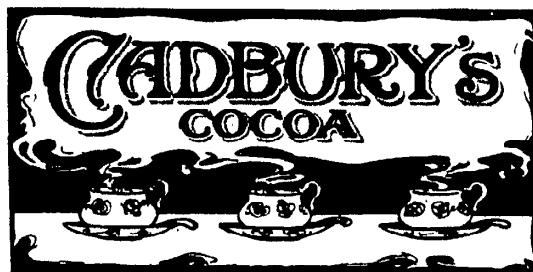
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### Our Bookshelf

## ENGLISH CHINA

The credit of such refined porcelains and pottery has grown up such a vast range of subjects during the last thirty years, that enthusiasm has often outstripped knowledge, and remarkable collections of futilities have resulted. Such a facile and popular little book as Mr Arthur Hayden's "Chats on English China" (Fisher Unwin 5s net) will do much to give pause, and information, to what Stevenson called the excited and the credulous. Mr Hayden does not write with the authority of a *Rowe* or Church or the technical knowledge and enthusiasm of Mr William Burton, or the wide experience and admirable taste of Mr M L Solow, his appears fairly familiar with the leading works on his subject, although one of the most important—that on Englishware by Mr R D Burrows—has been altogether, as it were, to his work on "Porcelain" and "Ceramics" is dashed after the "Chats." But Mr Hayden's book is obviously intended for those casual collectors who would not be troubled by the more arduous works on the subject, and among such it may well be of infinite service. Within some 300 pages it contains much general information on the declining British china and pottery of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, given in that particular style of friendly encouragement of which, in literature, Mrs Markham's English History was the fine flower. This "talking without tears" method is now assiduously cultivated by the average writer who affects to aid an unregenerate public towards the (supposed) attainment of a higher level. For that you can find a cloud upon Mr Hayden's useful work. In the informative and in many ways excellent chapter on "Ivory and fur," we are glad to say, Mr Hayden boldly includes pottery under the heading china and avoids an acknowledgment that would be out of place in such a book—his hesitating, as it were, to comment is fully displayed. After some admirable remarks on the "Ivory and fur" chapter, the water for the lustre he adds, "and we wish them (the possessors of this ware) absolute and entire freedom from all misapprehensions," "Treat the ware lovingly and kindly, it will never come again," the potters who made it are dead, the modern industry is but a poor imitator, fraudulent at heart and feeble in result." Cunning lies in his heart it is all in his fingertips, for, of this sort, his hand has lost its cunning." Trying as this sort of thing is, it is not so good as his. In his chapter on "Ivory and fur" we turn to the chapter on Lowestoft and the paragraph dealing with the decorator of some of the china produced there, a French man named Rose. This particular outburst is very unfortunately placed as it rubs one out of the confidence in the really useful so much as regards the much disputed "Lowestoft" which Mr Hayden has carried out. This chapter also contains some of the best knowledge and the most interesting facts, with the one exception of the style of writing does the greatest credit to Mr Hayden's knowledge and skill.



boudoiring of an innovation has been introduced into His Majesty's Theatre by Mr. Beerbohm Tree in the nature of an adaptation of the prompt floor into two characteristic and habitable apartments for his personal use. Messrs. Maple have very cleverly overcome the architectural difficulties, and converted the outer room, which his dome and beirly like appearance, into an imposing hall carried out in a "barbaric" style. It is approached from the outer porch with massive heavily studied oaken gates, the walls are hung with paintings depicting Shakespeare's plays, while the inner room abutting from the hall is similarly treated. The mural paintings have been executed by Mr. Ernest Bunchel.

THE 'DOME BOOM' AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

By no means the least valuable portion of this work is that devoted to illustration of typical persons and their marks. In those cases where the picture is an actual portrait, as it were, of the chunin, it is likely to be particularly useful to the collector. As a whole, we consider "Chata" takes a high place among the smaller handbooks on English China, and we have only mentioned what we consider a mistake in Mr Haydon's style, because we feel sure it is affected with the view of pleasing a public that does not need this sort of compliment, and that it hides rather than heightens the excellent qualities of Mr Haydon's work.

"STUDIES IN SHAKESPEARE" •

Mr. Clurton Collins is an earnest and careful scholar, a lucid and accurate writer, and, moreover, by this very earnestness, lucidity, and accuracy he succeeds in impressing his readers with the absolute correctness of his contentions and his own thorough belief in his own arguments. Not only is this present work of extreme interest, but it throws much light on the life, education, and character of Shakespeare. In the first chapter the writer

post's knowledge of Latin is given in the following paragraphs —

His familiarity with the Latin language is evident, first, from the fact that he has, with minute particularity of detail, based a poem and a play on a poem of Ovid and on a comedy of Plautus, which he must have read in the original as no English translations, as far as we know, existed at the time; secondly, from the fact that he has adapted and borrowed much from the classical writers, which fact alone would show that he was conversant with the Latin language; and thirdly, from the fact that he has followed the English translations it is often quite difficult to find a word in the original, rather before him, or in his memory.

Let us first take the case of the *Rape of Lucrece*. The story, as told by Shakespeare, follows the story as told by Ovid in the second book of the *Fasti*. It had also been told in English by four writers who had likewise modelled their narratives on Ovid, by Chaucer in his *Canterbury Tales*, by Spenser in his *Shepherd's Calendar*, by Marlowe in his *Lucrece*, and by Painter in his *Palace of Pleasure*; but a careful comparison of these narratives with Shakespeare's will conclusively show that Shakespeare has followed none of them—that Ovid, and Ovid only, was his original. The *Canterbury Tales* and the *Palace of Pleasure* contain no original matter, but which are reproduced by Shakespeare, piece this beyond question.

Further chapters are on "Shakespearean Paradoxes," "Sophocles and Shakespeare," "Shakespeare as a Prose Writer," "Was Shakespeare a Lawyer?" "Shakespeare and Holinshed," "Shakespeare and Montaigne," "The Text and Prosody of Shakespeare," the concluding chapter being a powerful and lucid refutation of the Bacon Shakespeare theory.

\* \* *Studies in Shakespeare* By John Churton Collins (Constable)

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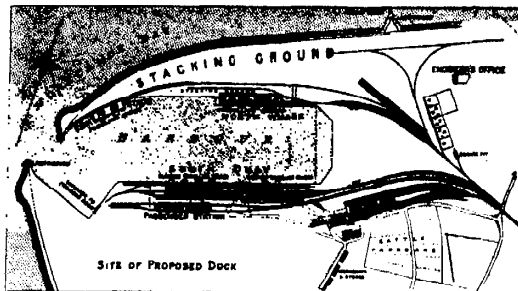
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## "CAPTAIN FORTUNE"

However incompatible with respect, or self-respect, may be the occupation of a spy, it none the less demands qualities of courage, resourcefulness, intelligence, and presence of mind beyond the

requirements of more honourable employments. One must suppose it to be these, joined with good looks and a masterful manner, that attracted the heart of the Cornish beauty and heiress, Joyce Penhaligon, a Royalist of Royalists, to a spy in the service of the Parliament, who was not above sneaking into her bedroom at night in order that some compromising papers might be discovered among her petticoats instead of his pockets. How this unpleasant person won the lady and her lands, and, no doubt, kept them through all the changes and changes of civil war, is the subject of Mr. H. B. Marriott-Watson's romance of peril and adventures, entitled "Captain Fortune" (Methuen and Co.), of which the scene is laid in the early days of the Great Rebellion before the tide had definitely turned against King Charles. Apart from its courageous choice of a hero, in its aloofness from historical sympathies, and its freedom from "periodic" jargon, the novel has all the usual features of its class, seemingly inextricable peril and hairbreadth escape alternating, chapter after chapter, in the best-established way. If the characters are not interesting, their doings are never dull.

enabling passengers to embark direct from train to ship and *vice versa*. Two large goods sheds have been erected, alongside which the steamers will be berthed. As at present arranged there will be daily sailings between Heysham and Belfast and Heysham and Dublin, and twice weekly between Heysham and Londonderry.

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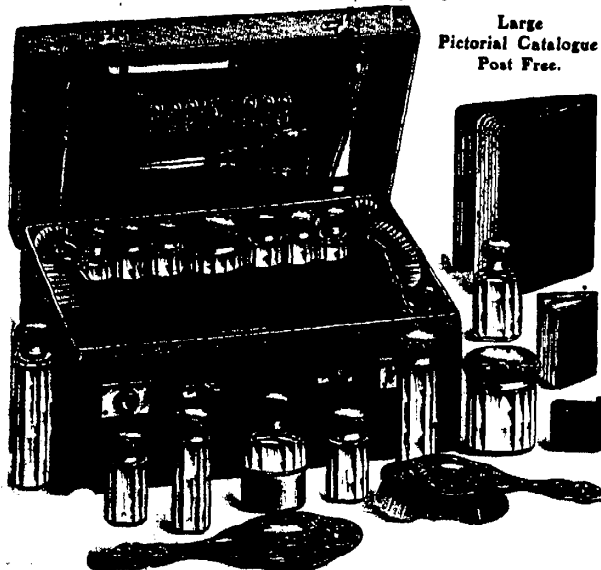
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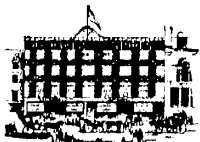
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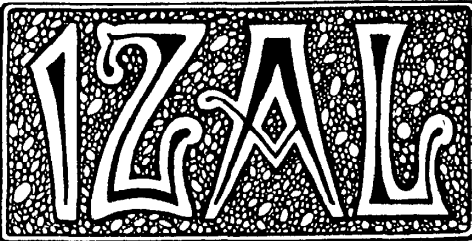
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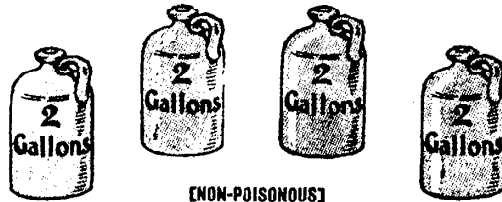
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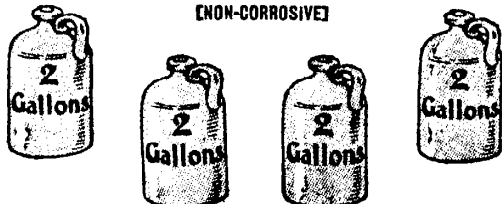
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No. 1815.—VOL. LXX.  
Registered as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1911

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Drawn by FRANK BARN, R.E.

The Tsar's manifesto, issued on the day of the celebration of the Tsarevitch's and his wife's betrothal, was still in effect for repeated elections, among the ruling population and in the army and navy. It also allotted arrears of certain taxes, and a certain number of prisoners were

released. These elections were held for the benefit of the war-poor, and the Tsar's manifesto was a great success in the eyes of the people.

TO COMMEMORATE THE BIRTH OF THE TSAREVITCH: RELEASING PRISONERS FROM GAOL.

## Topics of the Week

It is, perhaps, only natural that after the crushing disaster suffered by the Russian main army at Liao-yang, and in its attempted retreat northward, onlookers should begin to speculate as to the possibilities of peace. It does not, however, require a very close examination of the problem to see that any suggestions in this direction are likely to meet from both combatants with a very unceremonious reception. No Great Power yields on a question vital to its dignity because it has been beaten in one campaign. Lord Beaconsfield, on a memorable occasion, told the world that when Great Britain entered upon a war that concerned her liberty, her independence, or her Empire, she would not have "to inquire whether she can enter into a second or third campaign," and he added, "In a righteous cause, England will commence a fight that will not end until right is done." All causes are righteous for which nations are ready to pour out their blood, and what Lord Beaconsfield said in 1876 with a view to a possible war with Russia, Russia herself may well say to-day—and with fifty times more reason—when she is asked to capitulate to Japan. It is possible that the bloody enterprise in which she is engaged is a forlorn hope, but nothing but exhaustion will convince her of this, or, in like circumstances, would convince any other Great Power. To make peace now would be to confess herself beaten by the Yellow Man. This would enormously diminish her prestige throughout the world; but the material results of such a capitulation would be not less disastrous. Her position as a great Asiatic Power, her claim to the hegemony and even the primacy in Asia would be gone for ever. The awe in which the Great White Tsar is held by countless peoples and tribes from the Egean to the Sea of Okhotsk would be for ever shattered, and the dream in which the new school of Russian patriots has been brought up, of an Asia forming one vast feudatory of Russia, would be finally exploded. These are not things which any nation relinquishes easily. If fifty years ago Russia consented to be stopped in her aggressive progress westward, she could do so without loss of dignity, for she gave way to a European coalition. There is no such resemblance between the Crimean and the present war which renders it possible for Russia to consider the precedent of 1856. Moreover, the terms that Japan would require, and which her national security must render indispensable, would for ever stand as a memorial of the humiliation of Russia in the Far East. Thrown back beyond the Amur, and expelled from the Sea of Japan, the dreary wastes to which she would be confined would be to her an intolerable ignominy. For our part we believe that in the end she will have to accommodate herself to this disagreeable situation; but the end is not yet. Another and perhaps yet another campaign will have to be fought before Russia will be disposed even to listen to counsels of peace, and, however wild this may seem to those of us who "have no hazard in this game," it is, after all, the course we should ourselves pursue were we in the same predicament.

From one point of view, it is a matter for regret that Colonel Younghusband should have resolved to withdraw from Lhasa on the 15th inst., treaty or no treaty. The monks and other citizens are so much more amiable since they discovered how much wiser it is to flee: British troops than to fight them, that had the Mission only continued in residence until next spring, a really strong basis for friendly relations in the future might have been constructed. The poorer classes were always well disposed towards a commercial *commodore*, and now that their priestly rulers incline in the same direction, much might have been hoped for from a continuance of intimacy between the invaders and the invaded. That, however, is not to be, while there is the unwelcome possibility that, after the Mission has marched away, the new treaty will be as contemptuously treated as the previous one. On the other hand, it counts for something that the Dalai Lama's flight into the northern wilderness, under the guidance of the Russianised Buriat, Dorjief, has brought him into popular odium as a cowardly runaway. The unfortunate thing is that only one method exists by which he can be deposed. Supposed to be a re-incarnation of the Deity, every Dalai Lama represents, so long as he remains alive, a Divine dynasty, and there cannot be another re-incarnation until he is dead. But it would be quite open for the great lamaseries to appoint some strong man to wield the secular authority of the holy absentee until he returns, and that arrangement would suit us just as well as his formal deposition from the sacred throne.

From the standpoint of testing our military machinery in a thoroughly practical fashion, it would not be easy to improve on the campaign now on hand in the Eastern Counties. Its main object is not, as in the case of the usual military manoeuvres, solely to educate the troops and their commanders in tactics or strategy, but also to ascertain how far we have progressed in transport and equipment for foreign service. The central idea of the landing in Essex is that it is hostile territory, whose inhabitants will patriotically do all in their power to make things uncomfortable for the intruders. The expeditionary force consequently has to be entirely dependent on itself and its base for all the essentials of mobility. Supplies and transport will be, theoretically, "requisitioned" as required, and every endeavour is to be made to carry out the operations precisely as if in an enemy's country. Of course, there must be a considerable measure of make-believe in all of these proceedings; the wits of man are not equal to giving actuality to hollow shams in mimic warfare. But it can scarcely be questioned that a large amount of valuable knowledge will be gained as to what would be our weakness and what our strength were we suddenly called upon to effect a landing in force on hostile territory from the seaboard. It is to be hoped, however, that in a real campaign, a stampede of frightened horses would not usher in the embarkation, as during the present manoeuvres.

Thrusting into the background the wrangle as to whether the inhabitants of these isles are physically degenerating, it is beyond controversy that a large number of men, both the young and the middle-aged, would be all the better in health if they took more recreative exercise. That was the text of Lord Londonderry's lay-sermon to the miners at New Seaham, and very good sense it was that he discoursed to these swartly sons of toil. In their case, exercise must be of a recreative character if it is to be beneficial; they get enough of the other kind when below ground. What they need is to have their thoughts diverted to some wholesome physical pastime, in which the bodily strength, skill and agility on which they pride themselves are brought into competition with the same qualities in their fellow-workers. It matters not whether the game be quoits, fives, skittles, bowls, nurr and spell, or lawn tennis—the two essentials are, that it shall give rise to rivalry, and be played either in the open air or under cover with open sides. Lord Londonderry unfortunately omitted to specify pedestrianism among the exercises he recommended to town-people. But it was merely an inadvertence, we make very sure. Did not the once-renowned athlete, Captain Barclay, lay it down as an axiom that every man who desired to keep in good bodily condition, should make it his practice to walk at least six miles every day, wet or fine, cold or hot, all the year round? There are a good few loitering Londoners who, we make very sure, would greatly benefit both in health and in strength by shunning the penny bus, except, perhaps, when pressed for time.

A new sensation is always hailed with delight by everybody, and it is, therefore, interesting to hear of a novel amusement for the holidays. This is to guide a small steam launch through the canals of England, as someone has been doing this summer. Progress is pleasant, if leisurely, the life of the bargee is interesting as a study, and passing through the tunnels, some of which are as much as two miles long, combines excitement with danger. Several narrow escapes are reported, but the most astonishing fact is that this pioneer of canal pleasure navigation declares that in all the difficulties and inconveniences of travel he never heard any bad language. One had always supposed the language of bargees to be particularly strong. It is a relief that the canal man's character is now cleared. Doubtless Mr. Cyril Maude, in his new character as the captain of a barge, will add his mite to the rehabilitation of the bargee.

### A NEW HUMOROUS SERIES.

#### "THE WAGERS OF WILLIAMSON."

BY

BARRY PAIN.

See this week's

"BYSTANDER."

## The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTLER

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

"Double, double, toil and trouble!" sang the witches in *Macbeth*. Recent events have proved that "double" was created infinitely more "toil and trouble" latterly than ever it did in Shakespeare's day. But probably no one knows, or ever will know, the amount of disaster that has been caused by "doubles" from time immemorial. Probably we all of us have doubles, but unless you are brought in contact with them, unless you meet them frequently, unless you are haunted, so to speak, by your own especial duplication, you don't know much about it, and it is of no particular consequence. At one time I had several doubles, and was continually being shaken hands with by people I did not know and being seen in places where I had never been. Sometimes this was rather awkward, occasionally it was very pleasant. An instance of the latter occurred to me once at Epsom on the Derby Day. I had left my party for a time and was strolling about the Hill among the coaches, when I heard myself hailed from the top of one. I looked round, but not recognising any one I concluded I had been mistaken, and I raised my hat to a number of ladies on the roof and passed on.

An active gentleman, of whom I had had no previous knowledge or acquaintance, jumped down and pursued me, shook me warmly by the hand and said, "No, no, you're not going to cut us like that. You're coming to have luncheon." I endeavoured to make some excuse, but he would have none of it, and I presently found myself seated on the top of the coach, surrounded by a merry party and enjoying a most excellent luncheon. "There is no occasion to introduce you," said my genial host. "No, I should think not," rejoined his pretty wife, and I at once shook hands cordially with half a dozen people I had never seen in my life before and have never seen since, and having passed a very pleasant half-hour was allowed to depart with all sorts of strange messages and injunctions that I did not understand in the least. Now that was pleasant enough, but there are other double experiences that are not quite so satisfactory. It is difficult to know how this question can be legislated for. If we only had an office where copyright in countenances could be registered, I imagine the senior partner in a double would have the first right to his personal appearance, the junior would be compelled at once to alter his resemblance unless he wished to be proceeded against for infringement of copyright. If both the partners had happened to be the same age, it would be a more difficult question. I suppose they would have to toss up for priority of right.

It is very pleasant to learn that the new theatre which is to be built for Mr. Seymour Hicks is to be of moderate dimensions. It always strikes me that a small theatre is so much more comfortable than a large one. Two of the most comfortable theatres I ever was in were the old Strand, under the Swanboroughs, and the old Prince of Wales's, under the Bancroft management. Though doubtless the excellence of the entertainment at both these houses—which, in their different lines, was of the very best—had a good deal to do with the charm of these two little theatres, that was not all. You could hear distinctly and observe accurately the facial play of the actors wherever you might happen to be sitting. If you happened to be in the stalls, it was nearly as good as being in a private drawing-room, and you could thoroughly enjoy the brilliant burlesque and the exquisitely finished comedy furnished respectively at the two houses. Perhaps my being very short-sighted has something to do with my views on this matter. In a small theatre my eyeglass is all-sufficient, but in a large playhouse I always seem to require a big telescope. A large theatre seems to be better adapted for gigantic ballets, gorgeous spectacle, and elaborate scenic display.

What a terribly iconoclastic age this is! The leading ideas of the present day appears to be to pull down all houses, destroy everything, lay waste all places that have been honoured by antiquity and association, and then look round and see what else can be demolished. We read recently that they are endeavouring to move the ancient Market Cross at Scarborough to some new site, and that they have changed the time-honoured street-names of Blackfriarsgate, The Common, and Merechanis' Row, to Queen Street, Victoria Road, and Eastborough. Now why are people allowed to do these silly things? It is just what they are doing in London and elsewhere. There appears to be a perfect mania for destruction, and secular buildings seem to have as good a chance of suffering from ignorant busybodies as our churches had many years ago at the hands of the sacrilegious soldiery of a sanctimonious regicide. It strikes me it would be so much less trouble to let things alone.

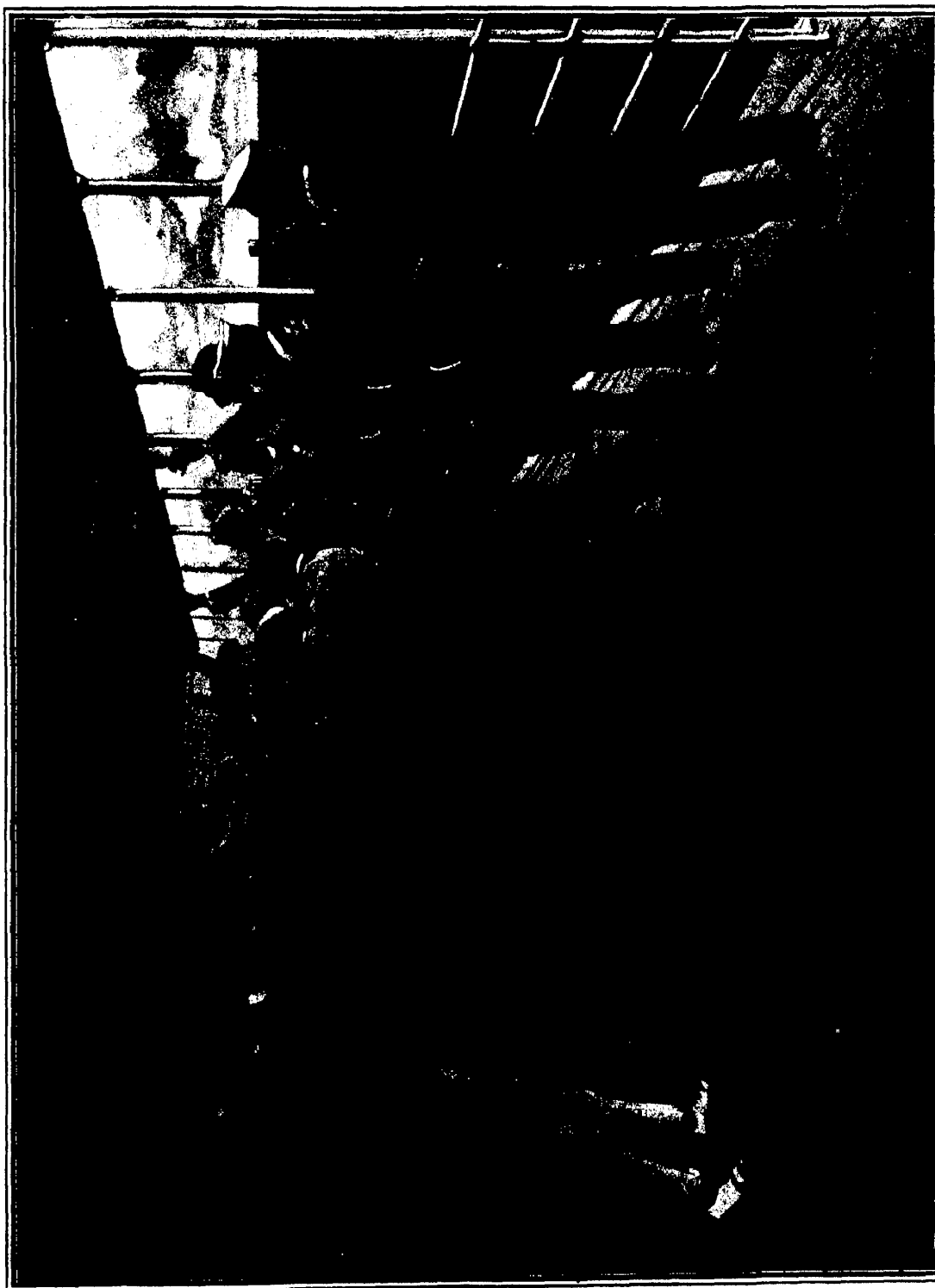
The other day I was reading a thrilling story, and I was informed that the hero "turned on his heel and walked away." In other tales of a similar class I found certain important characters went through a similar species of difficult gymnastics without any apparent provocation. I don't see why they should do it, for I am inclined to think it is a somewhat unnatural proceeding. The hero referred to was a baronet, but I observed the higher these heroes were in the social scale the more they turned on their heels. If a prince had been introduced he would probably have developed into a sort of human teetotum. As far as my experience reaches I find that when anyone turns, he turns on his toes. I know I do; but then I am a commonplace person, and am not in the habit of appearing in "dappenny shockers." But let any practical person try "turning on his heel." If he has not had some months of hard practice at the exercise the chances are that he will find himself sitting on the ground and feeling very much hurt.





INCIDENTS AND CHARACTERS IN THE AMUSING FARCE BY MR. W. W. JACOBS

DRAWN BY H. M. BROCK



FROM A PHOTO BY W. J. STEAD  
 bidders of war we drank their health, and then peer and comports themselves and for  
 maine hoisted the protesting, laughing officers on their shoulders and tossed them in the  
 air.

of the Manchuria Maru was defeated in 1904, and the occasion was not  
 killed to pass unnoticed. Lieut. Commander Yamaguchi and Vincent O'Brien had  
 both fought in that struggle, one as the United States, the other in the Manchuria Maru. With

our correspondent describing the voyage to the sea of war on the ship put at the  
 day, at the war correspondent's office. The Manchuria Maru, after a satisfactory visit of  
 two days at sea, at last for the United States. One day we passed the scene of the battle

# HONOUR TO A VETERAN: AN INCIDENT IN THE VOYAGE OF THE MANCHURIA MARU

WENT BY H. H. FARRER

## "Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

Motor accidents continue to increase in number. One of the latest occurred to the Dowager Countess of Strathmore, who was driving with two other ladies near Newcastle, when the driver lost control and ran the motor into a wall. Lady Strathmore was hurled violently about forty-five feet, breaking her arms, her nose, and receiving other injuries. The other ladies were also considerably hurt, and, as Lady Strathmore is not young, the shock to her system was dreaded by the doctors. She is, however, recovering. The dangers of an afternoon's drive have certainly not diminished, and the old-fashioned carriage and pair seems still the most suitable conveyance for the elderly. The curious part is, that the sense of pace does not seem to affect people. Only the other day I heard of a nervous lady who requested the *chauffeur* to drive a little faster, and was quite surprised when he informed her that they were already travelling at thirty miles an hour. Probably this accounts for the fact that the speed limit is invariably exceeded.

Scotland, where many people are now spending the pleasant autumn days, is well known as the Land of Cakes. The Scotch breakfast fills the Southerner with a sense of surprise and envy. The plain bun, the Bath bun, the Banbury cake is about all England can offer in the way of competition, while the mountains of scones, bannocks, baps, seed, oat, and plum cakes which

I see a writer in one of the weekly papers extols the happiness of the bachelor girl living by herself and doing her own *housework*. It is well, of course, to make the best of necessity, and if a girl is obliged to live alone, she is right to pretend she likes it; but the life is an unnatural one for a woman, and can only be regarded as a *pis aller*. The girl described lived by herself, earned her living out of doors (we are not told how), did her own cooking and washing up, made most of her own clothes, and called it "a jolly good time." There is no accounting for tastes, but we fancy few girls could stand the solitude, the actual hard work, the monotony, and the strain such a life involved; and though she may have enjoyed the novelty and independence of it at the time, it would not be surprising to hear that her health had suffered very seriously for it afterwards. Even young men complain of the dullness and solitude of a bachelor life, and the woman who comes into a desolate home, wearied, wet, and possibly depressed, and must then set to work to cook and cater, without even the man's solace, the faithful pipe, can scarcely be congratulated on an existence which loses all the charm of human society, sympathy, help and love.

I see that a lady has been accepted as a minister by some Non-conformist congregation. Women speak well, but one cannot believe that their ministrations would have much chance of reforming the idle, the vicious, or the drunken members of their parish. One can fancy the impudent lad or the hardened man of the world saying "You're only a woman; you know nothing about the temptations of men," as many a boy does to his sister in the

## Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE"

When Mr. Joseph Chamberlain opened his anti-Free Trade campaign he did not perceive a difficulty which is now causing him grave anxiety. That difficulty is that it is apparently impossible at this moment to interest the bulk of the British public in any political movement. The most stirring speeches, the most elaborate system of organisation, and even the continual articles which are published by the newspapers, seem to do little but give some semblance of life to the surface of the sleepy mass! It is an open secret that this unexpected difficulty is causing much discouragement to the principal supporters of the Protectionist movement, and, moreover, that it is inducing many politicians who were ready to adopt the proposed programme to reconsider their position. It is a sign of the times in this direction that in scarcely any house or cottage in the country are to be found either plaster busts, or plain or coloured portraits of the leading politicians of the day. In many of them still are busts or engravings of Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone, in very few are to be found portraits of the late Lord Salisbury, but it is only occasionally that prints are seen in these of Mr. Arthur Balfour or Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

The ordinary American is a self-contained man, who can do, and does, many things for himself, and, also, most Americans carry the theory of equality to the length that they will not be servants to



The Grand Duchess Tatiana.  
Born 1897.

The Grand Duchess Anastasia.  
Born 1901.

The Grand Duchess Olga.  
Born 1895.

The Grand Duchess Maria.  
Born 1899.

### THE FOUR DAUGHTERS OF THE TSAR

From a Photograph by H&N, Transcelsa Salo

strew the Scotch breakfast-table can only come from a land flowing with milk and honey. It is to be hoped that the making of scones and cakes by the farmer's wife will not be abolished in the progress of civilization. Already in Yorkshire the bread is bought and no longer baked at home, the hot home-made cakes are dying out, confectioners supply the needs of the people in the villages, and the art of cake-making threatens to become extinct. Perhaps some of the superiority and success in life claimed for the Scotch come from the women, the excellent housewives who liberally purveyed the nourishing porridge, the piles of snowy potatoes and flour scones, with the home-made jam to spread over them, the seed cakes so popular at funerals and weddings, and the plum cake, the delight of the youngsters. Queen Alexandra is said to be fond of Yorkshire pudding, and very particular as to its proper consistency, that it should be crisp and light, not tough and heavy. Queen Victoria loved the homely scone eaten at the tea taken in some lonely farmhouse or rural inn. Plain baker's bread, which is all one gets in England, is a poor substitute for this appetising variety of dainty cakes.

house; while a pretty, attractive girl lecturing a man on his sins and follies brings up a vision of many other dangers. We all know how the victim of a charming woman's scolding in real life generally repays her—he falls in love with her as her reward, and becomes her abject slave. Anyway, the idea of the female minister offers a vista of delightful variety.

One has always heard of the merits of Yorkshire horses, but a feat performed by one of them in the hunting-field deserves a record. This horse jumped a six-foot stone wall during a run, and some time after the height of the wall having been disputed, the owner and a friend set out to measure it and be photographed by its side. While thus employed the farmer locked the gate of the field by which they had entered, and the gentleman saw himself obliged to jump the wall again in cold blood, which he proceeded to do successfully. The horse was only a little over fifteen hands. The big wall at the Dublin Horse Show, which is generally the cause of a good many casualties, is only five feet six inches, so that the feat of the Yorkshire horse becomes a memorable one.

others. Therefore, it has become a custom at many hotels in the United States to charge a substantial sum for "valeting"—for brushing the clothes of visitors, and for performing other services of the kind which at home are not described as "extras." The custom of charging for "valeting," however, is shortly to be introduced into this country, though, of course, without possessing the excuses for its existence which it has in the United States. It appears that the directors of several of the important hotel groups, as also many of the proprietors of well-known private establishments of the kind, intend at no far-distant date to add the item to their other charges! At first it is proposed to announce that a special department has been organised for the purpose of giving more attention to the valeting of visitors, and that a small extra charge will be exacted from those who employ the facilities provided in this direction. It is obvious that the smaller provincial hotels will quickly adopt the suggestion; the proprietors will add the charge to their accounts, and most of them will, of course, not provide any new machinery to add to the comfort of their visitors!

## The Court



PRINCESS LOUISE OF COBURG  
Who has escaped from her Guardians.  
Photo by Koller Karoly, Budapest.

Those who have occasion to use our provincial hotels must have noticed that many proprietors have adopted—as close as they can with any show of reason—the prices charged for wines, breakfasts, luncheons, dinners, and apartments by such luxurious houses as the Savoy, Claridge's, the Carlton, and other first-class establishments in London. Beyond that point, however, few of them have gone; the wines and fare are, certainly, not according to Savoy and Carlton patterns! The patient British public is, however, showing signs of restiveness, and on all sides is to be heard a demand for a return to the sound and wholesome fare at moderate prices formerly provided at most English hotels. There is a promising future for any proprietor who would now abandon the bad imitation of French dishes—stale fish concealed under pink or green sauces, scraps of tough meat made picturesque by a surrounding of preserved vegetables, and curious pastry which may be catable but is not enjoyable—and should provide for his customers honest British soups, home-grown joints, and crusty pies such as were commonly served in most of our hotels even a quarter of a century ago.

When Midas is King! Those who have a long acquaintance with club life in the West End of London are watching anxiously a development which is no doubt to be observed, though less frequently, both in the provinces and in the colonies. "He is enormously rich, he would be a capital man to have in the club," is a sentence which is continually repeated. Were this all, the matter might be ignored, but a new phrase has come into more or less common use—to wit, "We do not want paupers in the club." The fact is that the rich men are gradually, but surely, not only obtaining admission into clubland, but becoming rulers there. The club is to English society what the *salon* was to society in France. It is still at the club that the tone is given which undoubtedly influences even still to a great extent the conduct of our times. If that stronghold of proper conduct, of the code of honour, of the reasonable conventionalities of the period, is to be handed over to the millionaires, the so-called millionaires, many of them men of little education, possessed of minds that cannot be described as refined, we shall have a curious collection of principles to guide us on our way through the upper walks of life!

After about a month's stay on the Continent, the King is home once more. His Majesty's cure at Marienbad was most beneficial, according to his doctor's official report, and he comes home in excellent health and spirits. The Marienbad season was just closing as King Edward left, and the weather had broken, heavy rain falling during the last days of his stay. His Majesty made numerous farewell gifts—his portrait as an Austrian General to his physician, Dr. Ott, scarf-pins, and various souvenirs to the Embassy staff and the local officials, and money to the charities of the neighbourhood. Count Mensdorff, Sir Francis Plunkett, with other members of the Embassy, the Burgomaster of Marienbad, and several officials were at the station to wish the King goodbye, but there were no formal leave-takings, and the train went off quietly in the midst of pouring rain. King Edward travelled all night and reached Flushing early on Saturday morning, the Victoria and Albert starting at once for England, escorted by the cruiser Essex. The Royal yacht had a good passage till nearing the English shore, when a strong wind set in, accompanied by rain-squalls. Royal salutes greeted her arrival in Sheerness Harbour, the warships were beflagged, and the Commander-in-Chief at the Nore and the Commandant of the Thames Station received His Majesty as he stepped ashore, wearing Admiral's uniform.

Meanwhile the Queen and Princess Victoria had already arrived at Buckingham Palace to meet the King. They concluded their visit to the Duke and Duchess of Fife at Mar Lodge, Deeside, on the previous day, and after stopping at Abergeldie Castle to see the Prince of Wales and his children, travelled straight away to town, only stopping at Aberdeen for dinner, and arrived at Euston early on Saturday morning. None of the Royal party were tired by their night journey, for the King and Queen, with Princess Victoria, were at the Garrick Theatre on Saturday evening, while previously Queen Alexandra had entertained at luncheon the Comtesse de Paris with her two younger daughters. On Sunday their Majesties and Princess Victoria attended Service in the private chapel, and during the day the King gave several audiences, the most important being those to Lord Curzon on his return to India, and Sir Francis Bertie on his appointment as British Ambassador at Rome. His Majesty left town again on Monday to stay with Lord and Lady Savile at Rufford Abbey, for the Doncaster Meeting. The King would visit the races each day, and would leave for Scotland last (Friday) night. He will spend about a month at Balmoral. The Queen and Princess Victoria have also left Buckingham Palace on their visit to King Christian of Denmark, crossing in the Victoria and Albert.

The Princess of Wales has joined the Prince and family at Abergeldie Castle on her return from Germany. With their two elder sons, the Prince and Princess attended Service at Grathie Church on Sunday. They also will be in the Highlands about a month, as the Prince will be shooting with the King and the Duke of Fife on Deeside.

A Royal union of no ordinary importance has just been settled—the marriage of the Crown Prince of Germany to the Grand Duchess Cecilie of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. The present German Empire has never seen the marriage of an heir-apparent, nor has even the Kingdom of Prussia for long years. Both the late Emperor Frederick and the present Kaiser were only heirs presumptive at the time of their wedding. Rumour has found many brides for the Crown Prince, but his choice has now really been made in the young sister of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and the betrothal was formally announced by the Emperor at a dinner given to the Schleswig-Holstein authorities at Altona. It had been noticed that a few days earlier Emperor William paid special honours to the newly married Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin at a review, asking her to ride with him at the head of a Grenadier Regiment, and naming her his co-chief with



PRINCE PHILIP OF COBURG  
Husband of the Princess.  
Photo by Koller Karoly, Budapest.

himself. As the Grand Duchess is the daughter of the Duke of Cumberland, this attention was put down to the Emperor's well-known desire for reconciliation with the Duke, but it is now evident that the honours were also in view of the coming relationship. The Crown Prince will further be brought into close connection with the Danish Royal house, as his *fiancée's* elder sister is married to Prince Christian of Denmark. The bridegroom-elect has spent part of this summer at Schwerin, and has now gone to stay with the Grand Ducal Family in the country. Crown Prince Frederick William, the eldest of the Emperor and Empress's six sons, is a little over twenty-two years of age, and from his earliest years has been strongly impressed with the responsibilities of his position. His early education was at home till he went with his next brother, Prince Eitel Frederick, to the Cadet College at Plön, while a course of study at Bonn University and a thorough military training have kept him close at work. Nevertheless the Prince has travelled extensively, going one year to the East with his brother, whilst he has paid various State visits to foreign Courts and is no stranger to London. His bride, the Grand Duchess Cecilie, is the younger daughter of the late Grand Duke Francis Frederick of Mecklenburg-Schwerin and the Grand Duchess Anastasia of Russia. As she is not eighteen till the end of this month the Duchess Cecilie was quite a child at the time of her father's tragic death at Cannes, and has ever since been her mother's constant companion.

Another fugitive Princess is being sought for with great zeal. Princess Louise of Coburg, wife of Prince Philip and eldest daughter of the King of the Belgians, has at last managed to baffle her guardians' surveillance and escape to parts unknown. Four years ago the Princess left her husband, and was then announced to be of weak mind and to require supervision. For a long time she was in a sanatorium, whence she vainly attempted to regain her freedom. Finally she apparently resorted to running, feigning apathy for months, and managed to get sent to Bad Ems for the waters. Although the strictest guard was kept over her she succeeded in communicating with friends outside, and one night escaped in a motor-car to join the Austrian officer with whom she originally fled. So far her exact whereabouts are not known, although she has been traced part of the way.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE RANGE AND THE VAL SAVARANCHE

The terrible accident which was responsible for the death of four English climbers occurred on the Grand Paradis range of the Alps. Grand Paradis is a gigantic peak—only accessible to intrepid and expert climbers—between Courmayeur and Val Savaranche. It seems that Messrs. Mayon, Winterbottom, Gray, and Wright, all of whom were cautious and experienced Alpine climbers, after a number of successful ascents of peaks in the Grand Paradis range, started with the intention of making their way from the Grand Paradis to the Petit Paradis and the Boudon Peaks. They did not take guides with them on any of



THE SUMMIT OF THE PEAK

these excursions. They were seen from Courmayeur, on the Grand Paradis, from which the mule's descent was carefully to an arête on the side of the mountain in the west side of the mountain in fear that something had happened to the party. The bodies were found on a glacier to the east of the mountain.

THE LAST DISASTER IN THE ALPS: THE GRAND PARADIS, WHERE FOUR ENGLISHMEN WERE KILLED



The Potala

Pargo Kaling Gate

DRAWN BY GEORGE BOYER

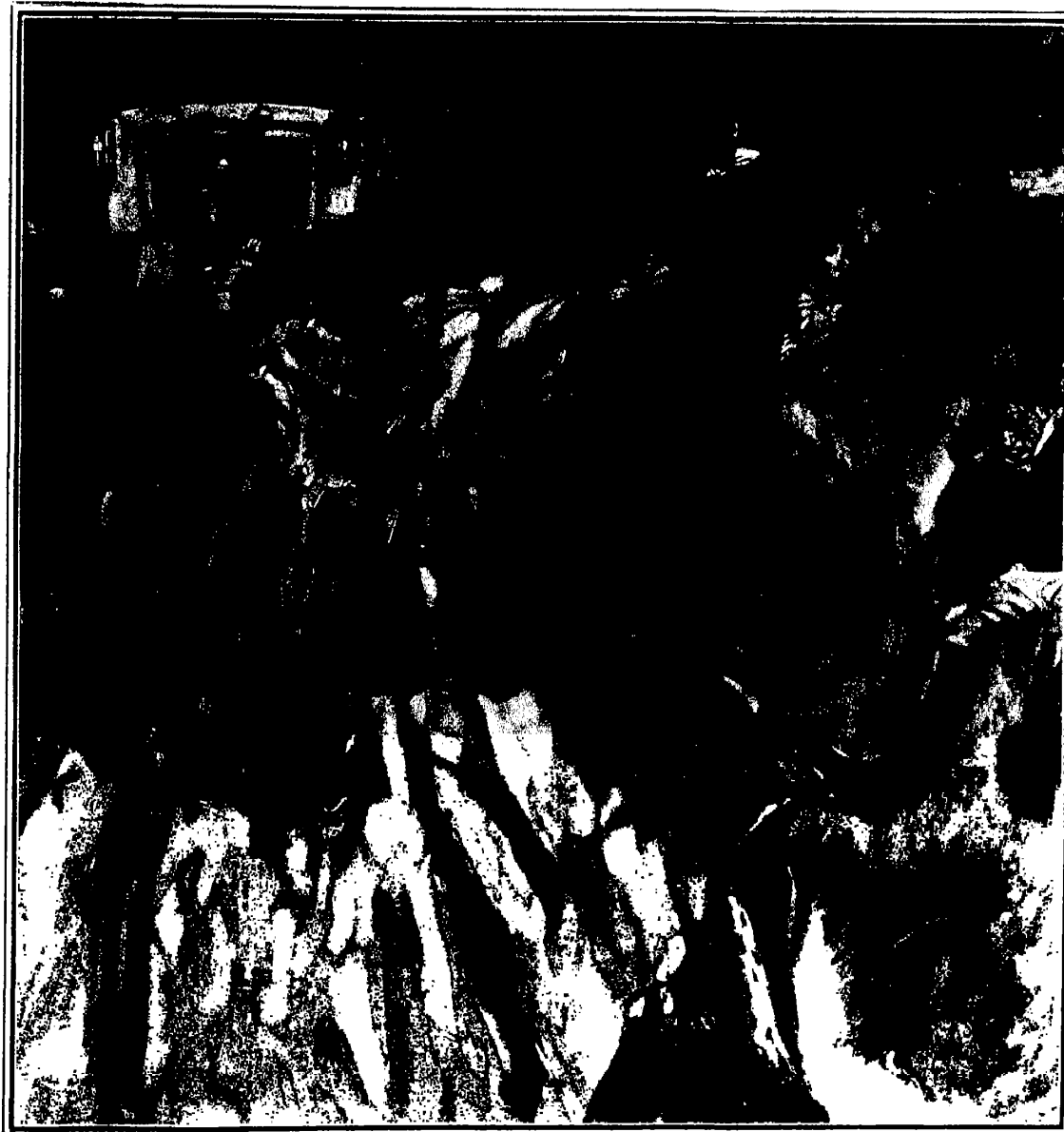
FROM A SKETCH BY SERGEANT E. V. L. BYRON

The British Expeditionary Force arrived outside Lhasa on August 8, and camped about a mile from the Potala, the Grand Lama's Palace. Next day Colonel Younghusband entered the city with an escort of two companies of Royal Fusiliers and mounted infantry. He entered by the Pargo Kaling Gate, the western entrance to the city, which lies in a gap between two ridges which culminate in isolated peaks—

the Potala being on the one and the Champs (medical college) on the other. After visiting the Chinese Amban, who lives about a mile from the gate, Colonel Younghusband marched round the Jokhang—the place of the Gods and the true Lhasa—before returning to camp.

LHASA AT LAST: BRITISH TROOPS ENTER THE FORBIDDEN CITY FOR THE FIRST TIME





"He stood by her side and held in his hand a pistol, which he deliberately lifted and fired."

#### CHAPTER XII. (Continued).

If Barbara had held her tongue about the Prince, His Royal Highness was not so reticent, and the news of Sir Piers's adventure, adroitly turned, was over the town very quickly. The story took sundry forms, most of them twisted in ridicule of a man whom all must respect, and for whom none felt any definite liking. He had

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been guilty of too many offences in his position as favourite to earn that corrupt circle's goodwill. Home to Lady Marston flew the tale with emendations, and set her by the ears. Sir Piers, it seemed, had been surprised by His Royal Highness in the company of a lady, and was forced to make amends.

"He has offered the *amende honorable*, my dear," as the variation reached her; "a little rustic wench, they say."

Lady Marston, with the directness of her character, went straight to Blakiston himself and demanded the truth.

"They say you are betrothed, and admitted it in His Royal Highness's presence," she said.

Sir Piers stared inpassively, and even arrogantly, at her. "Well," said he, with his quizzing glass in his hand, "if it were so —?" and left his question in the air.

"The girl is in my charge," she burst forth, and then controlled

herself, as she observed a faint smile, which in an ordinary man and no beau, would have seemed a grin, spreading on Sir Pier's face. "At least," she said, in a calmer tone, "you should tell me what you mean and what it's all about. I do not know how I stand."

"My dear Lady," he said, "you stand in *deus potestis*, as you very well said."

"I cannot understand it," she pursued. "I hear a tale from her of an insult, and, on the other hand, this story about the Prince."

"Ah! does she speak of insult?" asked Sir Pier, with interest. "She wept tears, and had a most tragic face," she answered; and Sir Pier pondered. "She talked of going home." He looked up quickly.

"But she is not gone," he said. "No; she is not gone," she asserted. Sir Pier smiled. "I believe," he said, "that I shall give myself the pleasure of visiting your house to-morrow, Lady Marston."

She examined him closely, and then shrugged her shoulders and turned away. But she did not dismiss the matter so lightly from her mind as this expression of indifference might suggest. Barbara still lingered in London, reluctant now to quit the scene of many pleasures, and to bury herself in the dull, laborious country. She had not ventured forth to any routs or entertainments since the encounter with Sir Pier, yet she felt a strong curiosity to know what his attitude to her might be. She coquetted with the idea of meeting him on some neutral ground, and of seeing his start of confusion. Yet she presently remembered that Sir Pier prided himself on the immobility of his features, and would not be likely to start.

"He is really a callous villain," she told herself; "a heartless, cold pillar of a man." But she would like to have known how he regarded herself and the situation. Indeed, she had almost made up her mind to resume her round of amusements in Lady Marston's company when that lady returned fresh from her exchanges with Sir Pier, and full of her news.

"So you did not say the Prince was present?" she sneered. "I—I did not wish it to be known," stammered Barbara.

"Well, the tale is over town on wings," said her ladyship, consolingly; "and your name goes about coupled with Blackston's."

Barbara gave an exclamation of dismay, and then recovered her self-possession. "I care not what vile stories they may circulate," she said proudly. "Provided I have my own esteem, I am indifferent."

The sentiment was brave and admirable, and no doubt Lady Marston, out of her large experience, recognised it as familiar. Thus does all innocence cry to the world, depending on its whiteness.

"I am glad to find you take my lessons so well," said Lady Marston ironically. "I am glad you have learned wisdom. If I was you, my dear, I would be positively proud of these tales. They will enhance your value in the town, and, no doubt, bring you a better offer."

Barbara paled under the whip of this sharp tongue, but made no answer. Indeed, she had none to make.

"There is some ridiculous tale of an engagement, a solemn betrothal, isn't before the Prince," went on Lady Marston in a mocking voice. "Are you betrothed, then, to the man who insulted you?"

She had her suspicions as to the truth of the tale, which was not at all consistent with what she had gathered from the girl or her evident distress; but she was anxious to discover exactly what had happened. Her anger provoked the answer she wanted.

"It was I who said that, not he," came in Barbara's muffled voice.

"Twas you, was it, miss, that made the match?" laughed Lady Marston. "If all girls could match themselves according to their wish, what a pretty world we should have!"

"Twas to save myself before the Prince," explained Barbara, haughtily. "Sir Pier Blackston dared not contradict me. I told his Royal Highness that Sir Pier had asked me to be his wife, and that I had given him his answer."

"And Sir Pier—" inquired Lady Marston, eagerly. "He did not say nay. He dared not," she replied. "It was the last thread his honour hung by."

Lady Marston was silent, and recalled Blackston's expression. She knew enough of him to expect any boldness from him; and amid all that she did not know she guessed wildly at more. She made up her mind.

"Well, you will have the chance to embrace your lover," she said, sharply. "He is to come to-morrow. He has expressly told me."

"I will not see him," declared Barbara, forgetful of her previous feelings. "He dare not come here."

"If he says so, he is certain to come," said Lady Marston, dryly. "I cannot hinder him; nor would I. I have no quarrel with him."

"I see, madam, I am in the way," said Barbara, in her dignity. "I thank you for your frankness. I will not trouble you after to-day."

"Nonsense, child," she answered. "Yet I believe you are right to go. You could not meet him."

"I would meet him with a stare—with not the slightest mark of recognition," declared Barbara firmly.

Lady Marston looked at her with something of contempt, and something of pity, too, in her eye. She was young to be so confident. "Oh! well, child," she said, "you have courage and believe in yourself. All the same, I think you would be better at home. He will tangle you up by means of this very betrothal; he is full of wiles, and you will go tripping before you know well what you are about. Oh! never trust Blackston."

"I am not afraid," said Barbara, complacently.

"Yet if you was to go," pursued Lady Marston, as if she heard her not, and was reflecting, "he would look a fool. There is this tale, which His Royal Highness has spread and will chafe him with. He will be bantered, which he cannot bear. If you were here, he would find some means to use you so as to avert the banter; but you

being absent, where's the lady, pray? He has been made a fool of! He would hate it; I believe it would disturb him more than anything these many years; more than that his prey escaped his hands. He is compact of vanity."

This was a new idea to Barbara, who had also experienced a return of the nausea which had afflicted her that dreadful evening. She distasted the subject, and Lady Marston's warnings had a certain effect.

"Oh, I will go, madam," she said, wearily; and added, with a touch of petulance, "I am fitter for a village than town. I fear I am too simple."

Lady Marston was not of that opinion, but she said nothing. She had achieved her purpose, and it satisfied her, and she had done this without the possibility of a breach with Blackston. He could not blame her if the girl went after what had happened, and after her openly expressed resolution to go. Yet she was astute enough to throw suspicion off herself by writing to Sir Pier. "The girl is packed and gone," she said; "having received a letter from her mother this morning. But if you still propose to give yourself the pleasure of calling to-day, I will gladly welcome you."

This message was marked "urgent," but did not reach Sir Pier until after the stage had rolled out of the yard, and was threatening out of London down by the village of Fulham on its way across Wimbledon Common. Abruptly he ordered a chaise, and was driven then and there to Lady Marston's. The interview was brief and pregnant with significance. The lady condescended with him. "The girl might not be stayed," she said. "She was in a panic."

"I understand," said Sir Pier dryly. "I am much in your debt, Lady Marston." She glanced at him anxiously. "Do you suppose any girl would have run away for that?" he asked with disdainful amusement. That was his idea of women. "No doubt there was something in the letter," he suggested.

"Perhaps there was," assented Lady Marston. Sir Pier smiled blandly, and asked what time Barbara had gone. He learned that and left the house. To Lady Marston's inquiry if he were to play at Sir James Parton's that evening he answered in the negative.

"I am in need of country air," he said. "I keep too late home."

His face baffled the lady, who was thrown into a fit of conjecture as to what he meant and whither he went. As a matter of fact, Sir Pier drove straight to a well-known mews which he patronised.

An hour later a pretty sky-blue chaise, with two bounding greys, was rolling westward out of town. It was a handsome equipage, for Sir Pier Blackston of Hone invariably had an eye to appearance; and as it ran, the eyes of the passengers in the roads were drawn by it, and many a glance went after it as it sped through the villages on its way to Winchester.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### ON THE NEEDLES.

The stage reached Winchester about seven in the evening. Behind the towers of the city Barbara could see from the Itchen Road the sun descending in a flurry of golden clouds. The late August twilight, so wonderful and beautiful amid the green spaces of the country, was soon upon her. Yet she had quite resolved not to lie in Winchester overnight. Her maid was querulous; complained, indeed, of leaving London in such haste, and was thrown into a sour temper by her mistress's decision. But Barbara would not hear of delay. She longed now for home, and in her fancy smelt the ash berries of the Channel. It would take but a few hours to drive to Bolder, and the moon would be up presently, lighting her upon her way. She sought the stables which the Squire had always used in Winchester, and within half an hour a carriage was ready. A little later they were climbing up the Rousey Road, bound for the Forest.

The chaise ran lightly, for the horses were good and the long gloaming was pleasant after the hot glare of the day. Yet it was a tedious journey, and more than once Barbara regretted that she had not stayed in Winchester. Her maid did nothing but yawn, and thus, and in other ways, offer evidence of her displeasure. The postilion was the only cheerful person, for he whistled very often as he drove, and the sound mingled agreeably with the beat of the horses' feet, and Barbara's consciousness of the growing darkness. She grew sleepy presently, and the monotonous sounds of their progress lulled her. She was aware that he had pulled up at Rousey, but had nearly fallen asleep while the horses were being changed. And then they were off again. The moon was now coming up through the trees behind in her fulness, and when they ran into the Forest the road lay, a chequer of silver light, before them. But soon the shadows of the woodland deepened, a wrack lumbered up from the west and obscured the moon, and they moved in darkness, not so fast now for fear of accidents. Once more the gentle motion began to take effect upon Barbara, and she dozed. The discontented daisies also fell asleep, and mist and maid rested unalike against one another, oblivious of the world without. The postilion had ceased to whistle, and the road about for Lyndhurst under the huge trees. Suddenly Barbara was awake by a sharp noise, and at the same time the girl beside her screamed out in terror. There were voices in the night and oaths; and, through all, the sounds of a struggle. Barbara put her head out of the window in alarm.

"What is it? Oh! what is it?" she cried.

A man's figure, burly and short, beaved out of the darkness, and a man's voice spoke gruffly. "Sorry to disturb you, miss, but business is business, and I want your jewels and your fiery."

The maid set up another screaming, but was promptly stopped by the highwayman, who seized her wrist. "If you do that again, I'll break it," he said, fiercely.

"Who are you?" said Barbara, fearfully. "Well, now, that's the question," said the man, sardonically. "Your rattling cove's given us a bit of trouble, curse him, but he's safe now; so out with the 'meags, my pretty."

"You have not killed him?" cried Barbara, in terror.

"Bliss you, no," declared the highwayman. "He's only under my mate's stamps on the grass here. He'll drive you on, my lady, as like as not, better than ever when we're done. Come, now, out with 'em; or, by the Lord, I'll have to skin you myself!" He paused, and proceeded, with a leer. "And when I strip, I strip, bless you!"

"You shall have what I have got," said Barbara, in distress, and she began to open her bags in the chaise; but at that instant the gallant postboy managed to get his mouth free from his captor's gag, and called out loudly:

"Don't you go for to give 'em up, miss. I don't believe they've got a firearm between 'em, I don't—!" and then the admonition was swallowed up in a struggle.

The burly ruffian uttered an oath, and ran back to the assistance of his companion.

"Haven't a 'barker,' hey?" he said. "By God! haven't we?" and upon that came a sharp report which set the maid off again.

"They have killed him!" said Barbara, and, not lacking in spirit or resolution, she sprang out of the carriage, and ran towards the spot.

The girl in the chaise yelled louder than ever at being deserted, and the pistol-shot had started the horses plunging. The darkness was thicker, but, partly by sound and partly by sight, Barbara was directed to the place where the postilion was wrestling with his captors. She would have liked to do something, but dared not in the whirl of legs and arms.

"The knife, you fool! the knife," she heard, in the burly man's voice, and involuntarily started forward. The plunge the postboy made fetched the combatants towards her, and ere she was aware of it her slight body went down under the blow of an elbow. She fell with a tiny cry, and was conscious vaguely of something that stung. The next moment she heard a new voice, was aware that the struggle was over, and set up in bewilderment. The postboy was getting to his feet, and breathing loud and deep; while she heard in the distance the sound of feet scurrying away.

But what astonished her more than anything was the sight of Sir Pier Blackston, on whom, as though upon an actor newly arrived upon the stage, the kindly moon was throwing now an edge of light. He stood by her side and held in his hand a pistol, which he deliberately lifted and fired. A cry came back.

"That is one," said he; "if the moon was a trifle better I should get the two. Horner, go in search of the rascals," with which he turned his attention to Barbara.

He stooped. "I hope you are not hurt, madam," he said; and then, as his hand closed on hers to help her to her feet, "Why, Miss Gertrude, I thank Heaven I was near enough to be in time. I am privileged indeed. What happy accident is this!"

He conducted her into the light of the chaise, and called out to his coachman to fetch his own lamp; then, by the concentration of lights, he looked at her.

"You are not injured?" he asked, and upon that uttered an exclamation, as his glance lighted on her arm. Just at the shoulder, where the soft roundness gave towards the pretty neck, the silk was torn through, and a stain emerged.

"They have struck you, the ruffians!" he cried. "Let me see, child. I must tear it away. This screaming, witless girl is no use. Let me have your arm, Barbara," and even if she had desired to resist him, she could not have avoided the determined clutch. But she did not resist; she was weary, and overcome with excitement and shock, and she experienced nothing but relief on seeing him; relief and a yearning to commit all into his hands. So when he had pushed aside the gown and examined the wound, which was but the scrape of a knife intended for the postboy, she allowed him to tie it up tenderly, and suffered him, also, to give instructions to her own servants as well as to his. She did not, in fact, listen to them, but obeyed him mechanically when he helped her to enter the chaise. Nor was she astonished or alarmed when he entered after her, and not her foolish maid.

"You are tired, child—this has upset you," he said, soothingly. "You shall sleep a little. I will see that nothing happens to you. The assurance of a strong man was comfortable, yet she murmured. "I cannot sleep. I am too broken."

"Tush! child," he said, "you shall be asleep in ten minutes." The odd part of it was that he was right, for, what with her fatigue and her mental worries, Barbara fell into a discomfortable slumber as they reached Lyndhurst. Nor was she aware that they did not change horses there, but proceeded very fast along the Brockenhurst Road. When, at last, she did open her eyes and called on her maid, she was terrified at the voice that answered.

"She is in the other carriage, dear child."

"Where are we?" said Barbara, startled, and struggled to put her head out of the window.

"We are very close to Bolder," he said.

She put out her hand again to the carriage door. "I must get down now," she said with agitation. "I will go in the carriage with Martha." She turned to Sir Pier. "I have to thank you, sir, for your help," she said, awkwardly; "please order that I be put down."

"You shall be put down safely, Barbara, in time," he promised her. "I want you to rest here a little longer."

"I must ask you to put me down, sir, and let me join my chaise," said Barbara.

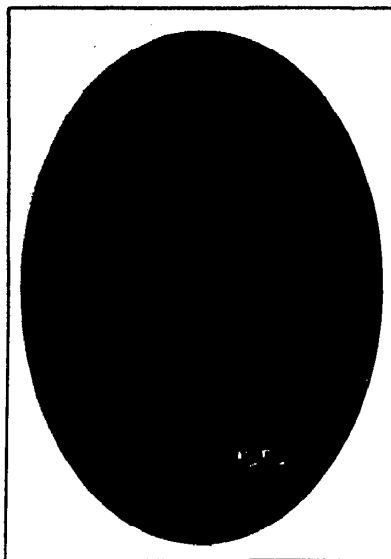
"Is not this a little ungrateful, child?" he asked, gently.

"You shall be bestowed safe and sound at Moyden. But I have something to say to you; and, moreover, I could not put you down here."

She looked out at the country through which they were moving, and the moon was full and clear overhead. All at once she sprang up with a bitter cry of dismay and despair. She had recognised the place.

"This is Bessie's Heath," she said. "We are past Bolder."

"Only past to return, Barbara," he assured her. "I had not the heart to wake you, and I must speak with you. Come, 'twill be but for a little. I will not carry you further."



THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE

Whose betrothal is announced.

Photo by Schwarzweichter, Berlin.

Her breath was audible, issuing heavily, as she strove to wrench open the door, but he restrained her.

"Come, child, sit down. I will do you no harm," he said, and soothed her. But her heart was in a panic, and she would not hear. Sir Piers put her gently aside, and put forth his head. She heard him calling to the postilion, and was conscious next that the chaise was swinging round. Sir Piers drew back into his seat.

"Well," said he, "have your way, Barbara. I will drive you home," and sat silent.

The turning of the carriage, the silence which seemed to admit defeat, the general persuasion of all signs that she was safe, relieved Barbara's agitation. Though her heart beat fast, she could now consider things more calmly, and in her security experienced even a faint feeling of gratitude. After all, he had preserved her from the highwaymen. Yet she did not speak, and they drove on silently. The moon had once more full behind a bank of clouds, and the road was barely visible. The chaise bumped along the road, and at last drew up suddenly before a vague settlement of waving blackness. Barbara sprang up.

"Is this Beldre?" she asked.

Sir Piers opened the door and stepped out. He went forward to the postboy and came back.

"No," said he; "but the horse has cast a shoe, and is wounded. The man must rest him. And here is a place," he added, "in which, it may be, we might procure some food and refreshment in the meantime."

Barbara drew back from the shadows, where the trees rocked in the night wind. Beyond there seemed to rise the dark bulk of a house, indefinite against the sky. Somewhere out of heaven, as it appeared, flowed a constant murmur as of trees rustling, or water breaking.

"It is the Forest," said Barbara, to herself. "This must be near Beldre."

She was faint and hungry, and did not again resist when Blakiston urged her forward. The house's substantiality was witness to its respectability; lights shone in the windows, and seemed hospitable to the weary girl.

"They are not abed," said he, "and will give us what we need, gladly, I doubt not."

It seemed he was right, for the woman who opened the door, although surprised to see them, was very civil and obliging. She was a comfortable, well-dressed person, obviously the housekeeper, and ushered them into a broad paneled chamber, lit by a hanging lamp; and there was presently before them a flagon of wine and some supper. A glass of the former revived the girl, and she began to look about her with more interest, while, at the same time, she grew uneasy at the presence of her companion. She awoke to the significance of bare facts again, and from her state of torpor passed speedily into a condition of alarm.

"The chaise must be ready now," she said.

Sir Piers took a draught of wine, and regarded her with assurance. "Very soon," he said; "very soon, child."

Barbara's glance went round the room, noting the

furniture and the silver on the walls. She had vaguely imagined this to be an inn, but, of a sudden, she became conscious that it was nothing of the sort.

"What place is this?" she cried in increased alarm.

Sir Piers set down his glass; the blood ran warmly through his body. "Faith, my dear child," he said pleasantly, "you should know better than I, being resident in these parts."

"What house is this?" she repeated, in her agitation; and there was in her voice a certain note also of command.

"A house upon the road—a wayside hostelry," he answered.

"'Tis nothing of the kind," she cried, pointing with her hand at the walls. "This is no country tavern's wall. 'Tis not an inn. What is it, and where is it? I bid you tell me," and she held to the angle-nook with one trembling hand, whilst her eyes, flashing fear and anger, were directed on him.

He appeared to hesitate, and she ran across the room towards the bell. "I will call the woman. I will know. I will ask her if the chaise is ready. I will ask her to take care of me. She shall give me her protection," she cried, ending with a sob.

Sir Piers put himself swiftly in her path. "Stay, Barbara," he said; "you shall not do that. Be not foolish, and listen to me. I will tell you where you are. This is Sir Thomas Rankin's house."

She gazed at him, arrested midway, as if she had not heard, and then said faintly:

"Sir Thomas Rankin's house, by Beaulieu?"

"Even so," assented Sir Piers.

Back upon her came a recollection, a transient scene in her journey to London, which now seemed so very far away. Was it not the postilion who was pointing out a wicked house, and had she not shuddered? She broke into a cry.

"Then 'tis yours!" she cried. "'Tis your house!"

Sir Piers bowed. "Where you are sincerely welcome as an honoured guest," he said, gravely; and then, moved at once by the blank tragedy of her face and his own internal passion, he put out a hand appealingly to her. "I love you, Barbara; I love you!" he said, his musical voice vibrant with emotion; and the flood, long pent and dammed by artificial repression, carried all before its mighty volume. He stooped to her, with his arms open.

"Barbara!" he cried; "Barbara!"

But her terrible face of stone changed quickly to one of passionate and living fear, and, with a choking cry, she opened the door behind her and ran from the room.

It was not the door by which she had entered, but, in her blind despair, she heeded not, nor was aware of this. The passage into which she had entered sloped downwards, apparently, and upon the further side gave access to another room. It was in darkness, save for what light struggled out of the declining moon under her serge of clouds. But she ran on, hearing behind her a voice that called, "Barbara! Barbara!" By the aid of that same faint moonlight she descended another door, which she managed to unlatch and fling open ere the footsteps which pursued her were clear of the passage. The next moment she was under the vault of heaven, and in the friendly air of the night. She plunged across a little lawn, and ran into the bushes of a shrubbery. Where was she? If she could reach the chaise—! But "Barbara! Barbara!" sailing on the night wind to her set her off again in a panic. She slipped through the shrubbery, and came out on a gravel path. It went downwards, and down she went at her highest speed, with one desire only—to get



THE DUCHESS CECILE OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN

Betrothed to the German Crown Prince.

Photo by Mummil and Sons, Baker Street.

away from that house and the abandoned man who called and pursued her. The path ran between the hedges, and the fact that she was confined within its strait limits, and could not deviate to one side or the other, added to the precipitancy of her flight, for at any moment she might hear his feet behind her. By speed alone might she outstrip the satyr, and find safety. The path curved and twisted, but the light was still strong enough to go by; it ran now behind high banks, and the murmur on the air which she had noticed on arrival at the house had swelled to a louder pitch. It came up in a broad volume of sound to her ears, and in another instant she had turned an elbow, the hedges ceased, and before her lay the waters of the Creek rolling at high tide. Even as she paused, uncertain now as to her course, she caught the noise of her pursuer; and, winged again with the lightness of the hart, flew to the water's edge. A boat swung against a tiny jetty, chafing the woodwork with the pulsation of the tide, and the water rose and fell underneath it with a guttering sound. With her mind concentrated full on her own fear, and recking of nothing else, Barbara leaped into this, and cast off from the jetty. The boat jerked out upon the face of the creek. She was safe.

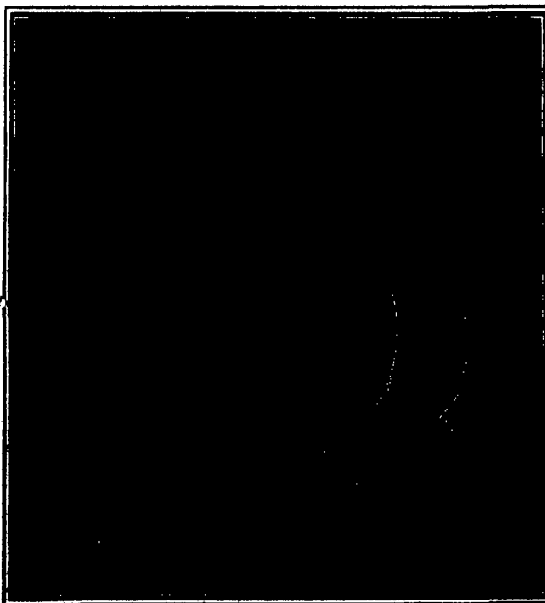
She stood in mid-stream and looked towards the shore, where she could descry the tall figure that stood by the jetty. He advanced down to the edge and peered out into the stream.

"Barbara, child, come back, for God's sake!"

(To be continued)

## An "Auto-Meteor"

Novel sensational feats on auto-cars and bicycles, in looping loops and circling circles and jumping gaps in tracks upside down or right side up, are still forthcoming; and there is always someone ready to invent a new and specially thrilling flight. The latest recruit to the daring band of performers prepared, for a consideration, to run the risk of breaking their necks, is Madame Maurice de Tiers, who is known as the Auto-Bolide—the Auto-Meteor—of the Police-Bergère. The lady's meteoric flight is made on an S-shaped track—an S with the middle part wanting. She starts from the top and descends, her car gripping the rails and holding it to them, the latter part of her descent on this upper half of the S being made head downwards; and in this position she is projected across the gap to the lower half of the S, upon which she lands and completes the course in safety. The entire length of Madame de Tiers' remarkable flight is 160 feet, the gap is 32 feet, and the course is run in 4½ seconds, "moments of greater anguish," says a Paris paper, "for the spectators than for the courageous lady, who remains quite calm during her terrific flight, which is like a rapid vision of an automobile upside down in space, then a terrible shock, and then the descent to the stopping-point. The tyres are pneumatic, and it is a mystery how they resist the impact upon the track." Our photo is by Branger and Co., Paris.



A SENSATIONAL "LOOPING" FEAT: THE AUTO-BOLIDE OF THE POLICE-BERGÈRE



Our Correspondent writes, under date July 24:—“We left our camp on the north shore of the Yandokto this morning, climbed up 900 feet, and then beheld from the Khamhi Pass a most wonderful view. Three thousand five hundred feet beneath us flowed the unknown Sang-po through a beautiful valley, and towards its banks, for the first time, descended a British Army.”

THE FIRST VIEW OF THE BRAMAPUTRA OR SANG-PO FROM THE SUMMIT OF KHAMBA LA



DRAWN BY F. J. WAUGH

FROM SKETCHES BY SERGEANT R. V. L. STROY

The crossing of the Sang-po was not an easy matter. Fortunately two large ferry-boats with their men were captured, and these conveyed forty men each trip, or sixteen animals. Berthon boats were also used. The boats were frequently carried down stream, and had to be pulled back. One boat was upset, and Major Brotherton and two Gorkhas were drowned.

APPROACHING LHASA: THE PASSAGE OF THE SANG-PO



"OUR HISTORY CONTAINS NO NAME WORTH REMEMBERING OF ANY MAN WHO LED A LIFE OF EASE"



"BOASTING AND BLUSTERING ARE AS OBJECTIONABLE AMONG NATIONS AS AMONG INDIVIDUALS"



"THE NEED IN PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LIFE IS COMMON SENSE, HONESTY, DEDUTY, COURAGE"

#### THE PRESIDENTIAL CONTEST IN THE UNITED STATES: PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AS AN ORATOR

From Stereographic Photographs by Underwood and Underwood, London and New York

### An Art Causerie

BY M. H. SPIELMANN

It is curious how often the artist is esteemed for one style of art when he thinks that he excels in quite another. Gainsborough said: "I am a landscape man, and people will come to me for portraits." Similarly, M. Fantin-Latour, who has just died at the age of sixty-eight, courted fame in three lines. As a portrait-painter he certainly excelled, and his portrait-groups, including famous artists in painting, music, and literature—as in "Autour du Piano"—are rightly

famous, though his small full-face likeness of himself is perhaps his masterpiece in clarity of sentiment. There is another to which I will presently allude. As a painter of "musical pictures"—romantic figures supposed to represent "Tannhäuser," "The Damnation of Faust," &c., and as the author of a series of lithographs of a like character, he produced poetical things, but nevertheless they were wanting in that kind of vigour which conveys the thought of the creator to the beholder. His works of that category have been called "Watts and Water."

But it is as a flower-painter that he reached his higher level, and gained, in England at least, his highest reputa-

tion. As a distinguished artist writes to me with much truth, at any rate as to the last words: "I have for many years been a worshipper of his flower-paintings, but I have found difficulty in thinking well of his excursions into mythological ideals, nearly as much in respect of his portraits. His work in flower-painting surpassed, I think, all that has been done by others of any period or school, for his treatment had in it a mystery of colour and magic of general effect that may never be equalled in future." Yet Fantin-Latour tired of flower-painting, and latterly always said that his last flower picture would be his last. The other masterpiece of portraiture is his dual portrait of "Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Edwards."



A Red Cross attendant is here shown placing a dying Japanese soldier at the feet of the big Josses in the Buddhist temple at Kwanin.

"AT THE FEET OF THE GODS"

pointed in 1875—a work of such excellence that museum officials came from France a year or two ago in order to induce Mrs. Edwards to sell it to them, and made a tempting offer; but I am happy to be able to announce that Mrs. Edwards' reply was to send immediately to our National Gallery authorities and offer the picture to them—a gift that was at once gratefully accepted. This *chef-d'œuvre* will accordingly pass in due course into the possession of the nation, thanks to the generosity and patriotism of the widow of the distinguished etcher, many of whose plates are now shown in the Ionides Collection.

Once more Lord Leighton's great fresco, "The Arts of Peace," in the lunette in the Victoria and Albert Museum, has been in the hands of the restorer. Some experiments, which were carried out a year or two ago, with the view to cleaning it, had a disastrous effect on important parts, on account, it is stated, of a slight admixture of ammonia having been added to the water. The result was to wash off a certain amount of surface colour, and, as a consequence, to ruin certain effects of light and shade. Latterly, Mr. James Ward has been employed to put matters right. It was he who was employed by Lord Leighton to paint the fresco on the wall from his studies, and who is entirely competent to deal with the work again after his four or five years' experience under the great artist. It is now in as good a condition as it is ever likely to be. But the mischief, which has now been repaired, must never be repeated by any chameleon, however eminent; and it should be put on record at the Office of Works that it is dangerous ever to

touch the work again with anything but pure water; and if the fresco is destined to disappear it must disappear. It is better that it should perish than it should be destroyed.

friends, blinded by prejudice. He carries this so far as to quote on the title-page "A Thing of Beauty is a Joy for Ever," and to attribute the original authorship of it to Whistler's "Ten o'Clock." Then, taking up Du Maurier's harmless little joke in "Trilby," he formulates an abusive and utterly unworthy attack on the dead draughtsman, seeing in Dr. Maurier's chaff, a base, wicked, and underhand retort, dictated by furious jealousy, for Whistler having called Charles Keene a greater artist than Du Maurier. Poor, gentle Du Maurier!—incapable of making a harsh attack on any one, still less on a man who had placed Keene above him. Does not M. Duret know that Du Maurier was always proclaiming the same thing, and in his "Social Pictorial Satire" declared that he always "sat at Charles Keene's feet"? It is a pity that Du Maurier, who thought that Whistler could take chaff as well as give it, should be so maligned to the French public.

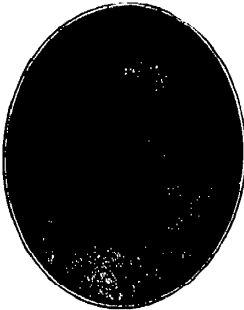
### Our Portraits

Sir J. Rennell Rodd, K.C.M.G., C.V.O., has been appointed His Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Stockholm, in succession to the Hon. Sir William A. C. Barrington, K.C.M.G., who retires from the Diplomatic Service. Sir James Rennell Rodd, who is nearly forty-six years of age, entered the Diplomatic Service in 1883, and after occupying posts at Berlin, Athens, Rome, and Paris, was in 1893 placed in charge

of the High Court of Justice, is a son of Mr. David Lawrence, surgeon, of Pontypool, and was educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. He was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1869, and took silk in 1877. He was a member of the Oxford Circuit, was for some time a *Revising Barrister*, and from 1882 to 1897 was Junior Counsel to the Admiralty. In 1884 he was appointed Recorder of Windsor. Last year he was selected by the Lord Chancellor to act as Commissioner of Assize on the North-Eastern Circuit, and at the recent Summer Assize he filled a similar position on the Northern Circuit.

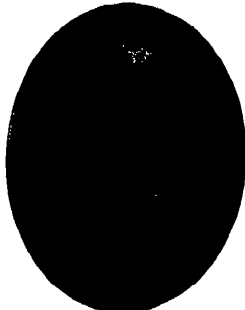
Earl Grey, who has been appointed Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada, in succession to the Earl of Minto, G.C.M.G., is a director of the British South Africa Company, was Administrator of Rhodesia from 1896 to 1898. As Mr. Albert Grey, he sat in Parliament for Northumberland as a Liberal from 1880 to 1886, when, on standing again as a Liberal Unionist, he was defeated. He succeeded his uncle in the earldom in 1894. He married Alice, the third daughter of Robert Stuyvesant Holland, M.P. Our portrait of Earl Grey is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, and that of Countess Grey, by Lafayette, New Bond Street.

Sir James Steel, Bart., ex-Lord Provost of Edinburgh, was a native of Lanarkshire. He went to Edinburgh thirty-eight years ago, and his business activity as a builder is manifested in some of the finest streets and terraces in the Scottish capital. In 1872 he entered the Town Council, and was Lord Provost in 1902-3.



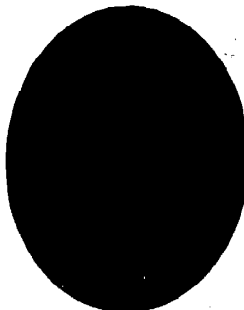
LADY BEATRICE VILLIERS

To be married next week.



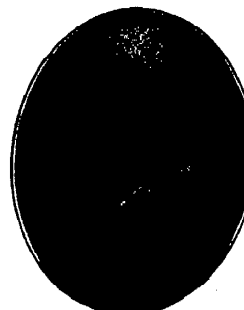
LORD DUNSANY

Wife of the new Governor-General of Canada.



COUNTESS GREY

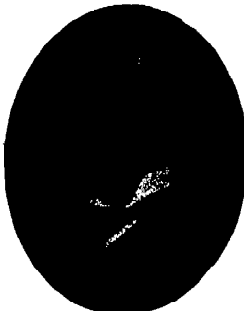
New Governor-General of Canada.



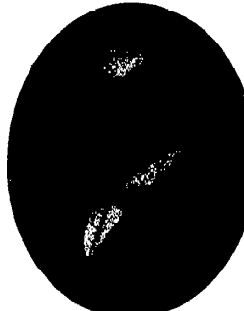
EARL GREY



MR. A. T. LAWRENCE, K.C.  
New Judge of the High Court of Justice.



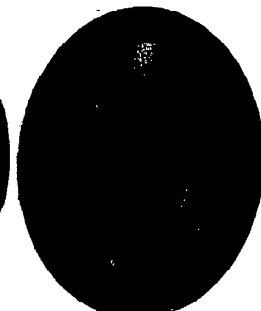
SIR J. RENNEL RODD  
New British Minister at Stockholm.



SIR EDWIN EGERTON  
New British Ambassador to Italy.



SIR ARTHUR NICOLSON  
New Ambassador at Madrid.



THE LATE SIR JAMES STEEL  
Late Lord Provost of Edinburgh.

touch the work again with anything but pure water; and if the fresco is destined to disappear it must disappear. It is better that it should perish than it should be destroyed.

It is proposed that a proposal should be made to the County Council, praying that a cast of "Physical Energy" should be erected in London in homage to Mr. G. F. Watts, and it is expected that it will be brought up by an eminent artist, a member of that body. It will be remembered, however, that some years ago it was stated in the House of Commons that Mr. Watts had made an offer of his labour, and that the Government had accepted it with gratitude, agreeing to find the site and the cost of casting, etc. It is to be assumed that that understanding still holds good; if so, the County Council would be relieved of the duty. But in no case should a public subscription be opened, as such a course would be against the express wish of the artist couched in the most emphatic, even—if one might say it of a man so gentle and courteous—in the harshest terms. He disbelieved in memorials to men who had not stood the test of time, more particularly when they are raised by public donations, to which surviving friends and others might, against their judgment or against their means, feel impelled to subscribe. If, however, the Government will act, or, failing the Government, the County Council, the latter of the two objections would be removed. The former objection may be said to answer itself.

The latest book on Whistler is by his old friend, M. Théodore Duret, a man of great ability; but, like so many of Mr. Whistler's

of the British Agency at Zanzibar. He was present at the actions of Pimwani and Jongeni, for which he received a medal, and in the following year he was transferred to Cairo as Secretary of Legation. In 1897 he was sent as Special Envoy to King Menelik of Abyssinia, and since 1901 he has been Secretary of Embassy at Rome. He was created K.C.M.G. in 1890 and C.V.O. in 1903; and, in addition, he is a Grand Officer of the Crown of Italy and a Commander of the Omani. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

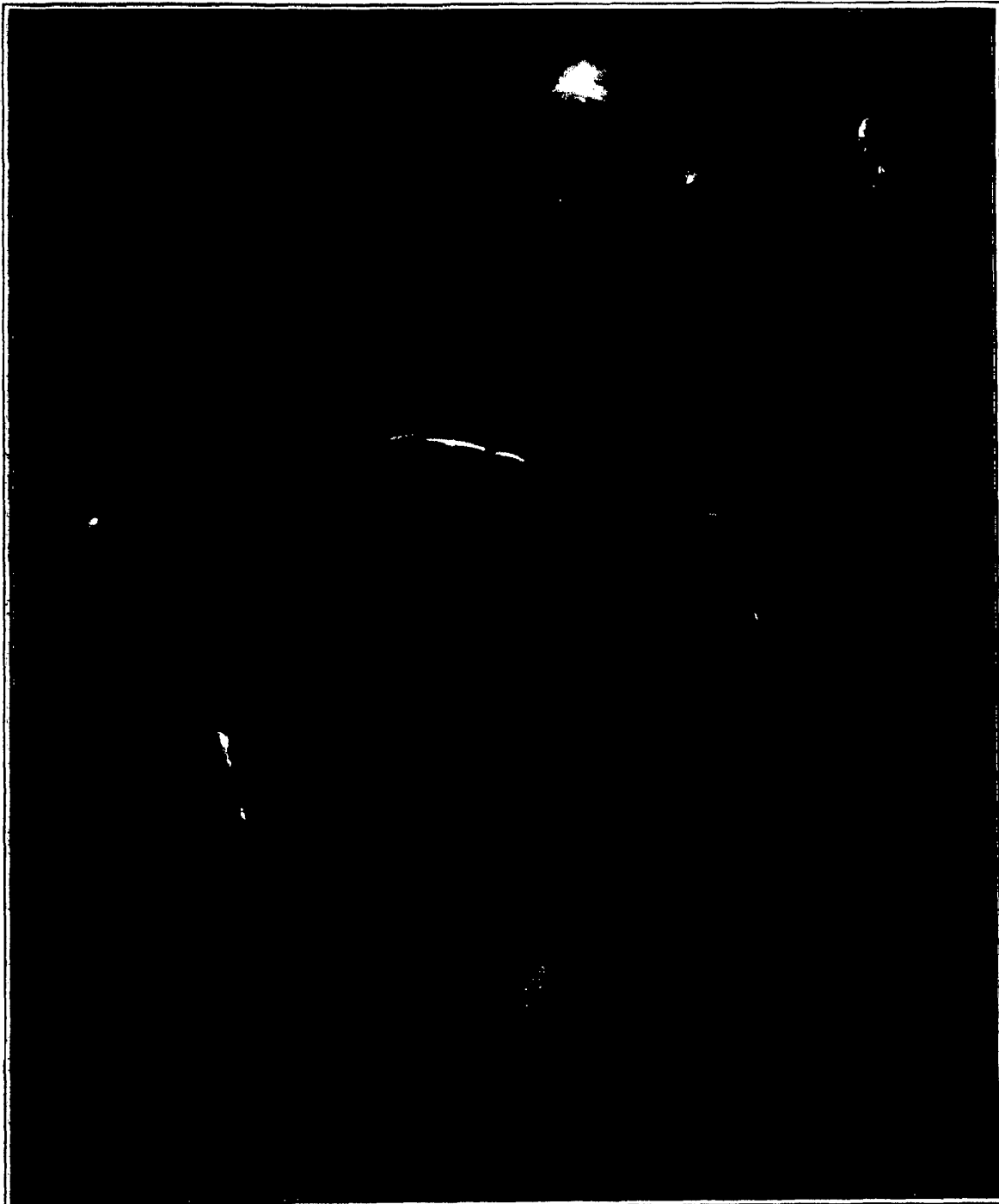
Sir Edwin Egerton, who has been appointed British Ambassador to Italy, was nominated as an Attaché in 1880, and appointed to St. Petersburg in 1889. He has served successively at Paris, Berlin, Brussels, Buenos Ayres, Vienna, and Constantinople. In 1890 he acted as one of the British Commissioners on the Anglo-French Commission for the delimitation of the spheres of influence in the neighbourhood of the Niger, and after serving as Minister Plenipotentiary at Paris for several short periods in 1891 and 1892 was promoted to the Legation at Athens, where he remained till last year, when he succeeded Sir Mortimer Durand as Ambassador at Madrid. He was made a K.C.B. in 1897, and a G.C.M.G. on June 26, 1902. Sir Edwin is a nephew of the first Lord Egerton of Tatton, and a first cousin of Earl Egerton. He married in 1895, Olga, daughter of Prince Nicolas Lobanow Rostowski, of Lobanow, Russia, and widow of M. Michel Katkow. Our portrait is by C. Merlin, Athens.

Mr. A. T. Lawrence, K.C., who has been appointed one of the

He was a shrewd, practical business man, and he amassed an immense fortune. He was made a baronet last year. Our portrait is by Lafayette, New Bond Street.

The marriage of Lord Dunsany and Lady Beatrice Villiers, which will take place on the 15th at the parish church of Middleton, near Lord Jersey's seat, Middleton Park, Bleasdale, will connect a great Irish with a great English house. Lord Dunsany, who is a nephew of Sir Horace Plunkett, was educated at Eton and Sandhurst, and joined the Coldstream Guards. In the South African War he was at Belmont, Graspan, Modder River, and Magersfontein; but now he has retired from the Army, and is believed to have political ambitions. Lady Beatrice Villiers is the third daughter of Lord and Lady Jersey. She is an excellent linguist and musician, and is keen on all outdoor games. Her elder sisters are Lady Margaret Rice, the future Lady Dymore, and Lady Longford. Our portrait of Lady Beatrice Villiers is by Gillman and Co., Oxford.

Sir Arthur Nicolson, Bart., K.C.B., K.C.I.E., who has been appointed Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary at Madrid, was serving at the Foreign Office thirty-four years ago, and was assistant private secretary to the late Earl Granville. He has been resident in many parts of the world—Berlin, Pekin, Constantinople, Athens, Toheran, Buda-Pesth, and Bulgaria—and since 1895 has been Minister Plenipotentiary in Morocco. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

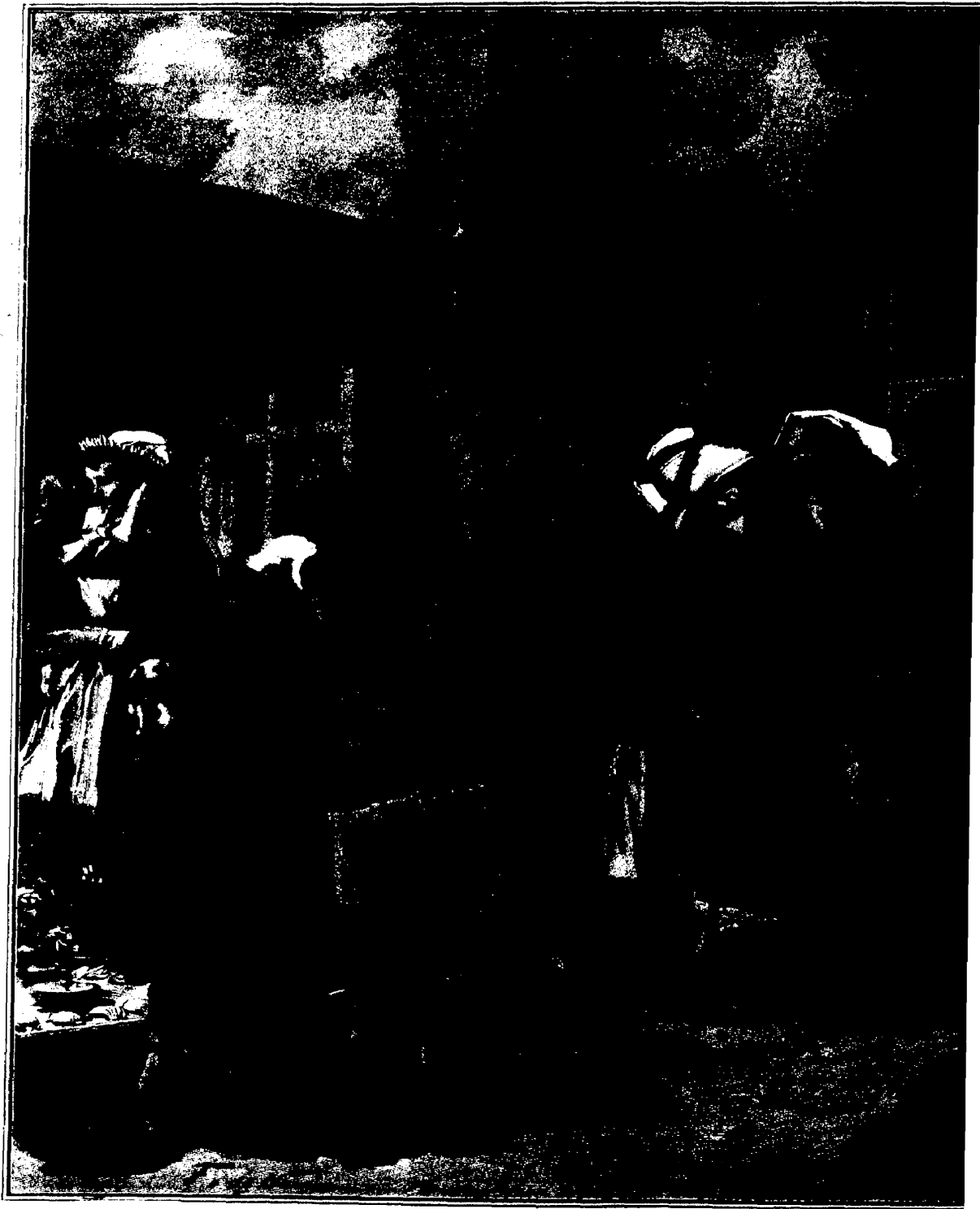


In the early hours of Sunday morning a horse of the 6th Hussars broke a leg, and a veterinary surgeon shot the animal as it stood in the horse line. The death and report so terrified the remainder that they dashed through the camp, trampling tents filled with sleeping men to the ground, and had over the whole country. Some made their way through the 6th Hussars' camp, communicating panic to the horses there, and then

joined in the stampede, over five hundred animals breaking away. The result to the animals was most disastrous, many fell, breaking their legs and necks, while others were injured by barbed wire fences and the barbed wire fences, which they carried off with them. The animals killed in all directions, and a number of search parties were despatched to find them.

#### UNREHEARSED MANOEUVRES: THE DISASTROUS STAMPEDE AT SOUTHAMPTON

DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON



At the little fishing village of Plonhazlanec, near Paimpol (twenty-five miles from St. Brieuc) there is in the churchyard a wall, called *le mur des disparus*, on which are placed tablets, crosses, and other memorials to those who have been drowned at sea, and

whose bodies have never been recovered. The fishermen on this coast, it should mostly go to the coast of Iceland for their fish. The memorials are mainly of wax painted black being in memory of married men, and the white indicating that

IN MEMORY OF THE LOST AT SEA: A PATHETIC

DRAW





tion was unmarried. It is pathetic to see the women in this corner of the churchyard on Sunday, after Mass, praying for the souls of their lost husbands, sons; and the scene brings forcibly to one's mind the fact that the women of fisherfolk have their share to bear of the hardships attached to the men's perilous calling.

#### A FISHING VILLAGE CHURCHYARD, BRITTANY

## "The Graphic" Diary of the War

During the past fortnight the scene of interest in the Far East has been shifted from Port Arthur to Liao-yang. There, although we do not yet know all the details of the encounter, a battle has been fought which will rank as the most memorable conflict ever fought out on Asiatic soil by modern armies. The three Japanese armies, Oku's on the left, Nodzu's in the centre, and Kuroki's on the right, were engaged for some five days in desperate fighting before Kuropatkin was compelled to evacuate Liao-yang. The result was finally brought about by Kuroki turning the Russian left, crossing the Tai-tse River to effect his end. Then began a rush towards Mukden. On the western side of the railway was Kuropatkin's army and on the other side was Kuroki hurrying after him. According to the latest telegrams, Kuropatkin has managed to extricate his army. Mukden, it would appear, is not to be held, the Russian army being bound for Harbin.

**AUGUST 18 and 19.**—Two desperate attempts made by the Japanese to take Port Arthur repulsed with heavy loss.

**AUGUST 19.**—The Shanghai Tientsin sent a Note to the Russian Consul at Peking to leave within twenty-four hours, and the Askold to complete her repairs in forty-eight hours and afterwards depart in twenty-four hours, with the alternative that both vessels must be destroyed.

**AUGUST 20 and 21.**—Assault on Port Arthur along the entire line failed.

**AUGUST 21.**—Reported capture of Fort 25, one mile to the north of Golden Hill, by the Japanese.

The Russian Consul at Shanghai refused to comply with the Tientsin's demand.

The Japanese drove the Russians back from their first line of defence outside Anshanchan.

The Russians evacuated the Anping Pass and the Maolin, Sian-dia-ze and Tsakhu, and occupied positions beyond them after two days' hard fighting, during which the Japanese were several times repulsed.

Order issued to the Russian troops to retire and concentrate on Liao-yang.

**AUGUST 27.**—Russians retreated from Anshanchan (some twenty miles to the south-west of Liao-yang). Eight guns captured by the Japanese.

The Japanese bombarded the new positions of Kuropatkin's army on the east front.

**AUGUST 27-31.**—The assault on Port Arthur continued with unabated vigour. On the 31st the Japanese reported to have retired from several positions.

**AUGUST 28.**—Report published in Tokio to the effect that General Kuroki had seized and cut the railway south of Mukden, thus separating the two wings of the Russian Army.

The Japanese occupied the Russian position in front of Tsin-tsun, on the west of the Tang River.

The Russians evacuated the Taling defile (south-east of Liao-yang), and concentrated at Liao-yang.

**AUGUST 29.**—Japanese bombarded Russian positions before Liao-yang.

Prolonged bombardment of the Russian positions at Liao-yang by the left and central Japanese armies under Generals Oku and Nodzu respectively; while the Japanese right under Kuroki prepared to cross the Tai-tse River.

**AUGUST 30.**—The great battle at Liao-yang begun.

**AUGUST 30-31.**—Russian positions on the left bank of Tai-tse

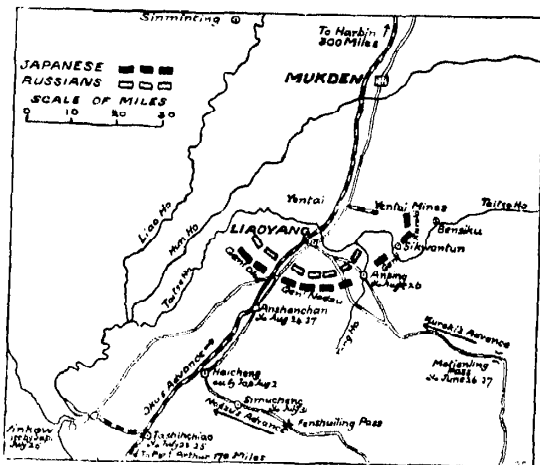
## The Essex Annals

The military manoeuvres this year promise to be of wider interest than any that have taken place during the past years, in spite of the fact that fewer troops will take part in them than were exercised last year. The interest arises from the fact that, strange as it may seem, this is the first occasion on which the Army and Navy have together taken part in the execution of training operations of this kind. The War Office has issued the following statement giving a general idea of the manoeuvres:—

"It is notified for general information that, as has already been explained in the general idea of the manoeuvres to take place in Essex, the plan of operations is in no way connected with home defence, and that for the purpose of the manoeuvres England is regarded as a foreign country. The basis of the operations will be the disembarkation of a British expeditionary force on the coast of an enemy's country after the command of the sea has been definitely and completely secured by the defeat of the hostile fleet. There will be no naval opposition to the movements of the transports or to the landing of the force."

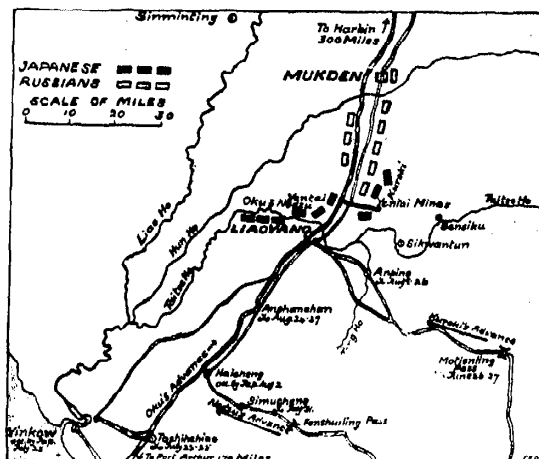
It is further ordered that troops drawn from the First Army Corps—to be known as the "Blue" force, and to be commanded by Sir John French—are to be embarked at Southampton and to be disembarked on the Essex flats. This "Blue" force is to be encountered by a "Red" force drawn from the Fourth Army Corps. "Red" is to be an island Power, and "Blue" a great sea Power. A state of war, it was further stated, would be declared at midnight on Tuesday.

In accordance with these orders, the troops forming the "Blue" force started to march from Aldershot to Southampton on Thursday



The position of the rival forces on September 1: The three Japanese armies (General Oku, Nodzu and Kuroki) had taken up their position on August 30 facing the Russian line of defence, fifteen miles in length, which extended to east and west from a point six miles south of Liao-yang. After two days' warfare the Russian army, unable to resist the Japanese attacks all along their front, retreated to Liao-yang, while General Kuroki, who had crossed the Tai-tse River with two divisions, turned the Russian left flank and threatened their line of communications towards Yenai.

THE RESULT OF A WEEK'S FIGHTING: THE POSITIONS OF THE JAPANESE AND RUSSIAN FORCES BEFORE AND AFTER THE BATTLE OF LIAO-ANG



The position of the rival forces on September 8: Liao-ang was captured on September 8, and on the same day the Russians began their retreat to Mukden, followed by Kuroki's army, who occupied Yenai on September 8. By that date the baggage train of the Russian army, followed by the 1st Army, were spread along both road and railway as far north as Mukden, while the Russian forces covering the retreat were being harassed by the Japanese, and the Russian forces were constantly taking place. The Japanese left and centre armies halted on the Tai-tse Ho, preparatory to their advance along the railway.

The Japanese bombarded Kosenkowsk.

**AUGUST 22.**—The Russian transport Sungari, which was sunk at the battle of Chemulpo, and afterwards refloated by the Japanese, arrived at Nagasaki.

**AUGUST 23.**—The British Consul-General at Shanghai notified the Russian Consul that repairing work on the Askold must cease at noon on the 24th.

The Naval Court at Shanghai found that the steamer Hipsang had been sunk by a Russian destroyer without any just cause. The Russian battleship Sevastopol, while bombarding the Japanese position from outside the harbour at Port Arthur, struck a mine and was disabled.

The Japanese cruisers Nishino and Kasuga silenced the Lao-lui-Chui forts at Port Arthur.

Japanese attack on Port Arthur results in the capture of Fuyuki Fort, midway between Takushan and the eastern defences.

**AUGUST 24.**—Orders received from the Tsar to disarm the Askold and Grosowol at Shanghai. The flags of both vessels were hauled down.

Two Russian destroyers struck mines off the entrance to Port Arthur; the smaller of the two was sunk.

**AUGUST 25.**—The Japanese drove back the Russian outposts, and occupied the heights of Lian-tian-sang, about twenty miles west of the Motienling Pass.

The Japanese next occupied the wooded heights to the west of Kamina, near Tassintun, a few miles south of Anping Pass, the Russians retiring before them.

The village of Tsun-pu destroyed by fire by the Japanese. (This village is some ten miles west of Lian-tian-sang).

**AUGUST 26.**—Attack delivered by the Japanese all along General Kuropatkin's line. The Japanese captured eight guns and inflicted severe losses on the Russians, who retired on Anshanchan.

attacked by the Japanese with the object of turning the Russian left. Severe fighting all round Liao-ang. Heavy losses on both sides.

**SEPTEMBER 1.**—General Kuroki, having bridged the Tai-tse River, sent about two-thirds of his army across it (where the river bends), and his force advanced north towards the Yenai mines, thus threatening Kuropatkin's line of retreat.

The Japanese attacked the Russians at Hei-yang-tai, fifteen miles north-west of Liao-ang and captured it next day. The Russian Bank was thus turned.

General Oku delivered a fierce attack on Sushanpao and Hsinshien (a height to the west of Sushanpao), and the Russians were driven towards the river Tai-tse.

In the evening Kuroki attacked Sy-kwan-tun, south of Hei-yang-tai, and, though repulsed at first, succeeded in a later assault.

**SEPTEMBER 2.**—Liao-ang reported to be in flames. The railway station completely destroyed by Japanese shells.

Kuropatkin attacked Kuroki at Sy-kwan-tun, and recaptured the position, only to lose it again in the night. The Russians then left back.

**SEPTEMBER 3.**—A continuous attack made on Liao-ang during the night. The Russians began to evacuate the place, and Kuropatkin, extricating his army with considerable skill from its dangerous position, began a retreat northwards to Yenai.

**SEPTEMBER 4.**—The Russian troops left at Liao-ang to cover the retreat crossed the Tai-tse and occupied the right bank of the river.

**SEPTEMBER 5.**—Kuropatkin's army said to be at Yenai.

Kuropatkin telegraphed to the Tsar that he had extricated his army from its dangerous situation.

**SEPTEMBER 6.**—The baggage trains of Kuropatkin's army reached Mukden.

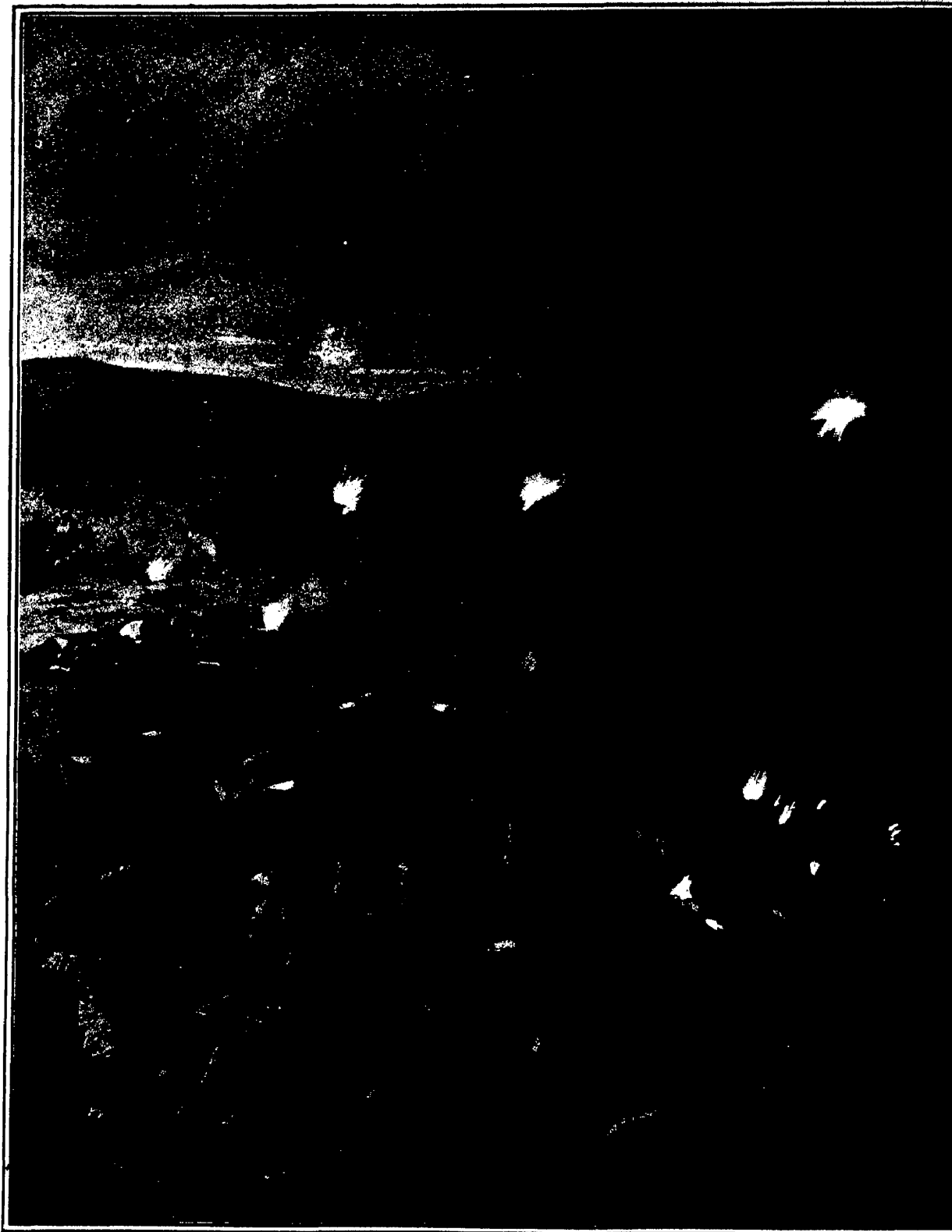
Kuroki reported to have occupied Yenai.

Evacuation of Mukden begun.

last week. At Southampton ten troopships were in readiness for their embarkation. Thither the attacking force gradually arrived. On Sunday night Southampton seemed to be full of troops, but an unfortunate occurrence took place early in the morning. At about a a.m. people were startled by the clatter of horses galloping wildly through the streets. Windows were thrown up, and the alarmed townspeople were amazed to find that the horses were riderless and under no control; also that their head collars, and in some cases their picket-line gear and rugs were dragging on the ground. Several of the animals were severely injured. One broke its leg with a fall near the entrance to the Town Pier. Another injured its shoulder, and both had to be killed. Most of the animals, in their wild career, had sustained more or less serious injuries. Shortly afterwards collecting parties of cavalrymen rode up, and it was ascertained that several hundreds of horses—it is reported about five hundred—in the camp of the mounted troops at Beedley Common had stampeded. The occurrence was of very serious inconvenience, and a costly one to boot. The animals bolted in all directions, and in search of them troops have been scouring the country for miles round Beedley Common all day. They have not all been recovered yet. The cause of the trouble seems to have been that one of the horses had to be shot owing to a broken leg, and the noise of the revolver shot startled hundreds of horses in the lines and made them bolt. The 8th Hussars suffered heavily in the stampede, and two squadrons of the 1st King's Dragoon Guards and another regiment of cavalry were promptly ordered from Aldershot to take their place in Sir John French's field force. These squadrons, eighteen hours after receiving instructions, were at Southampton ready to embark.

Monday was devoted to the embarkation of the troops. The force consists of two infantry divisions and a complement of corps troops, consisting in all of 11,623 officers and men, 2,701 horses and mules, sixty-one guns, 175 wagons, and 140 carts and ambulances. The embarkation was a triumph of organisation.





DRAWN BY GEORGES SCOTT

A Correspondent writes:—"A considerable force of Japanese advanced to attack Fort Zaredonthi, a strong position on the Russian right, and, taking every advantage of the cover provided by the country, they crawled for an hour towards the fort like veritable Red I. In spite of the fire that rained upon them they arrived at last close to the glacis of t

A DESPERATE ENCOUNTER AT PORT ARTHUR: A JAPANESE



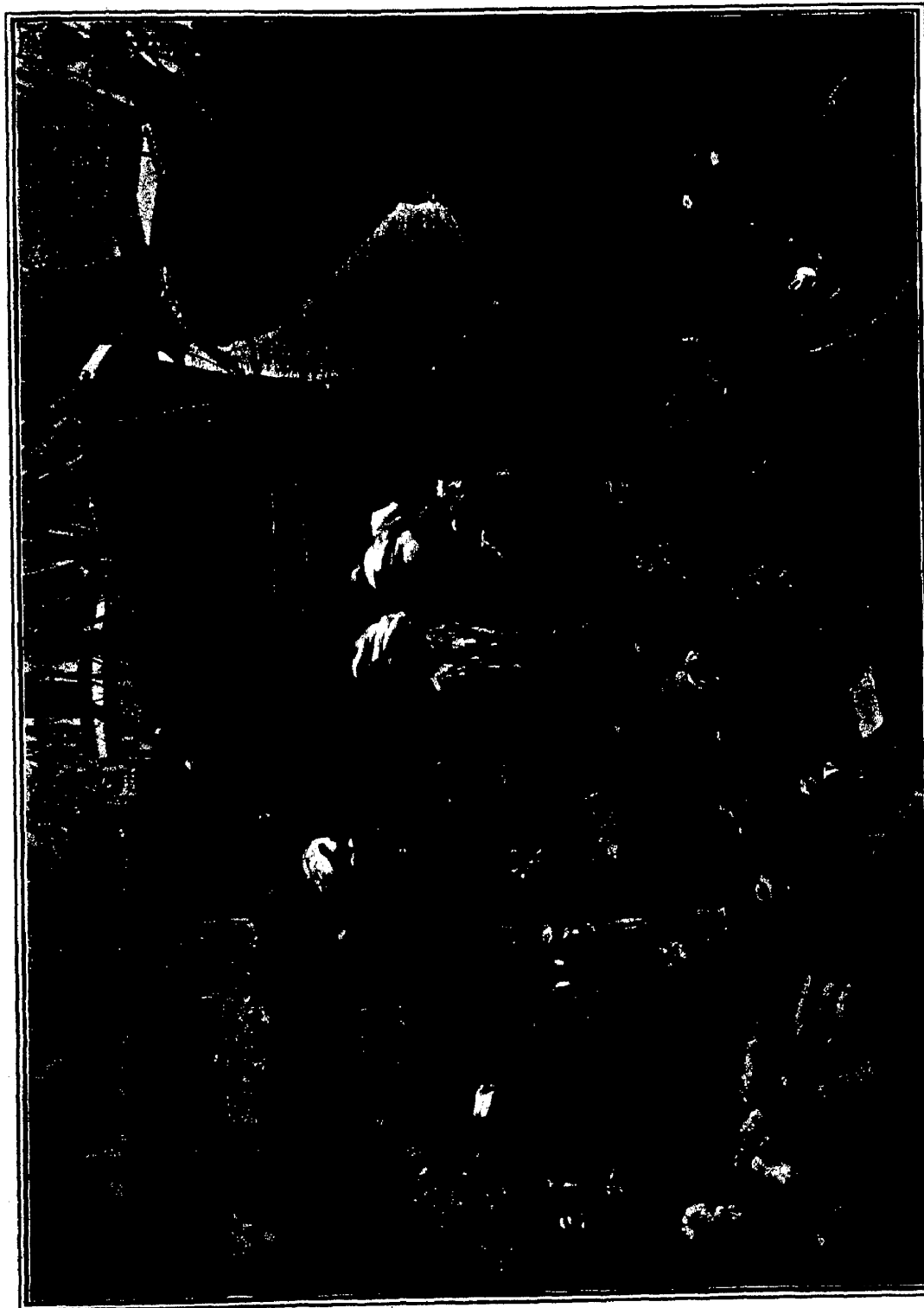
FROM A SKETCH BY A CORRESPONDENT

lar. Then suddenly they bounded forward; but the rifle and shell fire mowed  
on all sides, and all gave way save one detachment, who, with a kind of

fanatical frenzy, passing over the bodies of their dead comrades, hurled themselves through  
the barbed wire right into the fort."

**IT BREAKING THROUGH A BARBED WIRE ENTANGLEMENT**





The embarkation of the army that is to invade France was carried out without a mishap, and secured the high state of precision and organization to which the embarkation staff as

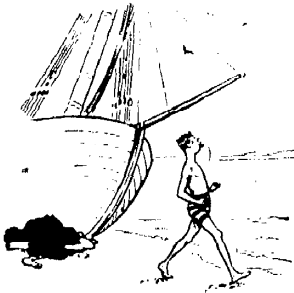
Southampton had been brought. Many losses were put on board with their horses on— as

proved gateway leading from the dock side to the beach, etc. It had high tide over which

the animals were loaded and their armor was not required, low.

# THE ARMY MANOEUVRES: THE EMBARKATION OF THE INVADING FORCE AT SOUTHAMPTON

DRAWN BY F. J. WATSON



While wading down at Herrington, Parker is ambitious to swim across the bay and back. He decides that he can do it, and will.



When midway he finds the tide rising very swiftly, and he has hard work to lullie with it. Indeed, he is nearly carried out to sea.



He just manages to reach the opposite shore, but completely exhausted and overcome. To swim back he finds it impossible. He is in a terrible predicament. No clothes and no money. What shall he do?



In his despair he finds an old tub without ends, and he manages to slip it over himself as a sort of jacket before proceeding in quest of succour.



He has not gone far along a lane in his search for a habitation when he meets a couple of well-dressed young women. Horrified, he jumps down in his tub, and the fair ones vanish precipitately.



But their dog remains behind, and is not satisfied until he has succeeded in tumbling poor Parker into a stream.



The wretched poor man eventually knocks at the door of a lonely cottage, and in a state of great trepidation urgently begs for some clothing.



Unfortunately there is no mile innards of the cottage, and the best thing the compassionate old lady can do for him (there being no other house within several miles) is to conduct him to a farmhouse in her cornfield.



Well, well, after all, things might have been worse, reflects Parker.



Particularly when the sympathies of the two young women (who are sisters of his hostess) are enlisted on his behalf. They row him back across the bay in their boat, and Parker declares that it will be a duty to himself, not to say a pleasure, to pay them a second visit, when he will take particular care to come in "full-drum."

A TALE OF A TUB  
DRAWN BY ARTHUR M. MORWOOD



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## About La Montansier

Marguerite, the English version of *La Montansier*, with which Miss Lena Ashwell began her season at the Court last Monday, is founded on the remarkable career of a sort of Napoleon in petticoats, who exercised not a little influence on the career of the real Napoleon. Nothing more romantic than the life of La Montansier has ever been written. She was born in 1730, at Rayonne, as the daughter of a workman in that city named Brunet. She did not remain long in that humble rank of life, for eighteen years later we find her at Martinique, whither she had been taken by M. Durson, Intendant of that Colony, to aid in making the exile from Paris less irksome to him. She did not remain long in Martinique, however, for in 1754 we find her back in Paris, creating a sensation by her two brilliantly liveried negroes, one a giant and the other a dwarf, and her two maids, who accompanied her wherever she went. She soon created enough celebrity for herself to be able to furnish, on credit, a magnificent residence, where "suppers" were served on a lavish scale. Everyone knows what this meant at that epoch. Cards and dice were the principal attraction, and the hospitable mistress of the house took good care that a proportion of the stakes stuck to her pretty fingers. The Duc de Trémouille, the Marquis de Souvèr, the Marquis de Jonzac, the Comte de Puysségur, and other well-known people were to be found daily at her house, as strong was the attraction exercised by its handsome and witty mistress. She next fell in love with a toothache actor called Neuville, whose handsome figure and magnetic eyes turned the heads of half the women of Paris. His success at the *salon* was just as great as his failure on the stage was complete. In order to bind her lover to her, the Montansier appealed to his overweening vanity. He was filled with the ambition to play leading parts, and as no manager would give them to him, the only solution of the difficulty was to make him a manager himself. By her relations with the Duc d'Alençon, Governor of Normandy, the Montansier obtained the privilege of opening theatres in Rouen, Alençon, and Caen. Once embarked on the career of acting, she found it so much to her taste that in 1777 she obtained the right to build a theatre at Versailles, then the Royal residence, the source of kindly favour and fortune.

The theatre of the Montansier still stands unchanged on the left wing of the Palace of Versailles. Marie Antoinette, who was "king of dullness and *canon*" in her golden age, could see it from her windows. It was, therefore, not surprising that one evening the Queen paid a secret visit to the theatre. This was followed by others, and a few weeks later the Duc de Duras, the Maréchal of the Court, learned with horror that the Queen and the actress were warm friends. Nothing that he or the King could do could change matters. Marie Antoinette found pleasure in frequenting the bright, witty actress that she refused to break off the friendship. But the Montansier, on her side, did not lose sight of the commercial value of her Royal relations, and she conceived all kinds of schemes for exploiting them. The greatest of these was to create a huge theatrical trust, and unite all the theatres of France under her management. She seemed on the way to realise her ambition when there came the crash of the French Revolution, and her dream tumbled in pieces like a house of cards. Everyone else who stood in such close relations to the Court was swept away in the convulsion, but the Montansier lost neither her head nor

her courage. In spite of her sixty years she had not lost her powers of fascination, and found in the Abbé de Bourjon an admirer who laid his heart and his fortune at her feet. She accepted both, and with the money she built the Théâtre de Boujols, to-day the Théâtre du Palais Royal. She spent 570,000 francs in building it, but as she earned double that amount in the first twelve months with Desbordes's comedy, *La Colombe*, she was again a millionaire.

She understood the art of keeping well in with all political parties. In her *salon* met Robespierre and the Duc de Launay, Hibern and Danton, the Père Duc and Prince Philippe Egalité d'Orléans. But she did not abandon her ambitions, and purchased on the Place de Louvois a plot of ground on which she proposed to erect the greatest theatre in the world. She was rolling in money, and threw away gold by the handful. But by the time her theatre was nearly completed the Revolution had taken a turn that did not make for the prosperity of theatres. The Reign of Terror was beginning to throw its shadow over everything. The Montansier began to fear not only for her theatre, but for her life, and this in spite of the fact that she had friends in each camp. Probably for this reason she became an object of suspicion to the Committee of Public Safety. She saw that she must act with promptitude if she wanted to save her head from the guillotine. One morning she assembled her whole company, actors, actresses, musicians, singers, and scene-shifters, ordered them to put on the costumes of their leading parts, served out guns to them, and, seizing a French flag, she put herself at their head and marched them to the hall where the National Assembly was sitting. Here she forced her entrance and declared to the members that in fulfilment of her duty as a patriot, she had transformed her troupe into a military company, and asked permission to lead them against the enemy. After the Assembly had recovered from its astonishment, on the proposal of the President, Héroult de Sezelles, the *courageuse citoyenne* was voted a *médaille d'honneur* in the minutes of the House.

The Montansier had triumphed. The following day her "army," eighty-five strong, Neuville, as captain, leading the way on horseback, marched out of Paris amid the delicious enthusiasm of the population to join the army of General Dumouriez. The route lay over Chalons and Rheims to Belgium. At all the places it passed through the troupe caused great excitement. In each of the towns at which they stopped they gave, mostly in the open air, performances of pieces in their *répertoire*. As soon as the performance was over they changed their costumes, packed away their wigs and rouge-pots, and, amid trumpet and drumming, resumed their march. A more extraordinary *tour de force* was never seen. But the most remarkable thing was that these comedians, when the "real thing" began, fought like veterans. The comedian Dufresse was promoted to the rank of officer on the field of battle. Delyemme, the first violin, was severely wounded, while Sevoste, the dancer, was mentioned for his bravery in the order of the day. After the defeat of all the Allies at Jemappes, the Montansier returned to Paris. Here she reopened her *salon*, which was more frequented than ever by the leaders of the Republican party, including a rising young soldier, General Bonaparte. It is said that Barras tried to get Napoleon to fall in love with the Montansier, who, in spite of her sixty years, was still a fascinating woman. But the future ruler of France proved proof against her wiles, though they became good friends. It is certain that her political influence did much to advance the meteoric career of Napoleon.

## Our Bookshelf

### "OUR NAVY"

This excellent little book, of which we have to herald the third edition, still holds the lead over all those popular works on the Navy that have lately made their appearance. Commencing with the year 800 A.D. the author traces the various stages in the history of our great fleet with a skill and definition wholly his own. Moreover, every page gives good reading, and the text is ably supported by a series of two dozen first-class illustrations. It is, perhaps, to be regretted that an additional chapter giving an outline of the vast changes in ironclad construction since 1869 has not been added, but this omission is probably more the fault of the publishers than that of the author. The chapter dealing with the Crimean War possesses a particular interest at the present time, and the similarity of the defensive tactics employed by the Russians in those days and their present methods in the Far East is clearly evident. To sum up, we recommend this book to all readers interested in our Navy and its history, in the assurance that our recommendation is founded on a solid basis of excellence.

### "A HISTORY OF SOUTH AFRICA"

To those who are ignorant of the stirring history of South Africa, and yet have neither the time nor inclination to wade through a lengthy account of the many exciting events that eventually led to its becoming the greatest, if not the most important, of British possessions, we should strongly advise the perusal of Mr. Bryden's able work. It is short, concise, yet seems full of detail. The author seems to have that power of concentration which is not often given to all historians to possess. Moreover, he is singularly unbiased, giving equal justice or blame to British, Boer, and Kaffir alike. The Portuguese were the first to discover the Cape of Good Hope, in 1503, and it was not till 1620 that two commanders of the English East India Company, Captains Humphrey Fitzherbert and Andrew Shillings, anchored with four vessels in Table Bay, landed, and, in the name of King James, proclaimed the surrounding country British soil. The captains pointed out the advantages of the bay and of retaining it.

James I. (says the writer) and his councillors completely failed to grasp the importance of this great business; no notice was taken of the proclamation, and the whole matter was apparently either shelved or forgotten. Fitzherbert and Shillings saw truly with prophetic eyes. After a lapse of 250 years there remained the dire necessity of a life-and-death struggle with the Dutch in the name of King James, and the greatest military expedition ever despatched from English shores—an expedition undertaken for securing our supremacy, nay, our very existence in that country—to demonstrate in the clearest possible manner the wisdom and foresight of the two sea captains of 1620.

In 1652 the Dutch, under the command of Jan van Riebeeck, a surgeon of the Netherlands East India Company, took possession of Table Bay. The English captured it from them in 1795, only to restore it to them in 1803. After the departure of the English the Dutch settlers soon found themselves in a sorry plight. The Batavian Republic itself was in low water, the Cape had to be starved, and the departure of the moneyed English was severely felt. The Treaty of Amiens, by which the Cape was restored to the Dutch, only lasted three months. In 1806 a great English fleet arrived in Table Bay. Sir Home Popham commanded the fleet, Major-

\* "Our Navy for a Thousand Years." By Captain Sir S. Cardley-Winnet, R.N. (Sampson Low, Marston and Co., Ltd.)

† "A History of South Africa from 1652 to 1903." By H. A. Bryden (Banda.)

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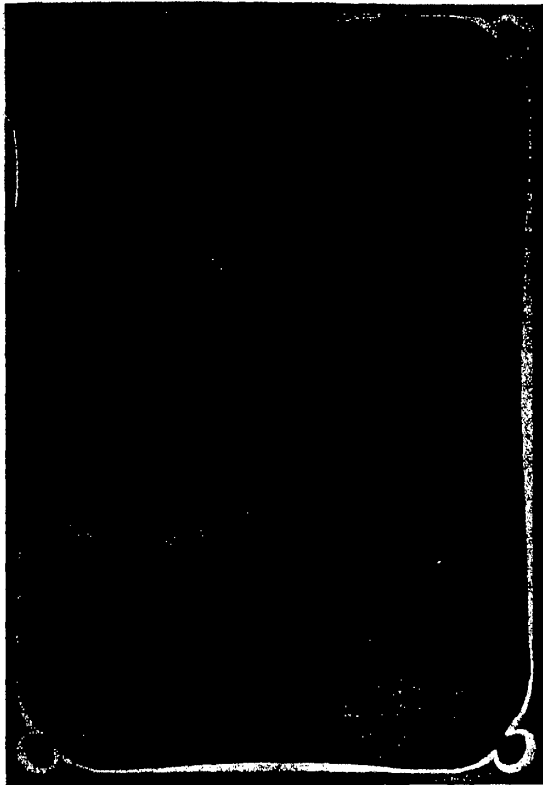
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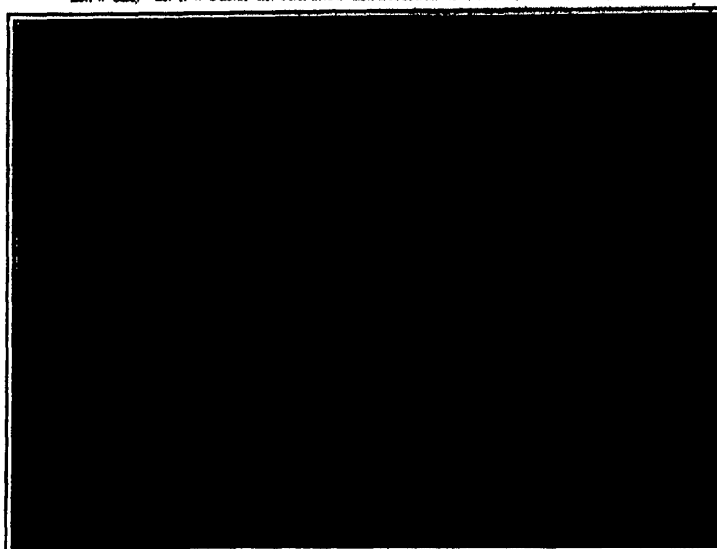
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General Sir David Baird the land forces. After the severe battle of Blaauwburg, the country came once more into the possession of the English, and in 1795, on the payment of six millions sterling, the Cape of Good Hope was formally ceded to us. The first Governors were eminently successful in their administration, but during the reign of Lord Charles Somerset the first rising of the Dutch took place. In 1814 a Boer named Bezuidenhout refused to comply with a magistrate's order, bidding him release a time-expired Hottentot from his service. Bezuidenhout not only refused to obey the law, but beat the wretched native, and sent an insulting message to the civil authority. He was summoned, but treated the process with contempt. He refused to appear at the High Court, and was then upon sentenced for contempt, and the Under Sheriff with a party of the Cape Corps, commanded by Lieutenant Roseau, were sent to arrest him. He took refuge in a cave and fired on the soldiers, but in the end was himself shot dead. Upon the death of Bezuidenhout a number of discontented Boers rose in rebellion and swore to avenge his death. Purnsbo, the leader, was soon secured. Thirty surrendered and the remainder after some severe fighting were captured, with the exception of a small number who absolutely refused to lay down their arms. Of these, Jan Bezuidenhout, the first rebel's brother, was killed, and Cornelius Faber and his wife were wounded. Thirty-nine were sentenced at the trial to various terms of imprisonment, and six were condemned to death. (Of these, one was reprieved.) The remaining five were hanged at Sijckster's Nek, the place where the rebellion had originally been determined upon. In continuation, the author writes:—

It was one of the further misfortunes of this affair that upon the day of execution the 6th of March 1816, the scaffold from which five men swung as they were simultaneously turned off, broke down under their combined weight. The poor half-hanged creatures, partially strangled as they were, crawled to Colonel Cuyler, the officer whose hateful duty it was to see the sentence carried out, and implored his mercy. Their prayers were attended by the pious cries of the relatives and friends assembled round the scaffold. Never was a British officer placed in a more miserable position. Colonel Cuyler was notoriously of kind heart, but the nature of his orders precluded any hope of mercy. The unhappy rebels were again secured and hanged singly amid the tears and execrations of their friends. The remains were thereafter buried by the executioner at the foot of the scaffold in the arms of the sentence. The tragic incident of Sijckster's Nek has never been forgotten or forgiven by the Dutch of South Africa, and it probably never will be. When the Jameson raiders were captured and there seemed a prospect of the leaders being executed by the Transvaal Government, some of the more violent of the Afrikaner party procured from a farmhouse in Cape Colony, where it had been carefully preserved ever since the fatal day of execution the beam from which it had swung the bodies of the misguided rebels of 1816. It was hoped and intended to utilize this historic piece of timber for the death punishment of such of the raiders as should be condemned upon the capital charge.

Thus began the feeling of hatred and distrust that is not even now totally eradicated. The story of the Great Trek is one of unusual interest. It began in 1836, the cause of it being that the Boers thought that they were being unjustly treated by the English. It is in the account of this trek that we first hear of Paul Kruger, for he, as a lad, was one of the trekkers. From this time right down to the late war the history of South Africa is made up of continual wars between the English or the Boers and different native tribes, Matabele, Basutos, or Zulus. Terrible massacres of the whites took place, only to be followed by a more terrible retribution. The history embraces the romantic story of the discovery of diamonds in South Africa, and later the finding of gold. Then follows the foundation of Rhodesia—an event of world-wide importance, of which the Jameson Raid was but an incident. The volume concludes with an excellent, though comparatively brief, account of the late war. Every one should know something of the history of a colony of so much importance, and in which all Britishers are so deeply interested, and as we have already

Rev. W. Cuyler Rev. H. W. O'Rourke Rev. Peter Green Rev. J. H. Boston Rev. J. A. Esmutharisa Rev. F. Gindwa



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These clergymen, all of whom are incumbents at home, give up three months to assist the clergy in the diocese of Pretoria. They give their services free, and their passage out and back is paid for them. The South African clergymen, owing to the great influx of people since the war, cannot without assistance cope with the work before them. Our photograph is by O. Harold Smith.

#### THE MISSION OF HELP TO SOUTH AFRICA THE BISHOP OF PRETORIA AND SOME OF THE MISSIONARIES

suggested, they cannot do better than gain their information from this admirable work.

#### "THE LAST HOPE"

"The Last Hope" (Smith, Elder and Co.) is a posthumously published novel by the late Hugh Stowell Scott, in whose "Young Matley" we were among the first to recognise the talent that has won well-merited reputation for the pen name of Henry Seton Merriman. This, his latest work—and, to the regret of all the better order of novel readers, his last—is further evidence of his not having even yet brought out the best that was in him. While it exemplifies his universally recognised merits, it also illustrates

certain limitations that might have continued to delay popularity of the largest kind. He seemed unwilling rather than unable to make the utmost of his admirably conceived plots and his yet more strikingly devised situations. Nonsense and false taste were so impossible to him as to be almost too impossible—if the expression is not too paradoxical to be allowed. The scheme of "The Last Hope" is certainly among his strongest plots, and abounds in situations that only require a little less fastidious dread of exaggeration to be as effective in execution as they are striking in design. The mate of a Suffolk trading schooner is passed off upon the French Royalists as the son and heir of the child king who was supposed by historians to have died in the prison of the Temple;

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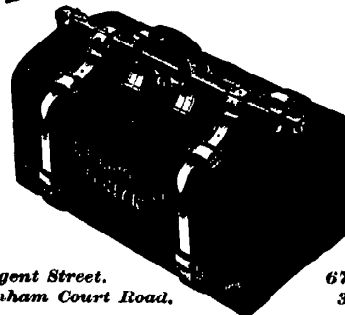
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by more romantic or credulous persons to have been rescued and grown up to manhood. The young sailor is adapted for the part by his undoubtedly French parentage on his father's side; by the suggestive corruption of his name into "Loo Barebone," by his features—for which there seem to have been very likely reasons; and by a certain princeliness of character and bearing. But for the coup d'état of 1851 the mate of the *Last Hope* might have become King of France, and founded a dynasty which, by dint of fresh, strong blood, pluck and good seamanship, might have endured. For Loo—though he became a conscious impostor—is a delightfully sympathetic hero, and the fraud into which he drifted is rendered well-nigh inevitable by the author's skill in the complication of circumstance and character. The best portion of the novel, however, is that which is occupied with a dead little seaport on the coast of Suffolk, the humours and oddities of its stolid folk, its scholarly but futile parson with his head in the clouds, and the effects of marsh, mist, and tide. It is with all the more profound regret that we notice a novel by Henry Seton Merriman for the last time.

#### "DOUBLE HARNESS"

How to be unhappy when married might have served Mr. Anthony Hope as a second title for his story of "Double Harness" (Hutchinson and Co.). Six pairs at least illustrate as many varieties of the trouble that people who risk running through life together may expect unless they let themselves be warned. In one case—it must be owned an exceptionally desperate one of violently ungovernable temper—a tragic crisis is the only possible end. In the others, however, the couples learn their lessons more or less well, and learn to run together amicably—in the principal and most important even with the prospect of love grown wise. Sibylla Childingford has married Grantley Ineson with an unattainable ideal of marriage that inevitably entails the consequences of disillusion. Her husband is, in fact, a finer and stronger character than she knows, but a certain hard reticence prevents her from perceiving anything but the loss of glamour. Their crisis, where he saves her from making a final wreck of both their lives, and compels her to know him as he is, is as splendidly dramatic a situation as has ever come from Mr. Hope's pen. It is the crowning point of a novel that is by no means wanting in distinction of other kinds. Of the crew that with it may, for want of space, suffice to say that each is a highly finished study of temperament under

circumstances best fitted for its completest display. The portraiture is, perhaps, too keen, and too directly aimed at follies and weaknesses, to appeal to ordinary sympathies. These, we expect, will, so far as the leading characters are concerned, be mainly centred upon Christine Fanshawe, whose possession of a "past" should conventionally render her the least deserving of them. But there is plenty of scope for them among the subordinate persons, such as Sibylla's delightfully unappealing brother Jeremy, and the pathetic figure of Mrs. Mumble, patiently and affectionately waiting for the return of the husband of her youth from a penal servitude of seventeen years. It is difficult to do full justice to a novel composed of enough plots for a dozen. But the fullest could only sum it up as among the most interesting that Mr. Hope has written.

#### "PORTALONE"

To Mr. C. Ranger-Gull, as to numerous novelists before him, Cornwall is Wonderland. He differs from nearly all his predecessors, however, inasmuch as, while they use the Duchy as a licensed stage for situations that would be held extravagantly improbable on any other, he is fascinated—and fascinates his readers also—by the real glamour that he finds exercised by its scenery and its people. He has initiated himself into an inner, one may say an esoteric, Cornwall of mystic tradition, and of a "Hinterland," as he calls it, of moor, tor, and croneich less known than that of Africa. "Portalone," the central scene of his story (Greening and Co.), is a more or less identifiable colony of painters, but also of a number of camp-followers who make the possession of an easel an excuse for a cheap and vulgar pseudo-Bohemianism that disgusts or enrages the Cornish folk with their Celtic souls. Mr. Gull, moreover, writes like one of those who perceive—or think they perceive—more antipathy than sympathy in the relations of art and nature, and develops his views with a poetic vehemence that becomes tragic to an even cruel extreme. Many a reader, however impressed by the ghostliness of his final scene, will protest against the doom of death, and worse, incurred by his heat and noblest characters through the unexpiated fault of a vulgar and cowardly blackguard. However, there is no doubt that Mr. Gull knows by heart all that is knowable about Cornwall, except that "Duke," not "Prince," is the Royal title it confers: not only all that can be reduced to knowledge, but much that may well be none the less true for being invisible to common eyes.

## Rural Notes

### THE SEASON

The autumn arrived with the first gale in the September stubbles, and the feeling on the year is that of a month later than that revealed by the calendar. This is but a natural sequel of the fine summer even as is the scarcity of good mushrooms. Even the best of the funguses speak of a bad year for the higher forms of vegetable life. The new barley is of beautiful quality, we notice, and a sweeter sign of a genial season cannot be found, barley being exigent not only of sunshine such as satisfies the robust wheat, but of fairly frequent light showers freshening up the growth. The garden shows a wealth of flowers still. The rains since the 29th ult. have revived the life of many shrubs, and the kitchen garden has greatly benefited. The forest shows the birch leaves turning yellow very early. Less regular are the times; but these too are often putting on an October colour on the summer side of Michaelmas. Oaks, elms, and beeches are still in full summer foliage, and the holly oak, which does not renew its leaves till June, is now in glossy beauty. The chrysanthemums are beginning to show; their earlier varieties and the *asteroides* generally are coming into early flower. A fine crimson variety, the *Erinacea*, is now in full bloom and should be grown for arrangement with the later sunflowers.

### THE HOPPING

Owing to the hop crop this year being smaller than usual, the hoppers are having rather a bad time of it, for no warnings seem able to check the annual September movement into the hop counties. The hoppers who travel by road are still the most numerous division, and they are remarkable for their nocturnal travelling. They sleep by day, when the grass is dry, by the wayside, and they walk by night, when the cooler air stimulates to a pedestrian feat. Their larcenies are not serious—sticks to make fires, and a few turnips from the fields of roots are usually the extent of it. They have not the gipsy's inveterate taste for fowls, a taste possibly born of the East, where the superabundance of small lean chickens leads to nobody minding the wayfarer adding a few to the pot. When hoppers travel by train they purchase two adult and

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one child's ticket, but how many children go through the barrier with that one ticket no railway official will say; in fact, it is an almost recognised pious fraud, the companies seeing the difficulty. The hoppers are, seemingly, the most married and family of the whole community; youths and girls are only met with as members of a household. The independent young man and the detached young female do not care to be many miles from a music-hall any more than Sydney Smith could be many miles from a lemon.

#### THE CEREAL YEAR

During the cereal year which concluded on the 31st ult., English wheat advanced from 26s. to 30s. per quarter, the best prices being those of August. The period of greatest depression was in October, when value was sometimes on the wrong side of 26s. In English barley very poor prices have been made. September last began with 23s. 3d. per quarter quoted, and the value picked up a bit as the season went on, so that the December average was 24s. 4d. Unhappily, this was the last glimpse of market sunshine so far as this cereal is concerned, for January saw a bad decline, and by May value, receding by sixpences, was down to a sovereign. The summer sales were very small, and the price low as well, so that it is said that seldom, if ever, has the barley trade had so bad a record. We fancy that 1864, 1865, and 1866 were all worse years than the cereal year 1903-4, but few, we fancy, would hesitate to agree that 1903-4 was the worst barley year since 1865-6.

#### RURAL EDUCATION

What the Duke of Devonshire said on this topic has been generally quoted and generally approved, but his grace did not really

reach the heart of the matter. The difficulty is not so much with what at higher grade schools would be called the curriculum, as with those who impart it, and the teachers are not themselves so much to blame as the environment in which they have been reared. The teacher is nearly always a town-bred product with ideals and views concentrated on the possibilities of town livelihoods and the requirements of town exigencies. The teacher will supply an object-lesson in his suit of town black where the squire and the farmer, to whom the agricultural labourers' children should rather look, is going about in tweed and knickerbockers or in other dress suiting country life. The teacher, for the most part, knows nothing of the country life, and is capable, as we have heard, of setting such sums as "If twenty cows cost 25s. each," and so forth, matters involving ignorances that even very young children could correct. Nor can it well be otherwise when the teacher has had, from fourteen, to cram up an amount of book learning which would amply suffice to pass the entrance examination into any of the leading Universities.


#### FRUIT

It is now recognised that 1904 has been a great year for gooseberries, a fruit very much more grown and used than the ordinary greengrocery business might lead one to suppose. Black currants were a big crop; where there was no mild or aphid, but insect pests devastated whole parishes, and it is extremely difficult therefore to appraise the yield in bulk. Red and white currants suffered less than the black. The yield of apples is one of the largest on record, and the plums are second in yield only to the apples. Pears, after showing blossom which promised a bumper year, have not developed up to their promise; nevertheless, an average bulk will

probably be secured. Mulberries are disappointing, which is a little curious; perhaps the cool nights of August were injurious. Figs and nectarines are a good yield and of fine flavour, but there is only a small yield of apricots, albeit the flavour, as with the other nectarines, is above the average.

#### WYLD'S FARM

September has already brought a very welcome bit of rural news in the acquisition for public preservation of "Wyld's Farm" of eighty acres at Hampstead. It will be thrown into the Hampstead Heath property, of course under proper guardianship. The vendors, Eton College, are to be thanked for selling on easy terms, but far greater thanks are due to the local committee, which has raised £35,000 out of the £40,000 required. The money has not been obtained from a single millionaire but from the subscriptions of many a score of local gentlemen, the highest donation being £500, and about £50 being the average. It is stated, we know not on what authority, that of the eighty acres the London County Council will lay out fifty acres for free athletic grounds and leave only thirty acres for pedestrians and the lover of walks in the country. We hope that this subdividing of sport will be under some little check, for the twenty-two persons taking part in a game of football will take up a fairly large field to the exclusion of all others. In this, as in all local matters, the greatest happiness of the greatest number is the golden rule. The County Council, we fancy, are wise enough to forbid the charging of gate money by athletic clubs using public grounds, and if a goodly number of onlookers order, the field allotted for sport may well be fulfilling its public purpose.



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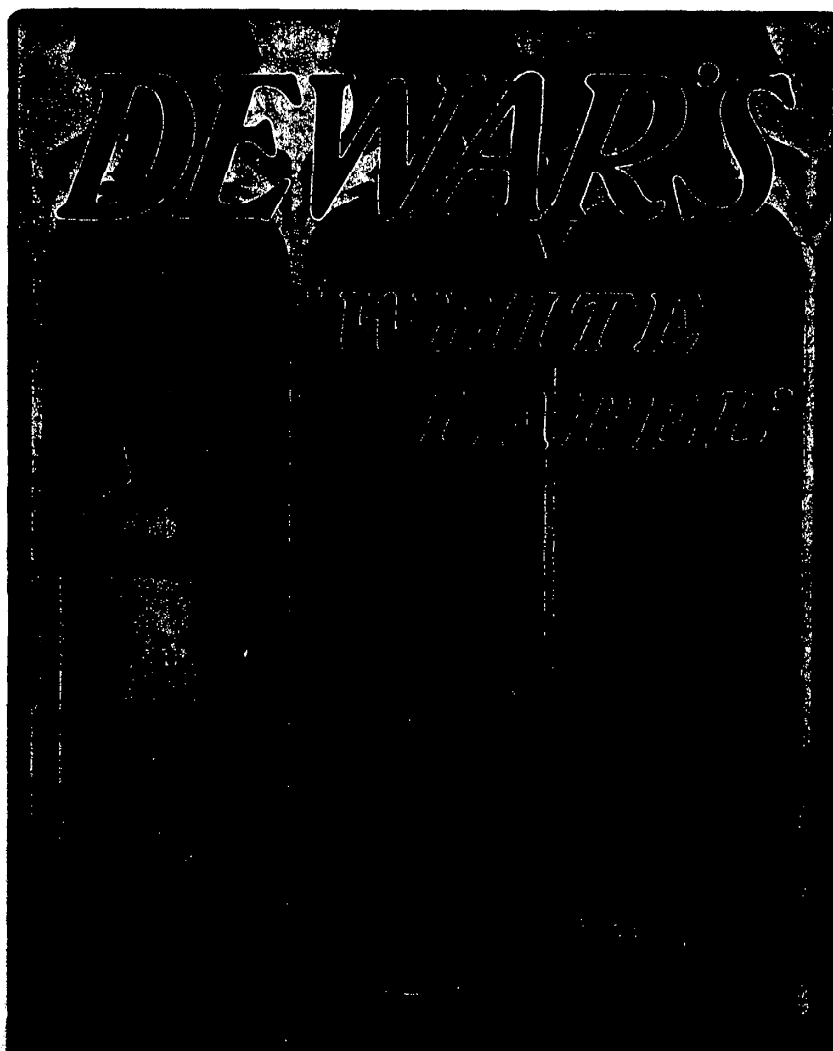
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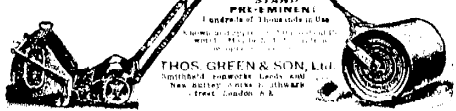
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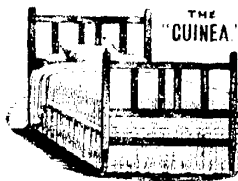
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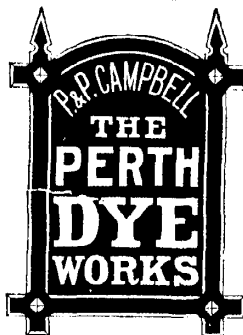
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# THE GRAPHIC.

No. 1,816.—Vol. LXX.

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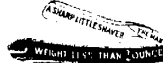
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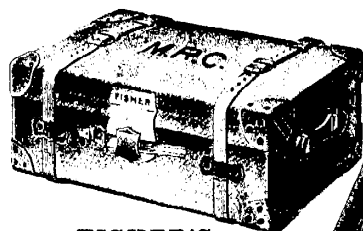


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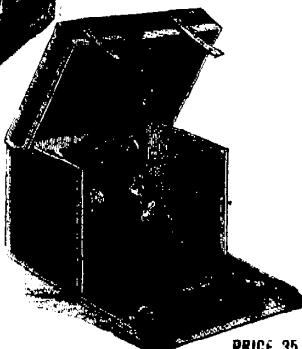
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# THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

The entire contents of this paper is at the service of the Government and the Army.

NO. 1110 VOL. LXX  
Published on 1st September

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1st 1901

WITH A LARGER ILLUSTRATED  
SUPPLEMENT

PRICE 6D. BY POST 7D.



THE GRAPHIC

AT 10.00 P.M. A PARTY OF SOLDIERS, FORMED A CIRCLE AROUND A GROUP OF CIVILIANS, AND BEGAN TO MURDER THEM.

THE ARMY MANGLED THE LIFELESS REMAINS OF THE CAPTIVES.



DRAWN BY F. J. WASH

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST F. G. DODDINGTON

THE HANDY MAN TO THE FORE LANDING GUNS



DRAWN BY W. RALSTON

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST R. G. DODDINGTON

The invading force under Sir John French, landed at Clacton-on-Sea. Their landing was, to quote the language of the official scheme, unopposed. The men were brought ashore in boats towed by steam boats and the horses were conveyed in square-ended craft which had been brought from Portsmouth for the purpose. The ends of these boats were dropped when the shore was reached so as to form an inclined plane for the animals to walk on. The guns were already landed by blue-jackets and marines. The horses were ridden ashore, and many humorous incidents were witnessed.

NOW THE HORSES WERE BROUGHT ASHORE BY BLUEJACKETS

THE ARMY MANOEUVRES THE INVADING FORCE LANDING AT CLACTON-ON-SEA



A MARCHING PARTY OF THE BLUE ARMY



THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AND GENERAL FRENCH

From Photographs by Bowden Brothers.

The Army Manoeuvres in Essex, though in some measure disappointing, have been on the whole instructive. There was, perhaps, a larger amount of 'make believe' in the scheme than there is sometimes in such operations. For the purpose of operations Essex was a foreign country and the troops under Sir John French were British Invaders. We had gained command of the sea and the transport of the troops was unresisted. War was supposed to have been in progress for some time, for we had already landed a landing force in another part of the enemy's country.

were parties of marines and bluejackets, bringing with them materials and appliances for the construction of landing pontoons or stages. It was especially interesting to watch the smartness with which the sailors landed guns and horses. The landing operations went on far into the night, and a curious contrast was presented to the eye of the spectator in the evening when a performance in an open air theatre took place on the shore, the public attention being divided between the performance and the efforts of the bluejackets to get the horses safely ashore. Clacton was thronged with visitors, who were often very much in the way.

resumed early on Friday. General Wynne, with his Red force, strengthened by the arrival of the Foot Guards London Brigade, was on that morning at Braintree, holding the road to London. There were a few skirmishes, but no fighting worth the mention. General Wynne was playing a waiting game. Then came a surprise. A telegram was delivered to Sir John French, informing him that the invaders who had landed in Sussex had been defeated and driven into the sea, and ordering him in the circumstances to retire upon his transports and put to sea as rapidly as possible. The retirement was begun at once, the troops being marched through Colchester. During the retreat the Blue cavalry corps at Arleigh was captured by Colonel Allenby, but with that exception Sir John French's force managed to retire without loss. Sunday was spent quietly on both sides. On Monday the pursuers came up with the Blue force, and a hotly contested battle ensued. Sir John French succeeded in entrenching himself in positions which extended from Brightlingsea to Beaumont, thus protecting the whole of the Naze from assault. General Wynne's attack was repulsed everywhere. On Tuesday the Blue force began to re-embark while holding the Reds in check.

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Etc., etc.

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FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. U. BOWLING

SHOWN AN OPEN AIR THEATRE AT CLACTON-ON-SEA  
MANOEUVRES IN ESSEX

## "Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GORVILLE

A very well-known high-class teacher of dancing, who has numbered Royalties and sprigs of nobility, as well as Red Indians, among his pupils, has been airing his views lately. His experience is interesting. He does not consider that his aristocratic pupils show much natural talent or feeling for rhythm. "They want to dance too fast," he says. The children of the slums, the little creatures that trip lightly to the music of the street organs, and are all over movement from head to heels, would, he considers, well repay teaching. It is from these natural Terpsichoreans that we recruit the ballet, the pantomime artists, and the step-dancers at theatres. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries dancing was as much a part of a gentleman's or lady's education as riding or fencing. King Henry VII., Queen Elizabeth, Queen Katharine of Aragon, Mary Stuart, and all the nobles of their time, danced with exquisite grace and agility, and delighted in their feats. Why should dancing now be despised and left to the slums and the lower classes, who are as fond of dancing academies and impromptu balls as their noble predecessors? A child's dancing is the poetry of motion, must it be neglected even as poetry is now? It was dancing, music, and poetry that made "Merrie England."

In that exceedingly amusing book, the "Memoirs of M<sup>lle</sup>. de Créqui," she tells us something of the eccentricities of costume which preceded the French Revolution. "The men of those days wear," she says, "a *fraco*, a coat cut away absurdly over the hips and ending with two swallow tails. Sometimes it is made of scarlet cloth, with huge buttons composed of a circle of brass, framing a watch-glass, under which repose scraps of moss, grasshoppers, ladybirds, or small cantharides. With a red coat, a muslin waistcoat, black silk breeches, and blue and white stockings were generally worn." The young ladies were dressed in narrow skirts of linen, chinis, or thin silk, and wore fichus of starched muslin; their head-dresses were most exaggerated. Anything and everything was piled on the top of them. One day the Duchesse de Luyes appeared with a canebrie chemise twisted in her hair, another day Mme. de Laval wore a damask napkin on her head, which was much admired; and Mme. de Mailignon had her head dressed with a red check cluser, decorated with an artichoke, a brocoli, a fine carrot, and some radishes! A lady who beheld this extraordinary *coiffure* exclaimed, "I will never wear anything but vegetables; it is so simple, and more natural than flowers!"

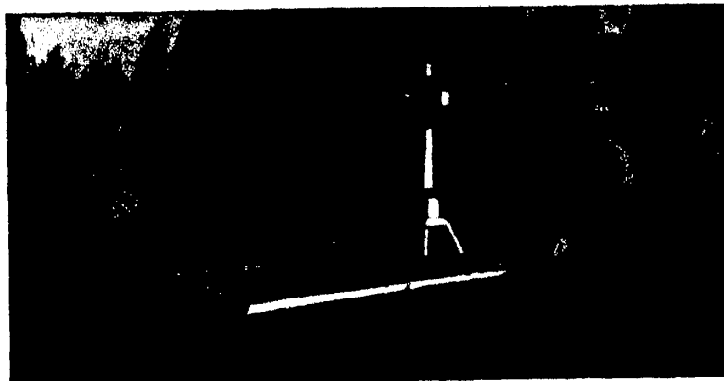
At that period, too, it was the fashion to be ethereal and eat nothing. Children were starved on principle, that they might learn not to eat as much as their appetites craved for. The fear of genius was almost as prevalent as it is now. Good soup and meat were forbidden for fear of decaying elements, no fruit was allowed for fear of worms and caterpillars, no jam because of acidity. Their only drink was toast and water, which was supposed to be beneficial. Needless to say, the poor little things pined and even stole food to satisfy their incessant hunger. Mme. de Créqui, herself a wise woman, fed two half-starved children of her friend, the Princess de Montbarry, entrusted to her care for a holiday, with

the most happy results. She gave them a breakfast of good rice soup; for their early meal broth, fruit, bread and jam, or milk dishes; for dinner grilled cutlets or pigeons stewed in harley, vegetables cooked in gravy, fruit *compote*, and sometimes a little light pastry; for supper they had the wing of a fowl, with chicory, spinach, or well-cooked lettuce, and prunes stewed in Malaga wine to make them sleep. Needless to say, they looked so gay and healthy when they rejoined their parents that the latter did not know them. Mme. de Créqui also bathed them *à l'Anglaise* from head to foot every morning, and on Saturdays they had a bath *à la Dauphine* of sea-salt and a decoction of wild thyme, laurel leaves and marjoram. Verily, this good lady lived before her time in the matter of hygiene.

Taste and smell are two senses we do not cultivate enough; indeed, hearing, as we know in the case of the blind, can reach an acuteness which the ordinary person is absolutely deficient in. Both taste and smell have great uses. Probably we should not see people living in dirty and insanitary conditions so blissfully were the sense of smell a little more developed; while taste, especially in women, is often stigmatised as preediness. The *gourmet*, to use a French word, is not a gourmandiser, but a man whose taste is aesthetically and exquisitely trained. It is said that the Maréchal Duc de Richelieu, who was a great gastronomic connoisseur, possessed so fine a taste as to be able to distinguish whether the breast of a chicken was cut from the side of the gall or not. In

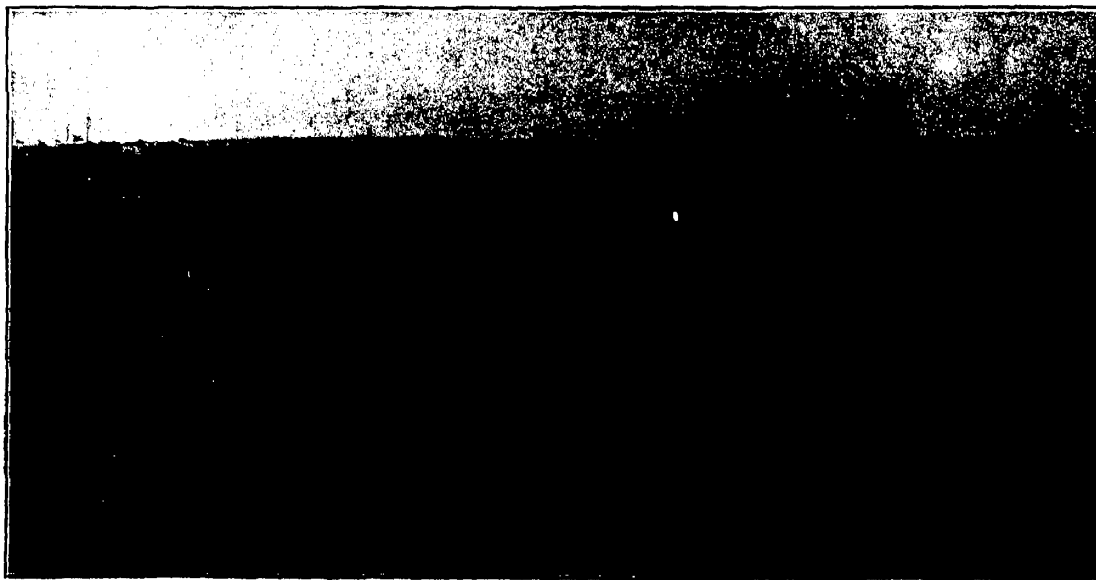
the same way wine-tasters can tell a vintage instantly. Women rather despise taste; they eat and that is all. Yet taste was certainly given us for a good purpose, and no one can order a dinner intelligently who has not cultivated his palate. The food one likes and enjoys always agrees with one's health better than any other, and the faddist who would reduce all diet to uniformity would in time wreck the public digestion.

Are men or women writers the most artistic? It is a difficult question to answer, but the methods on which they work perhaps gives some indication of their respective natures. It is said of George Sand that she could write very impassioned novels for six hours at a stretch, calmly and carefully, that she had a gift of mental concentration that enabled her to take her pen and transfer her dreams to paper amidst the talking and laughing of a large company as if she were sitting in perfect solitude (many school girls have this gift—Miss Austen had it). "She could work most of the night, and after a long morning sleep, which she could command at will, she awoke refreshed." Compare with this the throes of Carlyle's mental labouring, the solitude and *farouche* of Tennyson, the feverish work of Alfred De Musset, which fatigued and worried him to such an extent that he was glad to escape from it as from an enemy. If calmness and concentration are necessary to the best work, then women ought to take the palm, or is it that the *feu sacré* is wanting in many of them?



Last week it was discovered that the grave of Prince Christian Victor had been disturbed. The depredators took tools from the cemetery tool-house, and dug into the grave till they had reached the slab covering the coffin, when, apparently, they were interrupted and decamped. No damage was done apart from the violation of the grave. There is no clue to the perpetrators of the outrage. This wanton desecration is all the more painful because Princess Christian is now on her way to Pretoria to visit her son's grave. Our photograph, which is by Corporal W. A. Bullock, R.E., was taken immediately after the stone had been put up.

PRINCE CHRISTIAN VICTOR'S GRAVE, WHICH HAS BEEN WANTONLY DESPECATED



Last week the Kaiser was present at a review of the Ninth Army Corps and of the Naval Brigade at Altona. At a dinner given in the evening His Majesty said it was of happy augury to see how the Army and the Navy stood side by side for the defence of the Fatherland. Our photograph is by Max Prinsler, Hamburg.

THE REVIEW OF THE NINTH GERMAN ARMY CORPS AND NAVAL BRIGADE AT ALTONA BEFORE THE KAISER

## The Court

The King is settled in the Highlands for the next month. His Majesty stayed with Lord and Lady Savile at Rufford Abbey until Monday, and took the opportunity on Saturday to go over to Sandbeck Park to see Lord and Lady Scarborough. He planted a tree in the Park to commemorate his visit. On Sunday King Edward attended Service in the private chapel at the abbey, and early next morning he left for Scotland, stopping for a few minutes at York and Edinburgh. His Majesty reached Ballater late in the afternoon, being met by the Prince of Wales, who drove with his father to Balmoral. There was the usual guard of honour at Ballater, and a warm welcome from the villagers greeted the King on his way to the castle, where the pipers and the chief tenants were gathered in the grounds. The event of the week at Deeside has been the Braemar Gathering held this year at Clunle, where the King, the Prince and Princess of Wales and family and the Duke and Duchess of Fife were present. His Majesty will enjoy plenty of sport during the next few weeks, as there will be stag-shooting in the various Royal forests, together with roe-deer drives and several important drives in the richly stocked Mar Forest. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Fife will shoot with the King, and the Duke of Connaught is expected, while, as usual, the King will invite many of his neighbours to join the sport. Numerous visitors are also expected to stay at Balmoral, and on his side the King will shoot in various neighbouring preserves. Possibly he will go to Inverness-shire next week to stay with Lord and Lady Burton at Glen Quoich Forest, near Invergarry, and he may possibly visit Lord Cadogan at Killiechornie Lodge, near Spean Bridge, for some sport in the deer forest of Inverloch. With the Prince and Princess of Wales and children at Abergeldie Castle, and the Duke and Duchess of Fife at Mar Lodge, the King has quite a family party at Deeside. When he leaves for the South about the second week in October, His Majesty will spend a few days in town, and then go on to Sandringham for the autumn shooting parties. He will make several country-house visits, including one to the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire at Chatsworth in November or December, and one to Lord and Lady Alington at Crichel in January.

Queen Alexandra's first visit to Norway has not shown her the country under very favourable conditions. Rain and wind marred much of the enjoyment and prevented several inland excursions, while the Royal yacht, with her cruiser escort, had a rough passage over the North Sea, although the departure from England was delayed nearly a day owing to the gale. But if Norwegian weather was inhospitable the popular welcome was of the warmest wherever the Queen and Princess Victoria went. At Stavanger the children were drawn up along the coast, cheering and waving tiny British flags, much to the Queen's amusement. The Victoria and Albert put into Stavanger, Bergen, Alesund, and Molde, while the Queen and Princess also took a short trip up to Osterfjord, from Bergen, when the Royal yacht was coaling. They also did a good deal of shopping in Bergen, buying furs, silver, and carving. From Bergen the Victoria and Albert took the Royal travellers direct to

Copenhagen to stay with King Christian of Denmark. For the first part of their visit the Queen and Princess will be with the King at his summer residence close to Copenhagen—Bernstorff Castle—and later the whole party adjourn to Fredensborg for the annual family gathering, when Queen Alexandra will meet her sisters, the Dowager Empress of Russia and the Duchess of Cumberland. The Queen and Princess will be about six weeks in Denmark, and intend making a short stay in Paris on their way home.

The Prince and Princess of Wales remain at Abergeldie Castle until October 7 or 8, when they bring their family down to

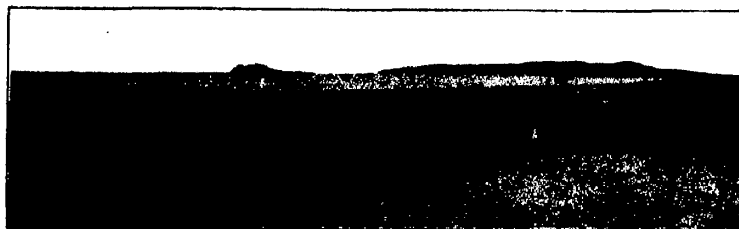
York Cottage, Sandringham. They were at Cathie Church with their two elder boys on Sunday morning.

The outrage which desecrated the grave of Prince Christian Victor at Pretoria, just as his mother was about to visit her son's tomb, has aroused deep indignation throughout the Colony. So far the criminals have not been found, and as evidently they were disturbed in their work, they did no more than break the slab covering the coffin. It is not thought to be a case of political feeling, but simply with the idea of abstracting the coffin for the purpose of ransom. Meanwhile, Princess Christian and Princess Victoria have been most warmly received during their journey. Cape Town decorated in their honour, an address was offered, and two official dinners given before they started for Kimberley and the Victoria Falls. The Princesses are taking the opportunity to see something of the country, but their goal, of course, is Pretoria, where they are due next Thursday. The Princesses stay with General Sir H. Hildyard until the Monday, and will have an official reception on arrival. The next day is to be devoted to visiting Prince Christian Victor's tomb, and on the Saturday Princess Christian will lay the foundation-stone of an Indigent Home and open a new park and a bazaar. Afterwards they go to Johannesburg.

Princess Henry of Battenberg is becoming a most keen yachtswoman, and is out daily cruising round the Isle of Wight in her new Sheila. Princess Elna and her brothers accompany Princess Henry, who has also the Duchess of Albany staying with her at Osborne Cottage. The Duchess, by the by, will have her newly married daughter, Princess Alexander of Teck, close to her during the winter, as the King has given the Prince and Princess a residence in Henry the Third's Tower, Windsor Castle. The Prince has been transferred to the Horse Guards from the 1st Hussars.

The Crown Prince of Germany will probably be married in Germany at his bride's home, Schwerin, in January, and the wedded pair will then make their triumphal entry into Berlin at the height of the winter season. The match gives general delight, and the young couple are said to be very much in love. Indeed, report declares that though the marriage was duly arranged and approved, the Prince stole a march on his father by proposing to the young Duchess Cecilie before the time fixed. There is some idea of the young couple living in the Royal Castle at Hanover.

The missing Princess—Louise of Coburg has been found at last, and no further afield than Paris. On escaping from Red Elster the Princess went first to Berlin and then travelled across Belgium to Paris, where she is living in rooms near the Opera. The Princess is most anxious to be examined by a French medical expert, so that no doubts may remain as to her sanity, and she declares that she simply wants her freedom and enough money to live upon. Meanwhile the chief members of the Coburg House will hold a family council to discuss the question.



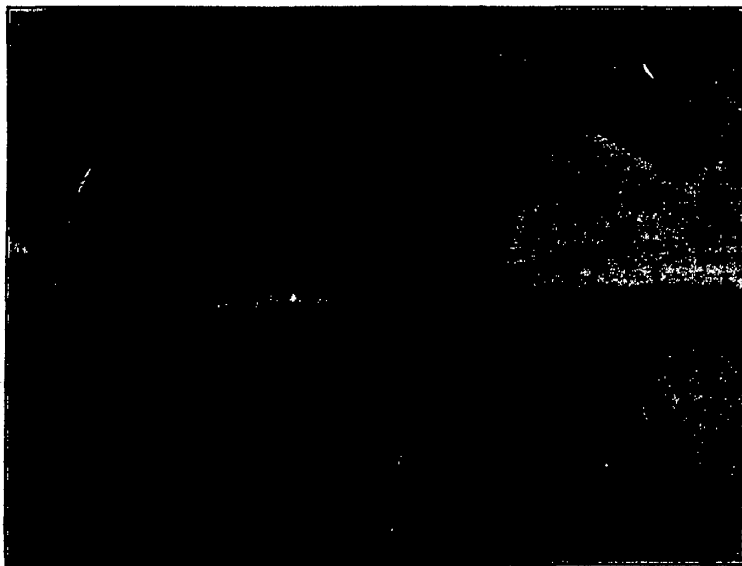
MOTOR SPEED TESTS AT PORTMARNOOK: GENERAL VIEW OF THE COURSE

From a Photo by Chancellor and Son, Dublin.



Speed tests were held last week under the auspices of the Irish Automobile Club over the measured mile on the sands at Portmarnock. The weather was fine, and the course in excellent condition. The racing included events for motor bicycles, racing cars, and touring cars of all sizes. Our photograph is by F. D'Arcy, Dublin.

MOTOR SPEED TESTS AT PORTMARNOOK: THE START FOR A TOURING-CAR RACE



There was half a dozen starters for the St. Leger. Pretty Polly was first favourite, and St. Anant, the Derby winner, came next in the hot leg. Pretty Polly won in a canter—she has now won fourteen races—Henry the First was second, and Almus third. St. Anant, which led at first, but towards the finish declined to race any longer, was last. Our photograph is by Bowden Bros.

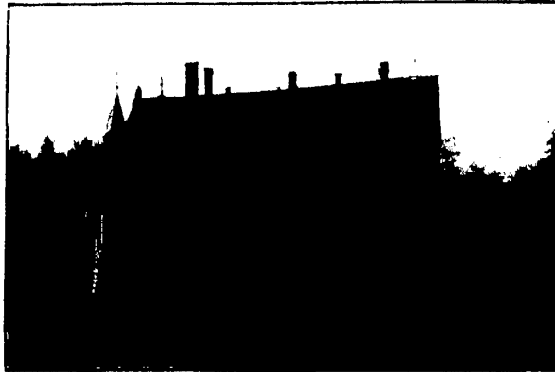
THE WINNER OF THE ST. LEGER STAKES: MAJOR EUSTACE LODGE'S PRETTY POLLY

## Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE"

"Are the women of Great Britain more interested in politics to-day than they were even half a century ago?" is a question which was asked last week at the dinner table at one of the best-known country-houses in England. As many of the men and women who were present when the matter was discussed are celebrities of the moment, and as the subject has never yet been dealt with in the newspapers or magazines, the question may be considered here. Lady Palmerston, the wife of the celebrated statesman, was almost as keenly interested in the politics of her time as was her husband; Lady Waldegrave exercised in her day enormous influence; and the names of dozens of women of that period could be mentioned who devoted much of their energy in promoting the interests of the politicians or the policies they favoured. Within the last ten years, though the Primrose League has gathered into its fold thousands of women, the number of political hostesses of the first rank has diminished almost to the vanishing point. Where is the woman now in this country who controls the mind of a prominent politician, or whose influence, it is admitted, more or less governs a group of political workers?

The title industry was never so flourishing as it is! A is anxious to obtain a title. He hints to B that the latter might help him, and B openly proposes to assist in return for a substantial sum, which he represents will have to be spent in propitiating useful persons. B insists that several hundreds will have to be spent by him in giving luncheons and dinners at which he will be able to present A to men and women who could exert their influence to obtain the title. He even hints that some of them may require a more substantial offering to induce them to exert themselves. That is one form of procedure. Another is in the philanthropic direction. A explains his case to B, who advises the former to build a hospital, to furnish the funds required by an institution that is in difficulties, to found a new Home, or to add an improvement to the condition of the constituency which A represents! A contracts to provide B with a sum sufficient to



THE SCHLOSS GILLEKSANDE, THE COUNTRY HOUSE IN MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN WHERE THE BETROTHAL TOOK PLACE

Photo by the Berliner Illustrations Gesellschaft.

enable the latter to conduct the preliminary negotiations—an ample sum, a portion of which is appropriated by B! There are many men and women in London who might with accuracy describe themselves as "Title Agents!"

A "Honeymoon Home" would be a somewhat surprising development. There has arisen in recent years a need, however, for such an institution, for those who have country houses are tiring of lending the latter to connections or friends for honeymoon purposes. Besides, it is much to be desired that newly married couples should be encouraged to spend their honeymoon money in the country instead of distributing it on the Continent. An original-minded speculative peer proposes to convert his celebrated country-house into a Honeymoon Home! The grounds which are attached to the house, and the neighbourhood, are of an especially romantic character, vast forests of pine surrounding the estate. The house might be hired for one couple at inclusive terms, or might be

divided so as to accommodate as many as six pairs of brides and bridegrooms! There is a stage in the ballroom, so, were the Home temporarily inhabited by a number of newly married couples sufficiently rich to indulge in the luxury, a theatrical company might be engaged for a week or more to entertain them in the evening! A French cook, several excellent horses, and a variety of carriages would be at the disposal of the tenants, and there is good fishing in a river which flows through the grounds.

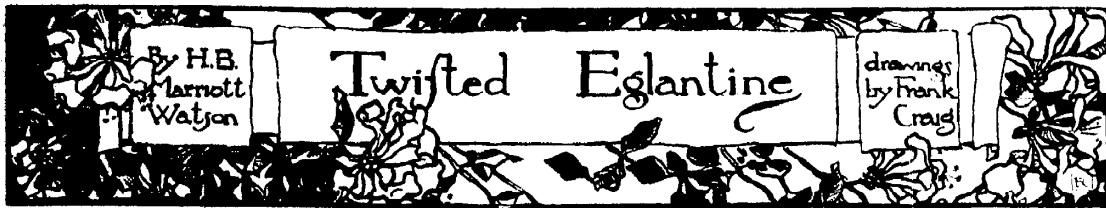
"The walking-stick enfeebles the young man and sustains the enfeebled," is an opinion expressed in an epigrammatic form which a well-known London doctor continually repeats. He insists that one of the causes which make women live longer than men is that, until the former become very aged, they seldom use a stick or umbrella for purposes of support. He declares that a long course of observation has convinced him that those men who do not carry walking-sticks, or do not use them in the ordinary way as a prop, as a rule live longer than those who habitually lean on a stick. For instance, officers, especially retired colonels, will carry their umbrellas under the arm, and it is not uncommon to meet a general who is past the age of seventy walking erect and unsupported. Of course that portion of the argument may be answered easily, for the physical training which officers undergo strengthens the muscles of most of them, and, besides, it is more or less picked men who are admitted into the Army.

A very agreeable post is at present vacant in Paris. It is that of Governor of the Prison of Fresnes. Fresnes is the model prison *par excellence*, equipped with all modern improvements, baths, electricity, central heating, lifts, model cooking apparatus. In the criminal world it is known as the "Grand Hotel de Fresnes," and cynics aver that many of its occupants deliberately qualify for admission, so as to pass the winter there. It represents, so to say, the Riviera trip of the professional criminal. The post of Governor is well paid, and there is a comfortable official residence attached. Then he has the privilege of receiving persons of distinction among his *penitenciers*, such as the Humberts, the Daurignacs, Boulaine and other prisoners of mark, who all make a more or less long sojourn at Fresnes before their removal to the central penitentiaries reserved for prisoners serving a long sentence.



THE GERMAN ROYAL BETROTHAL: THE LATEST PORTRAITS OF THE CROWN PRINCE AND THE DUCHESS CECILIE OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN

From a Photograph by Fritz Henschel, Schwerin.



"He led her along to where the handkerchief lay still wrapped in its sleep."

#### CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued).

The boat, caught in a flow of water, spun round softly, and began to lurch down stream. The tide was on the turn, and hummed under the thwart. Barbara felt herself gliding slowly away from the jetty, away from the house, away from the hateful man who had been the source and fount of all her miseries. She sat down in the stern of the boat, and took the tiller. She was not afraid at all now, for she knew how to work a boat; but as her peril passed, she began to face the problem which awaited her, and which was of growing and formidable proportions. How was she to get home?

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It would be possible, of course, to run the boat ashore, farther down the creek, but that would land her in a region far remote from Boldre, and in the darkness she doubted if she would be able to find her way back. Moreover, the hour was late (it must have been midnight), and she shrank from the thought of the wild and desolate heath at the dead of night. Again, she might fall into the hands of Sir Piers Blakiston's mercenaries, if, perchance, he had despatched any in search of her. She saw that it would be impossible to run ashore. There remained but one alternative, and that was to steer out into the Solent, and creep round under the wind to Lymington. She calculated that with the strengthening breeze she might cover the distance in little more than an hour. It was her only chance, and, being a spirited girl, she made her decision

at once. She fixed the little sail forward, and trimmed her craft, which now started away at a brisk pace down the creek.

The night was darkening now that the moon had disappeared, but she could make out the masts of the boats on each hand, as the full tide drew between them towards the sea. She held her course as near as possible in mid-stream, and sat listening to the breaking of the water against the boat, not without some triumphing thrills at her heart. The odour of nocturnal fields, a sense of the earth, blew off the low-lying land and filled her nostrils, as it had been some perfume. She was quite content, for she had escaped, and already the breath of the open Channel was on her face, inviting her, enticing her, bawling her to strange issues. The mystery, the loneliness and the profundity of the waste and

illimitable space towards which she was drawing, worked in hers and influenced her. There is in all at least, of the people of this unbounded island some latent affinity with the sea. The savour of it is in our blood even when we are unconscious of it, and, unexpectedly, the affinity which we know, perhaps, as a sense of romance in home keepers, or a mere desire of wandering in the rocky interior often erects itself into some grand tide, and as rushing passion. Not altogether vainly cries the ocean in our English ears by English coasts and on English cliffs. So in Barbara's heart awoke that native and hitherto unsuspected will. She had the rudder in her hand, and smiled the sea from afar. That little landlocked creek was carrying itself into the broader Solent, the Solent rolled by the Needles into the tumbling Channel, and deep beyond deep of the great Atlantic was calling to the English sea. Creek and Channel, sea and ocean were all in flow together, moving under the same law, and in that union a majestic self-revelation of the mighty force which controls the world. While the earth thundered, and scudded flocks of gened crops and sweet hay and the fish turned west, the waters of the earth were active, they thrashed day and night from pole to pole and put a rill round the globe. The sea surely was the true manifestation of the unknown in its might, in its crevices and its rising motion. A welter of thoughts passed through Barbara's head, her forefathers awoke in her, and as she began to hear the voice of the Solent, she drew a deep breath of satisfaction. The mouth of the creek opened wide, and the little boat, leaping to the bigger waves, plunged and dipped as she swung out into the moving flood of water.

Behind her Barbara heard the noise of a pursuing billow, which fell in a cataract under the gunwale with a swishing, swishing sound as it might be the last effort of the creek to shove forth the boat upon a more adventurous voyage. She was now aloft upon the wide sea, between the mainland and the island, and even as she recognised it the wind whistled sharply against the sail, the low banks faded from sight, melting into soft and silvery darkness, and she was alone upon a flat sea of water without light or mark within vision. It was clear that she must hug the shore and go by careful boards into Lynnhington. The moon was clear, one from the sky now, and it astonished her to notice how great a blackness had fallen. Westward, over the fringes of the land lurked a faint glow, visible only in the water as a mist of light which was yet not illumined. A grey sail appeared for her in this descending twilight, a dim pathway westwards over which the skill began to go in a rapid race, as looking in the broken water of the Channel. Yet even that grey seam of pathway was acceptable, the blackness on either side lowered on her and was terrifying, even through the thrill of a run. If she went on as she was going, under that blackness, she should be in Lynnhington by one o'clock. And indeed it was appeared that she might go faster, for the wind which had blown westward now shifted a shaft and strengthened. The tiny boat put her nose down and drank the green sea as she galloped. Barbara exulted to watch it. It looked as if every moment she would slide fast into deep into the building water, and when she was used and now, the sensation was to Barbara as it a child that runs in a swim or triumphs in a race saw. She came to watch the dipping and climbing of the sail with a fascination, and all the time in her ear the northerly wind grew apier. Heaven loomed above her now, big with clouds and the moon was still. Somewhere not very far away, the dawn was rising, the edge of the eastern horizon but all was still darkness here, that dull darkness that precedes the coming of the sun.

The grey path went out as if it had been a candle that expired, and Barbara gave a cry of alarm. What was she? The shore lay somewhere on her right, and she had been running on a port tack, therefore she could not go over and go in, lest she get too far from sea. Round went the rudder, and about went the boat in a bluff puff of wind. It was a capital but with an ever-growing vision, Barbara perceived and seeking for the land on which she must come to anchor, and presently thinking she desired in the gloom the outlines of a promontory put round the tiller once more and sheers out upon the bosom of the Solent. But now the wind came down in ferocity. Barbara lay on all fours of her and the boat dipped and rose and rose and dipped again. She took the water and lifted her back, scattering a shower of spray so that the girl was drenched over and over again. Behind thundered the gale in which the wind had mounted so treacherously.

"I must go on the other in," said Barbara. "We are too far in." In she plunged back the tiller. The nose came up at a flurry, and the next moment half a sea was over the side. The spray limited her, and the waves of the water and wind forced in her ears, confusing her. Her fingers clenched mechanically upon the tiller, and when the gust passed the boat was running freely but in what direction Barbara knew not. How far had she got? Must she not turn now and run into Lynnhington? She strained her eyes in endeavouring to pierce the darkness but no lights were visible anywhere up in the tumultuous and heaving sea. The wind assailed and ravaged the strait till the surface of the Solent fell into troughs and mounted into hillocks. She climbed the one and descended into the other and there were times when the walls of water intimated the depths of the night. Not a star gleamed in the sky, which was full of wrack but seemed only part of the wilderness on which she was riding to what she interpreted now as her doom. To this it was, once long since, and in its place grew up a cold and numbing terror. To perish there, an outcast on the face of those ruthless waters, seemed so cheerless a fate, so a blinding and terrible an end. She had given up hope, now of finding any refuge yet, when on the crests of the waves despatched her gaze despatchly about her. There was a light and there was no sound, save the roaring of the gale and the beating and drumming of the water.

Barbara was not aware how long she fled before the savage wind, but was presently surprised to come to the full flow of her thoughts once more, and to realize that she was still afloat. Her senses were dull and dimmed by the tumult, but she still involuntarily

clung to the tiller, and the little boat gallantly fought through surge and through billow, shipping water and groaning and tossing (or all the world like some high spirited animal that is being ridden to death and puts a brave face on it).

She was conscious now that a change was spreading reluctantly over the water, the dawn was advancing with slow feet, and throwing before it a grey of its arrival. The blackness grew diffuse, and gradually melted, the sea was wan and gloomy, a grisly stretch of waste and water before her, the air grew colder, and her hands were numb on the tiller. And now, by the ironic turn, of fortune far away upon her right gleamed a light that twinkled and went out and twinkled forth again. It shone, no doubt, from the bows of a ship that went down the Channel, or even, maybe, hung in the rigging of a packet crossing to the island. Was she off Yarmouth now? Her heart throbbed with hope as the thought flashed through her that this indeed might mean rescue and safety, and an early return to the Hampshire coast. But there it sank into despair, for she calculated that by this hour's floating before such a wind, she should be farther away, through the gates of the Solent, possibly, and it might be even breasting the larger tides and currents of the English Channel.

The light upon her beam increased in brightness, and again her heart answered to the hope. Was it the Yarmouth packet? She would have given much to get round the boat and turn to meet this stranger, but she feared the welter of the sea, realising now that her only chance was to run as she was running, athwart the swell, and that to lay so small a craft broadside to the direction of the water would be to swamp her forthwith. Yet with a wonderful rising of her breast, she noticed how gradually the light rode nearer. Was it a fisher-boat that was tramping to its favourite grounds? Or was it, perchance, a King's ship, coming for the freetides? Whatever it might be, it spelled rescue for her, and she was feverish with anxiety that the day should break, and discover her to those aboard the boat, or that they should come near enough for hallooing. As she gazed she was aware of a change in the course of her own boat, the nose had gone to port even in the teeth of her rudder; currents and tides unknown were stealing her from her just direction. Yet, what mattered that, since one course was as indifferent as another, provided only she kept aloft. The stiff drenched and shot forward into the open greyness, there was below the keel a noise of rending and groaning, the green waters swarmed over the frail bulwarks. She staggered and checked under the weight of the avalanche, and then leaped out again, under the spur of tide and wind. Of a sudden, the timber quivered and cracked below; the boat rolled half under, and then, with a long and tearing shriek, she slipped away into deep water, and righted. The point of a rock had taken her in her giddy course, and now the sea came in through the rent in spurts. As this terrible fact became clear to Barbara, helpless in the stern the immeasurable black mass of clouds shifted from the east, and through the vent the banners of the dawn streamed up the sky. She uttered a still small cry, which was, indeed but a sob. Before her towered the broken heights of the Needles, jagged with their thousand pinnacles, and encircled by flocks of screaming gulls.

The little shell of a boat, battered and waterlogged, and now beyond any control, pumped towards these forbidding sentinels, as if anxious to founder and be done with its troubles. And Barbara herself, after the first burst of terror, resigned herself mutely to death. The boat ran towards the rocks, as towards the teeth of a saw, but in that moment she was aware of a voice above the wind, and above the crying of the gulls, above even the noise of the waters on the cliff.

"Put your tiller to starboard, starboard!" it cried.

Mechanically she obeyed, as well as her numb hands would allow her, and the boat turned and came up towards the wind, escaping the ugly rocks but lying flat now in the heat of the wild sea. She was conscious that she could keep aloft but a minute or two longer, she must go down in that whirlpool forthwith. But even as she thought so she saw the slim black nose of a boat emerge out of the gloom, and with a deep, low rushing noise, and spray and foam, and sobbing water, the hull of a cutter, armed with a gun and a broadsword, came upon her, and she saw the larger vessel and then, dipping towards the bows, gently sank.

The next moment Barbara felt herself in the grip of strong arms, and a second later knew nothing at all.

When she opened her eyes, it was upon a sky still black with the mark of the storm. The dawn tarried but the white heads of the buxakers in the coves glistened and faded perpetually. The coast by which the cutter sailed was rugged and inhospitable, the cliffs were thick with sea birds, and far off the shores of the island southward were merged in darkness. She noticed this dimly from where she lay amidships, upon a pile of canvas, and then, memory recurring to her awakened brain, sat up and looked about her. The first thing her gaze alighted on was Sir Piers Blackston, with his coat off, hatless, and pulling at a sheet. He drew the rope into a knot, and cried an order to the seaman at the tiller, and, in moving his eyes then, saw her. Instantly he came forward.

"I am so glad to see you recovered, Miss Garraway," he said, pleasantly, "you must drink a bit of brandy now, or I will not answer for your wetness." So saying he took from his pocket a flask and poured forth into the cup a little spirit. "There is always one thing for which you can depend upon me, child," he said, in his well remembered and amiable voice, "I always carry good brandy." Yet we will not ask whence it comes. Perhaps," he waved his arm, "the gentlemen on these shores may know."

She took the brandy without question, being too greatly exhausted to refuse, and her blood stirred and began to flow within her more bravely. The wheels of being began to whirr, and the immediate effect of that was that, whereas the night of Sir Piers on her return to consciousness had not even surprised her, she now exhibited her consciousness in her expression, and felt in her heart the creeping of alarm. But Sir Piers proceeded equably, seating himself by her. He might have been at a London rout for the polish of his manner, and the ease of his carriage. The sea was beating savagely, and he was himself very white of face and dishevelled, but he showed no signs of discomposure in his talk.

"Tis lucky, child, I picked you up," he said. "You were

breaking on the Needles; and if it had not been for homes' John Garth here, which I believe to be his name, you would be under sea, and about with mermaids now. Child, what a perilous, reckless journey! You should not have dared adventure. It has made even me quite sick. My stomach is more than queasy. I detest the sea, Barbara. Let me give you some more *vin de St. Emilion*, Tut, child, it will not hurt! It is physic in your condition. Do you remember the wet clothes, and you and me in the storm together that night? My dear, I little thought we should undergo a more dangerous experience together."

"A more dangerous! You say truly," said Barbara bitterly. She drank off the brandy recklessly, and gave him back the cup. The fire ran in her veins.

"Well, well," he said kindly, "that will keep you secure from chills. You are soaked." He laid his hand on her bosom. "Poor heart, poor heart, it beats too hard."

"It should beat soft in bed at Morden," cried poor Barbara weeping.

"Child, it shall beat soft abed in safety within an hour—upon my soul, I swear it," he declared, being strangely moved, and he left her and went aft to the fisherman.

The cutter made a turn now and drew ashore upon the other board. Already Barbara could hear the tide upon the beach, and already the houses and trees upon the superior heights of the island were discernible and distinguishable. Moving in still waters now, the cutter rocked but gently, and, rising and falling on the swell, crept point by point to land.

The boatman ran on the sandy shore of a little cove, and Sir Piers assisted the girl out of the cutter. He had replaced his hat and stock and coat, and the colour was back in his face. He talked with even friendliness.

"This is no desert island, they tell me, but a place within the King's writ. The people hereabouts live on wreckage and contraband, I am assured, but not on shipwrecked people. Let me have your arm, child. That is well. You are far too weak to walk, but there is only a few hundred yards. The village lies there, and I think you shall be housed there in comfort. You must be dog-tired—well, you shall sleep like a cat." So saying, he led her along the rising ground to where the hamlet lay still wrapped in its sleep. Upon the margin of the village stood a long and rambling house, venerable of look and crazy in condition. It was built in an Elizabethan pattern, but had received alterations unwillingly, and to one side rose a square and ugly tower imposed upon the building by the Palladian Philanthropist of a later age. The whole was set back from the road, in ample grounds, and amid umbrageous trees. To this house Sir Piers conducted the girl, who was, after some ringing of bells and explanations, admitted presently by an old woman with a bunch of keys at her girdle. Barbara had scarce questioned the introduction, even in her own mind, and she was too weary to dream of objection. Thus in a little she was, as Sir Piers had promised her, abed in a strange and spacious chamber, which smelled of sweet linen and savoured of the sea; and hardly was she there before she was fast asleep, and dead even to dreams.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### IN DAXTER HALL.

Sir Piers travelled down from London in a mass of confining desires. He had thought to pluck the violet in her rural seclusion, and lo, he found himself face to face with the rose. He had no belief in the instinctive virtue of woman. It was to him an affair only of persuasion, of price, of vanity, or of ambition, and some women were so dexterous and so crafty as to make bargains which were highly advantageous. Of these were such as became duchesses, or married into the moneyed stock of the country. Others, less skilful, occupied places of less honour; but in each case it was but a game in which the sexes were pitted against one another, each with his own desires, aims, and ends. Sir Piers ideal was freedom, but he loved a beautiful face, and he had also the man of the world's taste for novelty. The town beauties were too much of a pattern to satisfy a fastidious mind. Their very exclamations and conversational retorts were copies from a well worn book. Yet rustic innocence had no power to move him, and had Barbara been merely a country beauty he would have abandoned her with a pat on the head to the country lover. But she answered to more in him, and appealed to more. He detected latent qualities which attracted him, wit, audacity and the nameless something which makes for love and defies analysis. He would fain, as has been said, have plucked the violet, and here was the rose. Barbara had altered to his mind very much during those few days which preceded her flight. She was not the modest flower which he had thought, she was fuller blown, fuller grown. He recalled, as he rolled through Hampshire, the amazing sport with which she had risen on him at Bland's. There was the Prince, whom she knew for the Prince, and, instead of ceding to tears or shrinking with the shame of the position, she had boldly claimed what he had never promised.

"Sir Piers Blackston has done me the honour to ask me to be his wife, and I have consented."

The courage was significant, her bearing had been regal, and (what tickled him vastly) the adroitness had involved him in embarrassment. Was this the handsome girl whom he had thought to educate at his will? "Brava!" he cried to himself in the privacy of his carriage. "Damn my blood, she had me fair and square, the wizen!"

It pleased him to reflect upon his discomfiture, for it was long since he had suffered a rout at the hands of the sex. He had found Lady Marston difficult and tricky, and others of her character, but in the end he had brought them to terms. Could he reduce this wild innocent girl to the same servitude, or would she defy him? By the time that he so unexpectedly came upon the party with the gipsies, he had almost made up his mind that she would continue to defy him, and that the pursuit of victory was not worth the terrible pains. He wavered, indeed, in his course; and, being deeply in love now, returned to a milder and simpler idea. He ventured to believe in Barbara's love for him, for, to say the truth,



the man could not doubt that any woman would give her preference elsewhere. And, believing in that affection, he contemplated the abandonment of his illegitimate designs. This seemed to be an occasion when a Duchess exacted terms and got them; and he would not grumble if he should be defeated in the battle of sex which he had inaugurated now many weeks since. Sir Piers Blakiston of Hone was a philosopher, and was differentiated from other beaux and dandies in this, that he never carried on a pose in the teeth of common-sense, and never disputed facts with fate. The affection was a means to an end with him, an advertisement before the world, a valuable asset—but only so long as it was really so. He would have wiped the whole trick out at a stroke if his practical interests had required it. As it was his interests jumped with his profession of exquisite, and he remained the foremost back in Town. The grave question for him *en route* for Beaulieu was whether he should continue to remain so.

He watched the girl as she dozed in the chaise, and the sense of her weakness and her physical frailty as well as a conviction of her inferiority of will awoke in him. After all was such as this—this pretty creature in her pretty frock, travel-weary and forlorn, and faint to rest in her sleep her fair head on his shoulder—was such as this likely to gain say him to the end? It did not seem possible. He stroked the delicate head with a gentle hand, and the sleeper sighed—it seemed a sigh of content, of resignation, of peace. Sir Piers contemplated the outlook with new eyes, and swerved again. His orders had been given to the postillions, and he had set the maid's mind at ease by methods of his own. But on the way to Brockenhurst he came to another resolution. Barbara slept, and they ran past Boldre, and when she awoke it was too late, and he was committed to the cruel adventure.

When Barbara had disappeared into the darkened garden, Sir Piers had followed precipitately. By this time he was on the wings of a very ardent passion and nothing could restrain him. He ran down the rocky pathway which led to the shores of the creek, and when he reached the jetty it was too darkly dimly in the twilight the boat rocking on the tide, and a slim white figure in the stern. He called to her, but in vain, and slowly the boat melted into the darkness. His cries, however, brought to his aid a fisherman who was a tenant on the estate, and to him Sir Piers explained as much of the situation as was necessary. The fisherman had a boat at a landing near by, and for a consideration his boat and services were at the gentleman's disposition.

must be flying somewhere out on the waste of waters before this gale, if she was not already engulfed fathoms deep. The strong man shuddered, and communed with his own soul. He had driven her forth; he had killed her; that tender and delicate body tossed in the swell of the tide, and rose and fell among the drifting seaweed. "Let her run," he said, and the cutter, even under the furled sails on which the prudence of the owner insisted, raced through the broken water.

"Vonder's Varmouth," said Garth, making a motion to put the helm over and turn in; but the madman he had taken on his back stopped him with authority.

"Let her run, I say," and with a shrug of his shoulders the man obeyed. After all, the *Rose* would ride out this storm and another to boot, and if the gentleman wanted a wet night he should pay for it.

It would have been impossible, even for so critical a man as Sir Piers, to argue from his sensations when chance had done its best, and Barbara lay unconscious in the cutter. The heart beat, and a faint stirring of breath came and went between her lips; the fair hair fell loose to the wind, and the slinky dress dripped sea water and was fouled with stains. Yet Sir Piers, after that first quick scrutiny which reassured him that she lived, stood quite passive, hatless, and careless, looking down with some perplexity at the silent form of the girl he had chased by sea and by land for nearly four-and-twenty hours. The whiteness of her face alarmed him; the pretty colour was gone; she lay stiff of all the graces with which life and taste and character invested her. Yet at that moment he experienced a greater, a surer, attraction than ever before. Within that soaked and dragged garment and under the occluding mask of that ugly swoon were the delicate flesh and the mind and spirit he loved. He bent and drew his coat about her, and from a pocket produced the familiar flask of *cognac*. As the blood resumed its proper way within the slim body and showed visibly on its round in the marble face, he noticed his lips compressed severely.

"I will have her right yet. She shall go to Dexter; she shall rest there."

Thus it happened that Barbara was sleeping peacefully in Dexter Hall, which, by the grace of a distant cousin, had passed recently into the hands of Sir Piers Blakiston of Hone.

(To be continued.)

Constance Mary Ritchie, on Monday. On Saturday evening, however, a message was received by the Lord Mayor telling of the determination of the bridegroom to abandon his engagement. It is said that Mr. McCalman is now on the Continent. Our portrait is by P. Dittlich, Cairo.

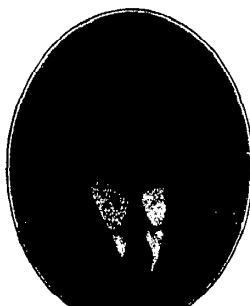
Captain Mattachich is the Liban officer who helped Princess Louise of Coburg in her sensational escape. Some years ago the Princess eloped with this officer, but the two were arrested. The Princess was carried off to a *maison de santé*, while Captain Mattachich was charged with forging the name of the Archbishop-Siephane to bills for 600,000 florins and was sentenced to six years' imprisonment. After some time he was pardoned and released and subsequently managed to again get into communication with the Princess.

## Paris Gossipings

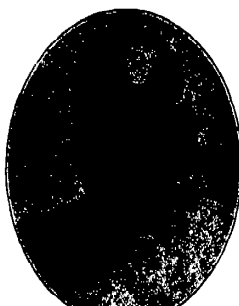
FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

The death of Deibler, the French public executioner, has again raised the question of capital punishment and public executions. Whatever may be the conflict of opinions on the first point, I imagine that in regard to the latter people are practically unanimous in desiring that they should be abolished. It is a curious proof of French conservatism that the bill providing that all public executions shall take place within the prisons as in England, has been before the Chamber for over three years, and has not yet become law. One result of its not being voted has been to practically abolish capital punishment in Paris. The former place of public execution in the French capital was the Place de la Roquette. They were held in the square facing the sombre prison of La Roquette, the scene of such horrors under the Commune. It was there that the Archbishop of Paris, the President of the Court of Cassation, and over a score of "hostages" were shot in cold blood the day the Versailles entered the city.

The prison was, however, pulled down three years ago, and with it went the place of public execution. Legally, it would still be possible to carry out the last dread office of the law there, but it would in that case be necessary to transport the condemned man right across Paris. A proposal was made to conduct executions in



MR. J. A. C. MCALMAN  
Who was to have married the Lord Mayor's daughter.



MR. T. W. BURGESS  
Who swam 22 miles in the Channel.



THE RIGHT HON. JAMES LOWTHER  
The popular M.P. for the Isle of Thanet.



THE LATE SIR HENRY COCHRANE  
A distinguished Irishman.



CAPTAIN MATTACHICH  
Who helped Princess Louise of Coburg in her flight.

## Our Portraits

Sir Henry Cochrane, Bart., D.L., was one of the leading figures in the political and commercial life of Dublin. He was born in 1836, and was head of a great mineral water factory. Sir Henry who spent his wealth freely on philanthropic objects, was largely identified with the public life of the city, and was until recently an alderman in the Dublin Corporation. In 1862 he unsuccessfully contested the College Green Division in the Unionist interest, and in August 1903, he was created a baronet. Our portrait is by Lafeyette, Dublin.

The Right Hon. James Lowther, M.P., was the younger son of Sir Charles Hugh Lowther, Bart., and was born in 1840. He was Parliamentary Secretary to the Poor Law Board from August to December, 1865. Under Secretary for the Colonies from 1874 to 1878, and Chief Secretary for Ireland from 1878 to 1880. Throughout his career in Parliament he was a consistent advocate of a protective tariff. Few men were better known or more respected in the world of sport than Mr. Lowther. He had always taken a keen interest in the turf, and was, perhaps, one of the best stewards the Jockey Club has known. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

Mr. Thomas William Burgess, though he failed to cross the Channel, broke all records in point of speed, swimming twenty-two miles in eight and three-quarter hours. He finished within five miles of Cape Grizet, the last four hours having been swum in a gale. He swims nearly twice as fast as anyone who has yet seriously attempted the Channel, and experts believe he will eventually succeed in swimming the Channel in eleven hours. Mr. Burgess, who is a native of Yorkshire, lives in Paris, where he is the head of a big business. Swimming has always been his favorite pastime. Our portrait is by Spicer, Dover.

Mr. J. A. C. McCalman, of the Egyptian Irrigation Department, was to have been married to the Lord Mayor's daughter, Miss

"I want you to put out and follow a boat that goes down with the tide," said Sir Piers. "I have no doubt she will beach a little lower, but we must watch closely. Make haste, man, or you will be too late."

The man, Garth, needed no other incentive than the gold pushed into his palm, and in the twinkling of an eye the pursuer was aloft, and galloping down the creek under a larger press of canvas than Barbara's poor little boat carried. Yet the start had given the skill the advantage, and the cutter ran out of the heads into the Solent in the rear of her prey. From this time onwards Sir Piers struggled and fought with chance, which in the end, as we have seen, was induced to favour him. He had come to the conclusion, by questioning the fisherman, that Barbara must have decided to make for Lymington, though he wondered at her courage and resolution. Towards Lymington, therefore, the cutter's nose was laid. She took two strides to the smaller craft's one, and would, no doubt, have overhauled her ere half the distance had been covered, if Barbara had not lost her bearings. As it was, off Lymington river Sir Piers hailed a boat that lay at anchor, but was now picking up her cables preparatory to seeking the shelter of the interior waters. He got no news of the skiff, and turned about, despite the protests of the fisherman, who now found himself committed to a bigger venture than he had anticipated. Sir Piers himself knew less of the sea and sea-craft than of anything else, but he did not hesitate where the experienced sailor shrank and murmured. The night had fallen black, and the wind was gathering out of the north. The cutter put out to creep back upon her course, and pick up, if possible, the mark they had overlooked; and presently after was fighting the gale even as Barbara had fought it. Here, as has been indicated, chance tipped the balance in Sir Piers's favour. The cutter ran hard down channel, scurrying before the blast, and Sir Piers sat in the bows, drenched, sick at heart, and heavy with forebodings.

"Let her run," he had said, when Garth was wrestling with the tide. "Let her run."

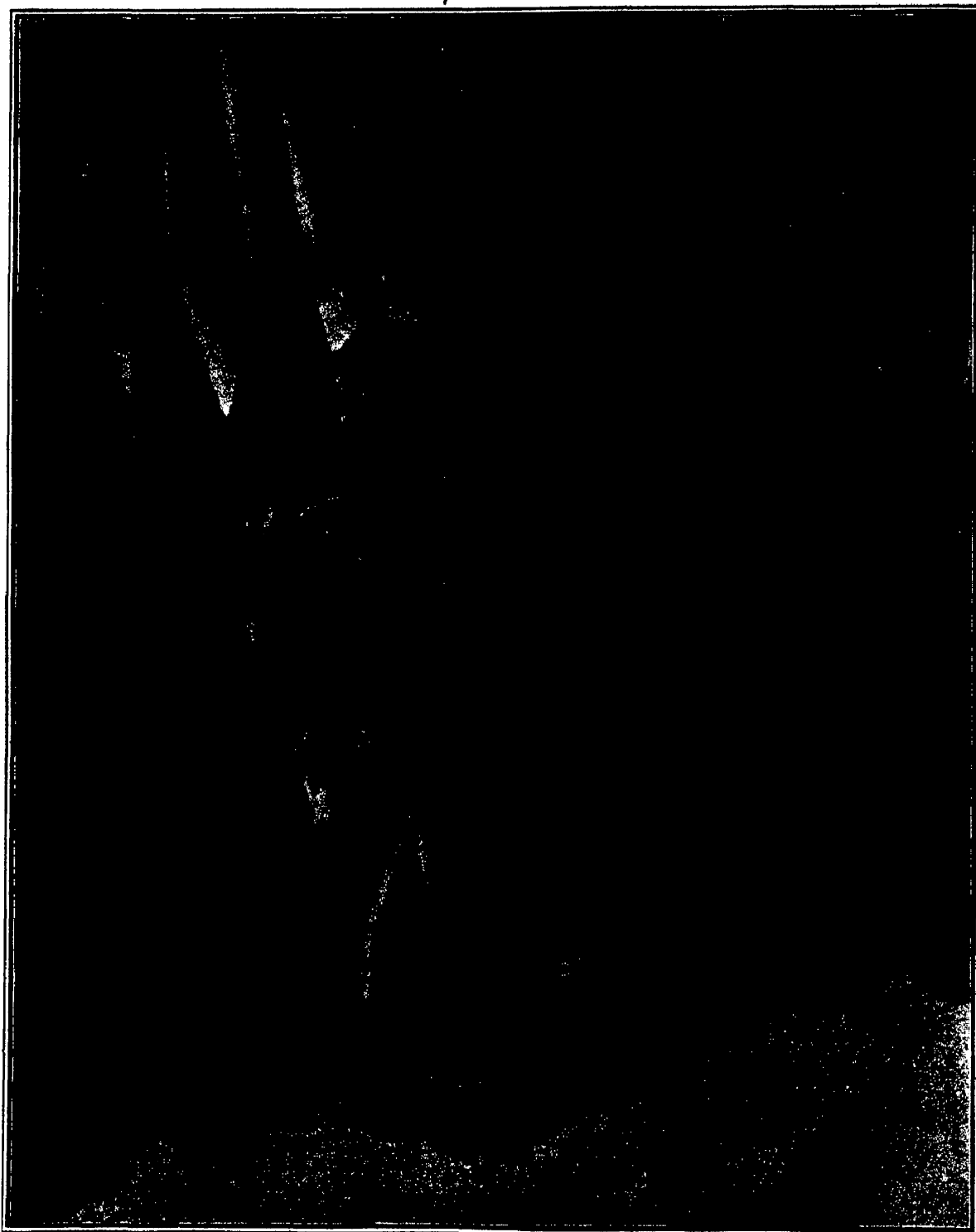
It was the easiest thing to do, but Sir Piers was moved by other considerations in issuing his command. Barbara, poor child,

the neighbourhood of the Prison de la Santé, but the inhabitants of the quarter were up in arms at once, and the authorities had to abandon the project.

It has been my unfortunate duty as a journalist to attend five executions—those of Prangini, Prodi, Vaillant, Emile Henry and an obscure criminal whose name I do not remember. I am convinced that anyone who has this unpleasant duty to perform a single time is opposed to capital punishment for the rest of his natural life. The whole affair is so sordid and so repulsive that no one could wish it perpetuated. I well remember the morning that Emile Henry paid his last debt to society. It was cold and chilly, with a dull leaden sky, well in keeping with the lugubrious ceremony.

When I arrived at the Place de la Roquette I found the usual crowd singing, dancing, and blaspheming round the windshops, which were blazing with light, the only break in the encircling gloom. I often wonder why the people who compose the crowd at La Roquette on the mornings of public executions love being at such events. Certainly in every-day life one never sees such a choice selection of blackguardism and vice. They seem to enrage from the lairs for the event and to return to them when the ghastly ceremony is over.

All round the Place there were massed, a whole battalion of the Garde Républicaine with a couple of squadrons of the Gardes à Cheval. In front of the guillotine was a squad of mounted gendarmes, which escorted the body to the cemetery. Then there were police everywhere—police in uniform, police in plain clothes, hundreds and hundreds of them lined up in front of the crowd, and also in its rear, to prevent the flight of anyone who might indulge in an anarchical demonstration of any kind. For the authorities had a terrible fear that some anarchist might seek to emulate the condemned man and hurl a bomb as the procession came out. The whole scene was sombrous in the extreme. But the ruling impression was, so to speak, the cowardliness of the whole affair—this tremendous deployment of force to kill a nineteen-year-old boy.



DRAWN BY MALLIGAL MALUCA

This Japanese woman has three sons at the war. When they left, she could not help fretting, though everyone told her that it was a great honor that they should go. At last, in her anxiety for their safety, she cut off her hair and took it, as the best sacrifice she could make, to present to the great

FROM A SKETCH BY LAMBA NOVELA

Lord Buddha. She tied her hair on the fence in front of the temple amongst all the soldiers' offerings, and, having done so, felt at peace again. The rings of these are the soldiers' prayers, hung up to themselves or their relations before they started for the war.

A MOTHER'S SACRIFICE TO BUDDHA FOR THE SAFETY OF HER SONS AT THE FRONT



## Back from the Antarctic

After an absence of three years, the Antarctic Research Expedition has reached home, having more than fulfilled the high expectations which were raised by its despatch, and proved itself, in the words of Sir Clements Markham, "the best conducted and most successful expedition that has ever entered into Polar regions, Arctic or Antarctic." The two primary objects of the Expedition were magnetic work and geographical discovery. Continuous magnetic observations were taken in the neighbourhood of the South Magnetic Pole, but the data embodying the results will, of course, take a long time to work out. The chief additions to our knowledge of Antarctic geography made by Captain Scott and his gallant crew have, however, already been made public. Wilkes Land, which is marked so prominently on all maps of the South Polar regions, was found to be non-existent, the Discovery sailing over the very spot where it had been charted. The great ice barrier proved to be afloat and pushing its way northwards at the rate of quarter of a mile a year, and a vast continent, with ranges of high mountains, was shown to exist under the ice-cap of South Victoria Land. Mounts Erebus and Terror, near which the Discovery wintered, were discovered to be on an island, and not on the Antarctic mainland, as had hitherto been believed, while the land at the east end of the ice barrier was found to be distinct from South Victoria Land, and has been named by Captain Scott King Edward VII. Land.

The most important sledge journey was that which Captain Scott undertook during the first season, when he made his now historic dash for the South Pole. In November, 1902, he started with Lieutenant Shackleton and Dr. Wilson, accompanied by eighteen dogs. At first all went well, but after a fortnight the dogs got weaker and weaker, and a long tract of snow had to be crossed which occupied them for thirty days, the sledges being brought up in trays. Practically the dogs became useless, and the explorers had to do all the work themselves. Nothing daunted, however, the gallant band pushed onward, and were rewarded for their exertions by reaching 82 deg. 17 min. south, thus breaking by 207 miles the record of Lorebrevick, who got as far as 78 deg. 40 min. in 1900, and penetrating more than eleven degrees further south than Captain Cook, the first Antarctic navigator. On the return journey Lieutenant Shackleton broke a blood vessel, and Scott and Wilson, suffering from snow blindness and hunger, with the difficulties of the march greatly increased by the thick logs which enveloped them, dragged the sledges back and reached the ship on February 4, 1903, after an absence of ninety-four days. Lieutenant Shackleton was so much injured in health that he was obliged to return with the relief ship *Morning* in the spring. Another memorable journey, also accomplished the first season, was undertaken westwards by Lieutenant Amundsen. His party dragged 240 pounds per man first over thirty miles of sea-ice, and then over twenty miles of a snow-filled valley to the foot of the mountains. Blocks and tackle, ice-axes and crowbars were needed to climb the steep ice-slopes, and, travelling amidst magnificent scenery, they reached an elevation of 9,000 feet at a distance of 142 miles inland from the ship. On the return journey Lieutenant Amundsen tumbled into a crevasse, and would have fallen a depth of 2,000 feet had he not been rescued by his companions. They were away fifty-three days. The only fatal accident during the whole expedition occurred while a party under Lieutenant Barne were returning from a sledge expedition to Cape Crozier. A blizzard struck them when ten miles from the ship, and the party and sledge had to be abandoned.

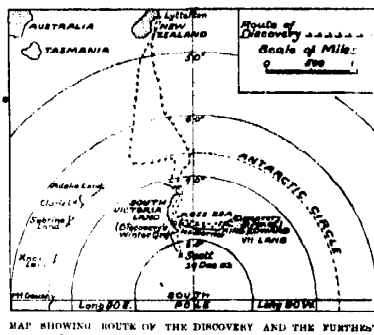
and his companions discovered that they were within a few yards of an immense precipice over which their companion must have fallen. Seaman Hare had a wonderful escape, falling into a snow-drift, where he lay buried for thirty-six hours. He was given up as lost by the search party sent after him, but managed to extricate himself and reached the ship unharmed.

In the second season Captain Scott led another expedition inland to the westward. Starting on October 12, 1903, he crossed the magnetic meridian a month later, and then, with only two men, proceeded westward over the ice-cap for eight days, encountering great dangers from the hidden crevasses, in one of which the whole party had a hairbreadth escape from destruction. The plucky band



CAPTAIN ROBERT FALCON SCOTT, R.N., M.V.O.  
From a Photograph by the Literary Agency of London.

reached a point 270 miles from the ship, in the interior of South Victoria Land, a vast continental plateau, which stretched away before them at an elevation of 9,000 feet. In a glacier valley near the coast they made one of the most important discoveries of the expedition, finding a geological section laid bare where the sandstone rocks revealed fossil remains of plants—apparently a Miocene flora. Meanwhile the exploration of the ice barrier had been entrusted to Lieutenant Royds, who, with five companions, made his way over



MAP SHOWING ROUTE OF THE DISCOVERY AND THE FURTHEST POINT SOUTH REACHED BY COMMANDER SCOTT

the ice in a south-easterly course until he was 160 miles from the ship. No sign of land was met with, and no obstacles were encountered on the ice. During the second season also a third extended journey was made by Lieutenant Barne to examine the strait in 80 deg. south. The party was away sixty-eight days, and obtained detailed information respecting the exact point of junction between the barrier ice and the land. The long Antarctic winters proved terribly monotonous, the periods of darkness being spent in preparing for the sledge journeys. Seal meat was the chief food, the expedition consuming over 500 seals during their two years in the ice.

The relief ship *Morning*, commanded by Captain Colbeck, which had brought the expedition a store of provisions in 1903, arrived a sin at the edge of the ice in January of this year, and succeeded in reaching the Discovery the following month, in company with the second relief ship *Terra Nova*, commanded by Captain McKay,

which had been sent out by the Government. The fleet by this time had begun to break, and the Discovery was released from the ice, in which she had been embedded for two years. Captain Scott managed to get on board seventy-five tons of coal from the relief ships, and then a gale came on and drove them to the north, the ships parting company and not meeting again until they reached Lyttelton in March.

The homecoming of the Discovery was not marked by any organised demonstration, but thousands of people gathered on Southern beach to catch a glimpse of the now famous vessel, and when she entered the harbour at Portsmouth the explorers received a hearty welcome, the crews of the vessels in harbour manning ship and cheering as only sailors can. As soon as the ship was warped alongside, the relatives of the crew were allowed to board her and to inspect the vessel and the mementos which the crew had brought back, amongst these being four Eskimo dogs, which excited a lively curiosity. Neither ship nor crew seemed the worse for the terrible hardships which they had undergone. On Tuesday evening the Mayor of Portsmouth entertained the officers and men at a banquet in the Town Hall, and on the Discovery's arrival in the Thames yesterday a luncheon was given by the Presidents of the Royal Society and the Geographical Society in a shed opposite the berth.

In an interview with a Press representative Captain Scott paid a handsome tribute to the crew. "Every member of the expedition," he said, worked well together, "and the behaviour of everyone was all that could be desired. I have not one word to say against the conduct of anyone from start to finish." Of his own share in the success of the expedition Captain Scott said nothing; but those who have followed the doings of the Antarctic Research Expedition, as published in the accounts brought home by the *Morning*, on her two trips, must have been struck by the commanding rôle played by the Discovery's gallant captain, and will be content to believe Sir Clements Markham, himself an Arctic veteran, who described Captain Scott as "the bold and skillful navigator, the ideal director of a scientific staff, the organiser of measures securing the health and good spirits of his people and the beloved commander of the chosen band of explorers who were ready to face hardships and dangers to secure his approval."

The King, who sent a telegram to Captain Scott, congratulating the expedition on its safe return, has directed that a new medal for service in the Polar regions shall be struck and granted to the officers and crew of the Discovery, in recognition of the successful accomplishment of their enterprise, while Commander Robert Falcon Scott, M.V.O., has been promoted to the rank of Captain in the Royal Navy.

## An Exhibition of Amateur Photography

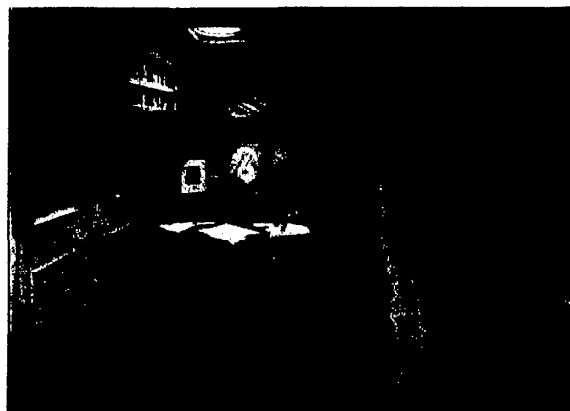
A decidedly interesting exhibition, free to the public, is now being held at the Kodak Gallery, 40, Strand, where the winning pictures in the recent £1,000 Kodak Amateur Competition are on view. Over 25,000 photographs were sent in from all parts of the world. What at once impresses one is the high standard of work shown by all the specimens, and the judges, Sir William Abney, Mr. J. Craig Annan, and Mr. Frank Sutcliffe must have had a difficult task to adjudicate the prizes amongst photographs which show such a uniform excellence. The first prize, which bears no name, is a most artistic presentation of a harbour scene at eventide, the print being an enlargement, toned a deep sepia colour. Amongst the prize photographs, we may mention "A Disputed Right of Way," by Miss Agnes Tonlinson, showing a goose barring the way of two children on a rustic bridge, a picture which is distinguished by an entire absence of pose, "Cherry Ripe," by Mrs. J. Linton, "A Brown Study," by H. C. Card, jun., "Cliffs and Cloud," by W. Fisher Ward, "Interior from Wenaleydale," by T. Brogden, and "The Approach to Newcastle," by A. Miller. A selection of photographs which are honourably mentioned is also exhibited. Amongst these are some charming subjects of children by Mrs. Nancy Ford Cones and Miss Kate Smith, and pictures of flowers by Mrs. Caroline Cadby, while some admirable studies in the nude, taken with a Brownie camera, are shown over the names of P. S. Greig and E. B. Vignoles.

Lieut. M. Barne, R.N. Lieut. E. H. Shackleton, R.N.R. Dr. R. Kestellie.  
R. W. Mollison, R.N.



Mr. O. Murray. Capt. R. F. Scott, R.N., M.V.O.  
Lieut. A. B. Amundsen, R.N.R.  
Lieut. O. H. Royds, R.N.

THE OFFICERS OF THE DISCOVERY  
From a Photograph by Thomson, Grosvenor Street.



CAPTAIN SCOTT'S CABIN IN THE DISCOVERY  
From a Photograph by O. Pilkington.

# THE RETURN OF THE DISCOVERY

FROM THE EXPEDITION TO THE ANTARCTIC REGIONS.



It was eleven o'clock on Saturday, when the Discovery steamed into Spithead, and at about half-past eleven she took up her quarters in Mutus Bay, between Southsea and the Isle of Wight. The weather was magnificent, and boatsmen were soon busy taking sightseers to get a glimpse of her, but she was already hemmed in by a flotilla of naval pinnaces which had taken officers to welcome their old friends. The general public were kept a respectful distance away, but there was a constant procession of small craft sailing round her all the day, for it was after four o'clock before she got up a main and made her way to the jetty in the harbour. Steaming in the water she looked a somewhat insignificant vessel of the winter type, and it was not till she got at close quarters that her compact and powerful frame could

be realised. The thousands of people on the southern beach had a splendid position for seeing how an Arctic ship is fastened. In the harbour a heterogeneous though informal welcome was accorded the explorer. As the Discovery came through the narrow entrance on her way to the landing place, the men and boys on the old Victory, the Hercules, signal-ship, the St. Vincent, the Narvesen, the Eschscholtz and the Iris, manned ship's boats of the men ascended to the top of the masthead, and the shouts of greeting reverberated through the air as the sailor lads cheered and the exclamations of their sea comrades.

WELCOME AT PORTSMOUTH: THE SHIP'S ARRIVAL IN THE HARBOUR

DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON, R.I.



The only loss of life that occurred during the expedition was on a trip to Cape Crozier to establish a cairn there. The distance from the ship was about forty-five miles. When four days had elapsed it was found that provisions would not last out if all the party went ahead. Three, therefore, went on and the rest returned to the ship. While crossing the ridge of Mount Terror, on the way back, the party suffered

seriously, as the storm would not work, and no food could be cooked. The slope of the ridge was very slippery and suddenly an ice patch was reached. Here one of the party slipped and slid off into the darkness over the edge of a cliff, never to be seen again.

# A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT: THE ONLY MEMBER OF THE CREW WHO LOST HIS LIFE

DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.



DEARBY P. J. MACHOR

On one occasion, while on a trip to Cape Codder, Hare, one of the crew, got lost, and wandered about for a long time trying to get on the right track home. A herring school was tagging at the time, as if the unfortunate man had been exhausted. His comrades searched for him on two succeeding nights, without success. Hare was out of spirit, corrected with spoor, and thus he remained sleeping for thirty-six hours. On the second day he awoke, half revived by the warmth of the sun. Indeed another and even recovered the ship. When he reached the commander, after forty-six hours' absence, they were over-burdened with delight at meeting him again after they had given up all hope of ever seeing him alive, and

FROM HATFIELD SUPPLIED BY AN OFFICE OF THE DEPARTMENT

FOUND: ONE OF THE CREW WHO WAS LOST IN A SNOWDRIFT REJOINING HIS COMPANIONS

searched for him on two succeeding nights, without success. Hart was out of sight, covered with snow, and thus he remained sleeping for thirty-six hours. On the second day he awoke, and, revived by the warmth of the sun, looked around, and soon discovered the

(On one occasion, while on a trip to Cape Oudier, Hare, one of the crew, got lost, and wandered about for a long time trying to get on the right track home. A howling storm came on at the time, and the unfortunate man sank down exhausted. His comrades found him at last, and he was rescued.)

FOUND! ONE OF THE CREW WHO WAS LOST IN A SNOWDRIFT REJOINING HIS COMPANIONS



MAKES BY F. C. BOKER  
 On one occasion a tent with three men in it was completely buried in the snow. When at length dug out, the tent poles were found to be buckled from the weight of the snow. It was necessary to build a wall of ice round each tent to protect it from the wind.  
 BURIED IN A SNOWDRIFT: THE RESCUE PARTY AT WORK  
 FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN OFFICER OF THE RESCUE PARTY





THE GERMAN ROYAL BETROTHAL: THE CROWN PRINCE AND HIS FIANCÉE RECEIVING CONGRATULATIONS FROM THE SCHOOL CHILDREN OF GELBENSANDE . . .

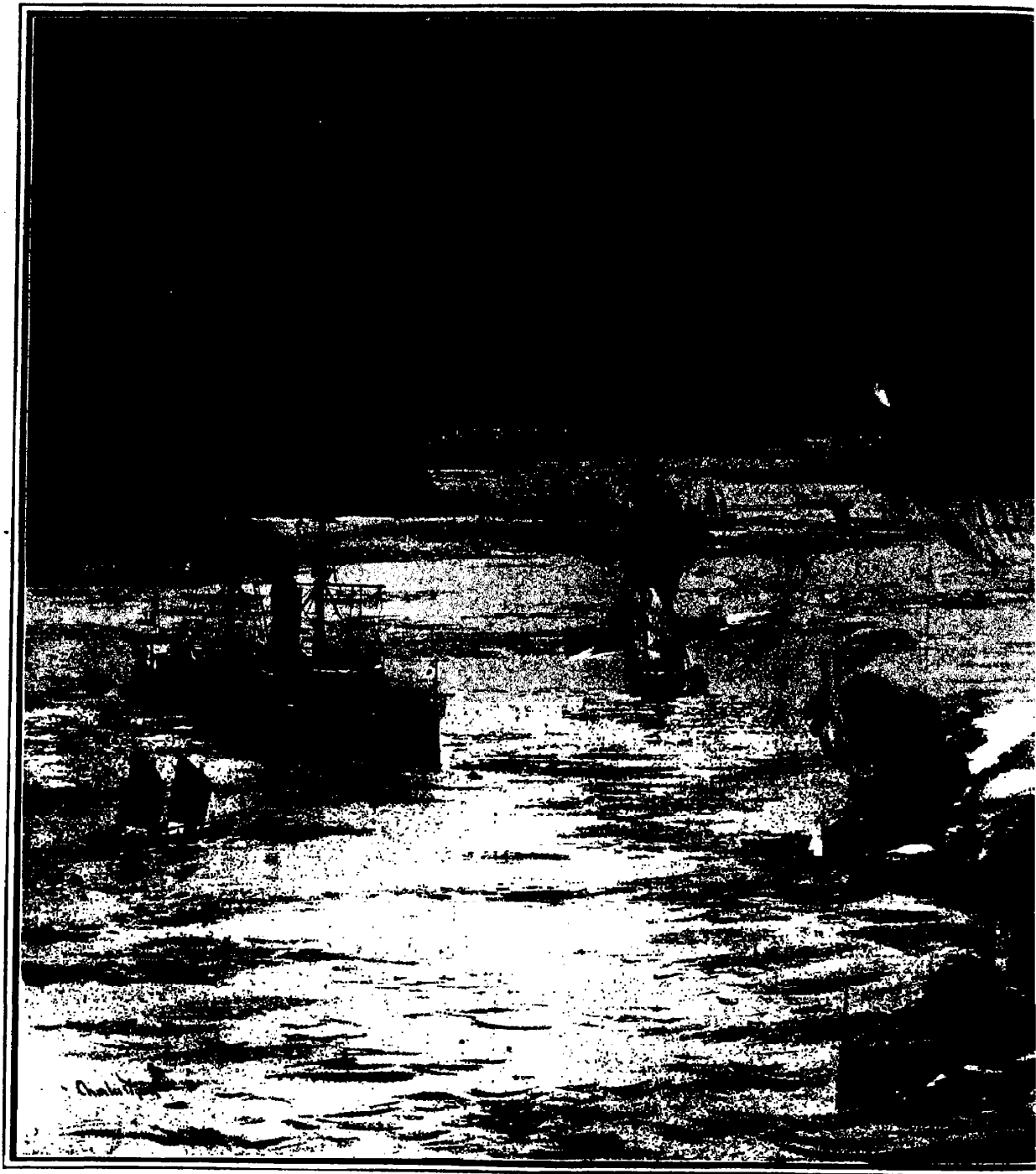
from a Photograph by the Berliner Illustrations Gesellschaft.

Tachang-shan Island.

Protected Cruisers : Chikuma, Kasagi,  
Takasagi, Furus, Akashi.

Battleships : Mikasa, Asahi, Yoshida,  
Mutsu, Nagato, etc.

Armoured Cruisers : Nishino, Kasuga, Arima,  
Kure, etc.



Guardship Tsukushi.

DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON, R.I.

Our Correspondent writes :—"The Manchu Maru, after a tedious wait at Chinkampo and two more fruitless days off the Yalu, sailed on July 14 for Yantai Bay, the scene of the first landing in the Liaotung. At about half-past four in the afternoon we sighted a dense cloud of smoke overhanging the largest of the Elliott Islands. In the midst of which we now were steaming. Rounding a bare cliff shoulder we came into a broad sweep of channel between the 'Great' and 'Little' Long Hill Islands. Two guardships, the Saiyuu, captured ten years ago from the Chinese, and the Chihaya, stood sentinel over the tranquil battle fleet.

They were some seven miles distant, and lay, grim and gray, under the lee of the Great columns of smoke poured from their blackened funnels, marking the overhead. The cruisers were on the left, then the battleships and more cruise Nishino and Kasuga, the Hashidate and Itsukushima. A hospital ship—green striped at white flanks—lay to the north of the great huddle of transports and colliers, distilling an ships that were anchored off the southern island. Steaming here and there were torped and pompos tugs, launches, and gigs were passing constantly from one ship to another

THE JAPANESE NAVAL BASE IN THE ELLIOTT I

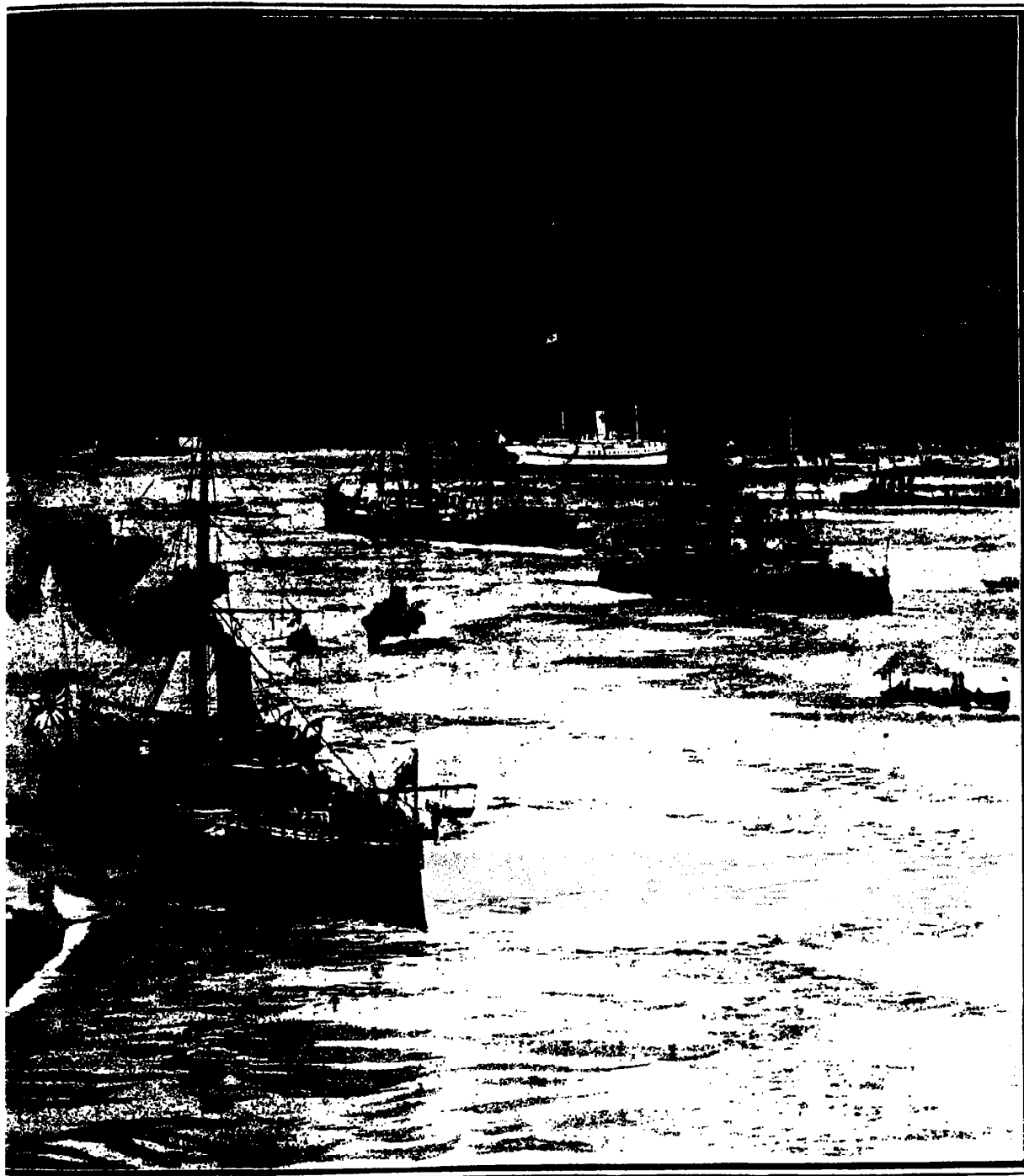
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positions, etc.  
shown

→ To Port Arthur (60 miles)

Hospital Ship, Transport, Colliers, Tor-  
pedo Craft, Drilling, Repair Ships.

Haiso-shang-shan Island



Guardship Saiyen,  
captured from Chinese.

Manchū Maru

Guardship Chihaya,  
captured from Chinese.

FROM A SKETCH BY W. D. STRAIGHT

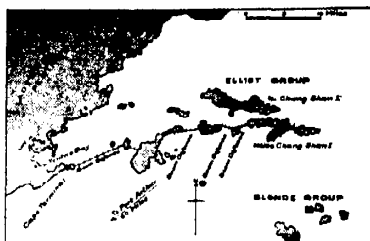
Manchū Maru went on towards Venus Bay, where the transport camp circled around the sandy  
va. Here it was that Captain Numato had led his bluejackets half a mile through the surf to  
live away the Russian Guards preparatory to the landing of the Second Army. We could  
the remains of the great Boom Defence that had been thrown across the main and all the  
her little island channels through which any Russian torpedo craft endeavouring to intercept  
operations would have to pass. Constructed of 48-inch cables, buoys and logs

and wire nettings, the line was a formidable one, especially as the guardships, gunboats,  
and torpedo destroyers were on duty day and night watching for the enemy. We turned  
on our course and, passing between the Saiyen and Chihaya, anchored inside the sentry line,  
now strengthened by the Tsukushi, a squat little gunboat. I shall send you by the next mail  
at least five more drawings representing various incidents attendant on our visit to Togo on  
his flagship the Mikasa."

THE MANCHŪ MARU AS SEEN FROM THE MANSHŪ MARU

## Admiral Togo's Base

The Elliot group, which Admiral Togo has linked together by an immense system of boom defences, and converted into a stronghold for his fleet, is an irregular chain of rocky islands fifteen miles in extent east and west lying off the eastern coast of the Liautung Peninsula. The group is distant about sixty miles north-east of Port Arthur, the nearest point on the mainland being Cape Terminal, a bluff 600 feet high, situated about twenty miles north of Taitienwan Bay. The main island of the group is Ta-chang-shan, and between it and Hsiao-chang-shan is a deep bay, which forms the anchorage for Admiral Togo's fleet, as depicted in our double page this week. A few miles to the south is another group known as the Blonde Islands, and it was here that Admiral Togo received a visit the other day from the Japanese peers and representatives of the Press of various nations on board the *Manchu Maru*. The admiral showed no signs of the strain he has undergone, and his ship, the *Mikasa*, was in as good fighting condition as of the day, now over seven months ago, when she sailed from Japan. Though she has been in action several times, she bore no marks of the enemy's shot. Only once was she hit by a Russian shell, which struck her main lower top, but did no damage beyond injuring a non-commissioned officer by a splinter.



PLAN OF THE ELLIOT GROUP, SHOWING ADMIRAL TOGO'S BASE



The Right Reverend Edwyn Hoskyns, the new Bishop of Southwell, has been Bishop Suffragan of Burnley and Rector since 1901, when the scheme providing an endowment for a suffragan bishopric for Manchester, through the generosity of the late Rector, Osborn Parker, became operative. Dr. Hoskyns, before becoming a suffragan Bishop, was Vicar of Bolton, Lancashire, to which he was preferred in 1880 from the Rectory of Steppes. He began his clerical work at Witley, Hertsfordshire, and was for some time at the Quebec Chapel and St. Clement's, North Kensington.

THE NEW BISHOP OF SOUTHWELL

## The Theatres

*Merely Mary Ann*, Mr. Zangwill's new play at the Duke of York's, is founded on the author's charming little story of the same name published some years since. It is a pretty sentimental romance of a young composer who, in a London lodging-house, pining for fame and appreciation, finds only one sincere admirer, and that one is faithful little Mary Ann, the drudge. She does not understand his compositions, but she worships the composer, and though it is long before he falls in love with her, and learns to appreciate the little Somersetshire maiden at her true worth, he does so at the finish. But at the finish he is a famous composer, and Mary Ann has come into a fortune of half a million, and one wonders whether, without these adventitious aids, the romance would have come to so happy a conclusion. Three acts take place in the lodging-house, and it is here that Mr. Zangwill is happiest. The dialogue is full of pathetic and humorous touches, and though the story is old-fashioned, the method of presenting it is modern and very fresh. The last act, introducing us to the fashionable world into which the two principal actors have now penetrated, is much less successful, and seems to strike an altogether unreal note. Even Miss Eleanor Robson, who charmed every one in the earlier scenes, seemed wholly out of her element and quite undistinguished here; but as the pathetic drudge she was great, and the play owes very much to her delicate and exquisitely sympathetic rendering of Mary Ann. The somewhat priggish composer was well portrayed, with just the right touch of egotism, by Mr. Henry Ainley, and Mr. George du Maurier was excellent as a breezy young friend who has given up writing music to praise others, and instead has written to please himself, with most gratifying results to his pocket. Mr. Charles Cartwright, as an astute but kindly music publisher, gave a capital little character study; but he, unfortunately, only made one appearance.

### "THE CATCH OF THE SEASON"

Messrs. Seymour Hicks and Cosmo Hamilton, with the assistance of two composers and a lyric writer, have produced at the VAUDEVILLE what promises to be one of the biggest successes of the season. The story is a modern version of *Cinderella*, and it follows very closely on the lines of the old story. *Cinderella* is Angela Crystal. She has two elderly sisters, and she is not allowed to go to the ball given to celebrate the coming of age of the Duke of St. Jermyns. But a fairy godmother, in the form of an aunt turns up and whisks her off in the character of her Irish niece, and, needless to say, pretty Angela scores a triumph and wins the heart of the Duke, who has previously met her without knowing her name. Round about this simple little story are lung dances and songs of a most bright and lively character. The dresses are simply overwhelming in their richness and variety, and the acting throughout is excellent. Mr. Seymour Hicks, overflowing with spirits, is a dashing young duke. He dances with even more than his accustomed skill, and he plays tenderly, brief comedy passages with an earnestness and sincerity which are delightful. Miss Zena Dore is a charming Angela; and Miss Rosina Filippi,

as the fairy godmother, plays with infinite spirit. Even a rather feeble beginning and a few jokes in questionable taste (probably by this time eliminated) could not spoil the evening, and *The Catch of the Season* is one of the brightest entertainments now to be seen in London.

*The Tempest* was produced at HIS MAJESTY'S on Wednesday night, too late for any notice this week. Mr. Tree has reduced the original five acts to three. The concluding act includes three scenes, representing respectively "A Barren Waste," "Prospero's Cave," and "The Yellow Sea." Much of the scenery, which is of a particularly beautiful and striking character even for a theatre renowned for its exquisite productions, is the work of Mr. Tabin.

Mr. James Bernard Pagan's five-act play, *The Prayer of the Sinner*, will be produced by Mr. Otho Stuart at the ADELPHI next week. The cast includes Mr. Oscar Asche, Mr. E. Lyall Swete, Mr. Charles Rock, Mr. H. R. Hignett, Miss Lily Brayton, and Miss Dora de Winton.

*The Earl and the Girl*, which reached its 275th performance on Monday, was then transferred from the ADELPHI to the newly decorated LYRIC. New songs, new dresses, and new dances have been introduced. Miss Hart Dyke has a new dance, "L'Entente Cordiale," Miss Louie Pounds sings an "Owl Song" with some wonderful electric effects, Mr. Robert Evett has a gondola song with chorus, and Miss Agnes Fraser, a "cooking ballad," during which she makes a pudding à la Mary Netley in *Ours*.

Mr. John Hare has engaged Miss Hilda Trevelyan to play Miss Nina Boucicault's part in *Little Mr. Y* on tour. Miss Trevelyan, it will be remembered, made a great success a short time since in *Op' o' Me Thumb*.

## "The Graphic" Diary of the War

There has been a lull in the news from the Far East during the past few days. Further details have arrived which show that the battle of Liaoyang was even a bigger affair than was at first thought. It is too early yet to arrive at the trustworthy figures in regard to casualties, but there is no doubt that over 6,000 men fell in the four days' conflict. Liaoyang has, within the past few days, been looted three times—first by the retreating Russians; then, before the Japanese arrived, the Chinese soldiers and police continued the sacking of the town, which was finally looted by the Japanese, who reached the town in a starving condition and proceeded to loot right and left. As regards the operations round Port Arthur we know nothing, the Japanese having maintained absolute silence. Below are the principal events in the campaign, news of which have been received during the past week:—

SEPTEMBER 6.—Yentai and Yumtuei Hill occupied by the Japanese.

Evacuation of Mukden by the Russians begun.

The French Minister at Tokio notified the Japanese Government that the Russian cruiser *Diana* would disarm at Saigon.

Admiral Prince Uhtomsky replaced in command of the Port Arthur Squadron by Captain Warren, the commander of the Bayan.

The Russian cruisers *Peterburg* and *Smolensk* warned while off Zanzibar by the British cruiser *Forster* to desist from interfering with British shipping.

SEPTEMBER 7.—General Kurapatkin arrived at Mukden.

General Oku reported to be twenty miles west of Liaoyang-Mukden railway, and General Kuroki twenty-seven miles to the east, while General Kurapatkin's rear-guard is about twelve miles from Mukden, and the main portion of his Army is said to be across the River Hun.

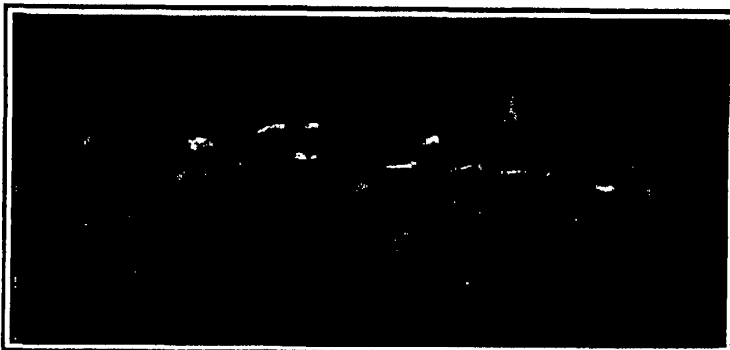
SEPTEMBER 8.—Dismantling of the cruiser *Diana* begun at Saigon.

Heavy storm at Mukden—the worst since the war began.

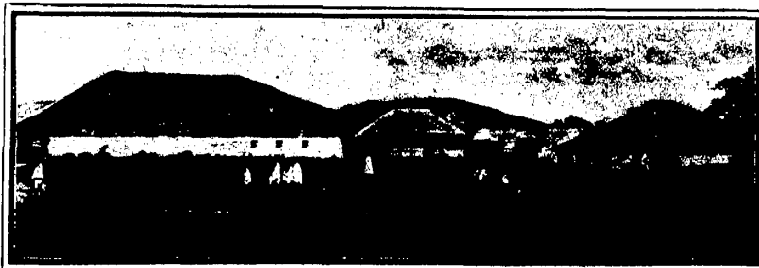
SEPTEMBER 10.—More Russian reserves called up. Russians officially reported to be retiring from Mukden to Tieling.

SEPTEMBER 11.—Reported resignation of Admiral Alexieff of the post of Viceroy of the Far East.

SEPTEMBER 12.—Official announcement to the effect that the Baltic Fleet sailed from Kronstadt for the Far East. Reported capture of 3,000 Russians, under General Sasulitch. The report adds that the General was wounded.



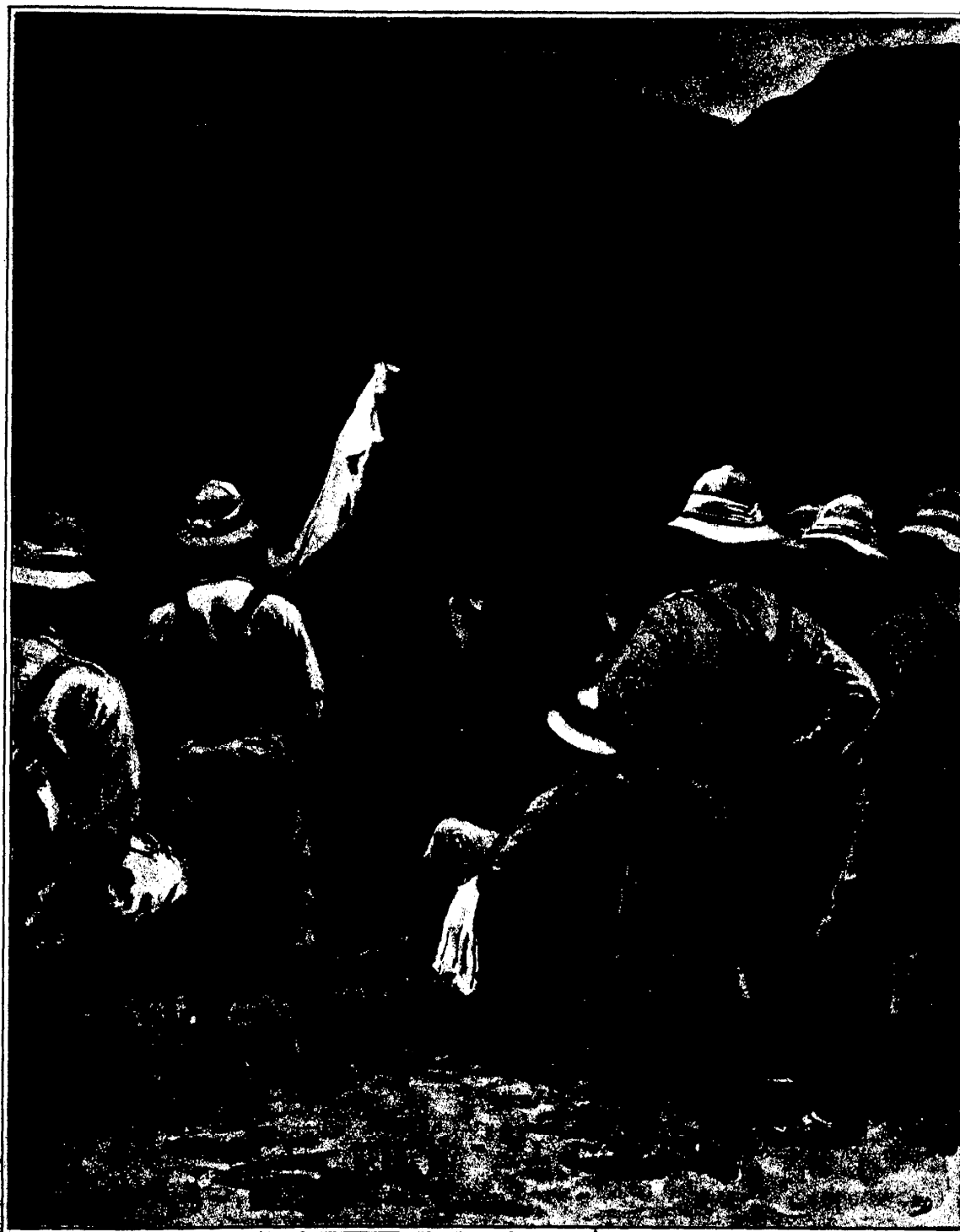
GROUP OF VISITORS AND STAFF AT THE OPENING CEREMONY



The site of the Uganda's New Hospital at Entebbe is perhaps the principal obstacle to its completion, and there is hardly anything that appeals more to our sympathies than the explorer or colonial soldier down by illness in remote parts of the African Protectorate, where no medical skill or hospital accommodation is available. In Uganda, at all events, an effort has been made to meet this difficulty. The House Government have caused to be erected and furnished a large hospital at Entebbe, for both officials and the general public. This hospital was opened in the presence of the Commissioner and the entire staff. It cost about £2,000, and took about fourteen months in building. One of our illustrations shows a general view of the hospital buildings. The hospital is on the left, the small building in the centre is the laboratory now in use by the Sleeping Sickness Commissioners, the cottage on the right is the nurses' quarters. Our photographs are by Mr. D. V. F. Figuiera.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE HOSPITAL

UGANDA'S NEW HOSPITAL AT ENTEBBE



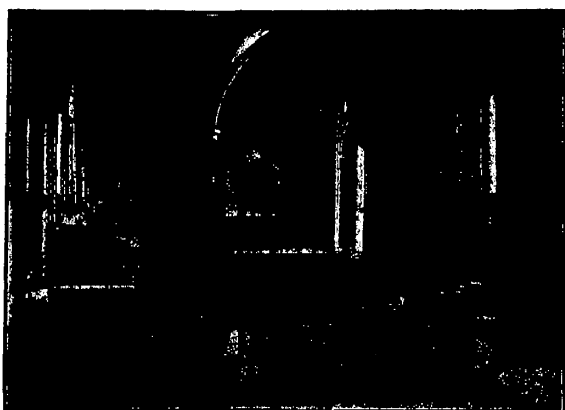
DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

Our Correspondent writes:—"The Drepung Monastery contains 7,000 monks, and it is reckoned one of the most sacred in the country. The inhabitants of the town, having failed to bring in sufficient supplies to feed the force, a flag was sent to the monastery on August 8. The general officer commanding opposed the troops behind a neighbouring spur. A vast crowd of shouting monks met the political officer outside the wall and refused to receive the letter he bore. Some even went so far as to throw stones. The letter was left on the ground and the monks 'cleared for action.' They expelled all villagers, coolies, women and children.

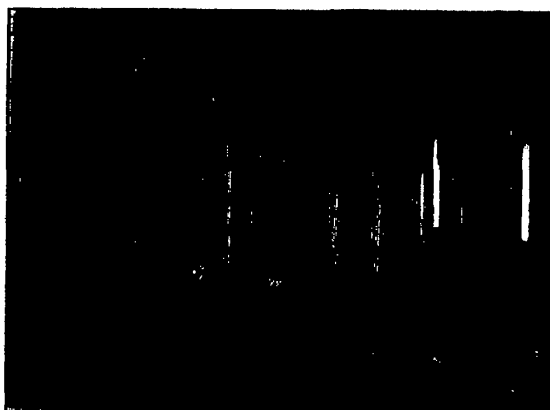
FROM A SKETCH BY SERGEANT N. L. V. BYRON

re-entered the great monastery and closed the gates. Ten minutes later our troops dismounted from cover and proceeded to their stations. At the same time a company of Pathans appeared on the skyline high above the monastery. Half an hour after this the monks' courage had evaporated and a deputation of Lamas, under a white flag, agreed to bring in the required grain within five days. It should be added payment is always made for a pillock even when taken under threat."

A DEPUTATION TO GENERAL MACDONALD IN TIBET: LAMAS UNWILLINGLY PART WITH THEIR GRAIN



VIEW OF THE INTERIOR LOOKING EAST



VIEW OF THE INTERIOR LOOKING WEST

The history of the Temple Church consisted, after the facts connected with its foundation and preservation, in its association with the great men of successive centuries. Unfortunately this fact was not perceived by the Templars of the so-called Gothic revival, namely between 1830 and 1840. The monuments with which its walls were lined, the gravestones with which it was paved, were destroyed, or, if they were saved, it was by being sent to the triforium of the nave, or to a kind of lower story which contains the bellows of the organ. Their present position is fully set forth in the illustrations. We may be glad, knowing what happened in other places, that any of them are now to be found. Gough, a literary antiquary of the eighteenth century, tells us of a Hertfordshire baronet who asked the Benchers to let him have some of the cross-legged effigies to adorn a new church; his request was seemingly then refused "without any expression of surprise."

In those days the most wonderful tales and traditions were in circulation, yet they do not seem to have increased the reverence with which ancient monuments were treated. We read, for instance, that the Temple was founded in B.C. 4748, by Malutius Dunwallo, King of Britain, one of the line of legendary monarchs which comprised Lear and Lud, Cole and Belin. Undoubtedly some persons believed these tales, or Weaver and Newcourt and other old writers would not have been at such pains to refute them. At a much later time, so late that many of us remember it, whole treatises were written on the mystic meaning of the seven bays of the choir and their masonic affinity with Cleopatra's Needle, the Irish round towers, the Great Pyramid and the Mexican city of Palenque. The authentic history of the church is quite sufficiently full of interesting circumstances to be able to do without Dunwallo and even Palenque; and the first name we come to,

that of the archbishop by whom it was dedicated to St. Mary, suggests a strange tale.

Heraclius was Patriarch of Jerusalem, elected to the office, according to some, on account of his prepossessing appearance, and

the personage represented. It is agreed by the best authorities that they are neither the effigies of Crusaders nor of Templars. A popular fancy that the crossed legs of some of the figures denote Crusaders, has long been exploded; and, indeed, as Mr. Albert Hartshorne has pointed out, in other churches we see both Crusaders who are not cross-legged and also cross-legged effigies which are certainly not those of Crusaders. The nine figures are disposed neatly in two groups, according to whether they wear chain mail or plate armour. The first is usually ascribed to William Marshal, Earl of Pembroke, who was guardian of the realm and of the King himself during the minority of Henry III. Two of his sons, William and Gilbert, successively Earls of Pembroke, are believed also to be here represented. Even more interesting, could we but be sure of it, is a figure with arms very like those of the Mandevilles, Earls of Essex. For one thing, it is a very early example of heraldry, whether or not it is the earliest in England, which depends, of course, on the correctness of the identification. If so, it represents Geoffrey, who, under the Empress Matilda, mightily oppressed the citizens of London. He was killed in a tournament in 1144, before the Templars had migrated from Holborn; but his body is said to have been brought here when they removed in 1184.

In the choir one or two monuments remain. Of these the oldest is in a modern recess. It is believed to bear the effigy of Silvester Everden, Bishop of Carlisle, who died in 1255, but appears to belong to the fourteenth century. The bust of Hooker should be remarked in the south aisle; he was Master of the Temple in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and his "Ecclesiastical Polity" is still read and admired. He died and was buried at Bourne, near Canterbury, November 2, 1600.



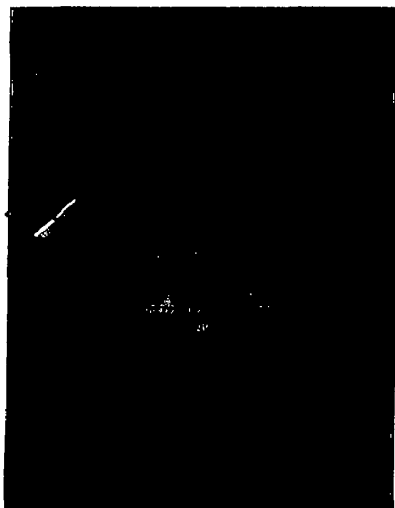
THE TOMB OF THE EARL OF PEMBROKE

was sent, together with the chiefs of the Templars and of the Hospitallers, on a diplomatic mission to Henry II. While here he opened the new Temple Church, but he failed in his attempt to persuade Henry to assume the crown of Palestine and fight the Saracens. Henry's councillors sagely observed that it would be more wholesome for the King's soul that he should defend his own country against the barbarous French. Whereon the Patriarch used very strong language of King Henry and his family, "and departed in great ire." He returned to the Pope, but was eventually deposed, and died in obscurity.

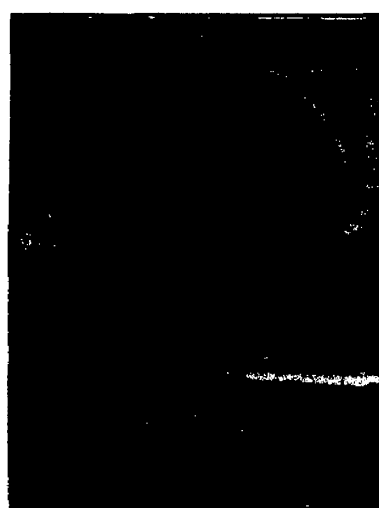
The church of the "New Temple" was ready for consecration in 1185. It probably only consisted at that time of the round building or nave. These round churches, of which three other examples remain in England—one at Cambridge, one at Northampton, one at Little Maplestead, besides a chapel at Ludlow—are often ascribed to the Templars. It is very doubtful whether any of them so originated. Any church "of the Sepulchre" might be round; and, in fact, all the round churches, except this one, are so dedicated, while that of Maplestead is known to have been built by the Hospitallers. St. Sepulchre's at Cambridge appears to be the oldest.

The choir presents a very perfect and interesting example of the first pointed style. Here, no doubt, the knights worshipped, and the centre aisle was probably in part taken up by the seats for the singers. A high altar stood at the east end, and we do not hear of any side chapels, except that of St. Anne, which adjoined the south aisle of the round or nave, and was removed in the "restoration" of 1825. Much mystery has been made by the writers above mentioned about a kind of closet or recess at the foot of the staircase which leads to the triforium. Mr. Baylis calls it a "penitential cell," which is possible, but improbable. It may have been connected with a confessional, but is more probably a "sentry-box," for the Temple was in early times full of treasures, of holy relics, and of jewels deposited here for safety. King John's regalia is known to have been kept here. Such watchmen's closets occur at St. Albans, and in many other large churches.

The monuments, which they remained in their places, were of the greatest interest. The "restorers" do not seem to have respected either antiquity or association. The first we now see are in the round or nave, and not one of them marks the grave of



MONUMENTS IN THE TRIFORIUM



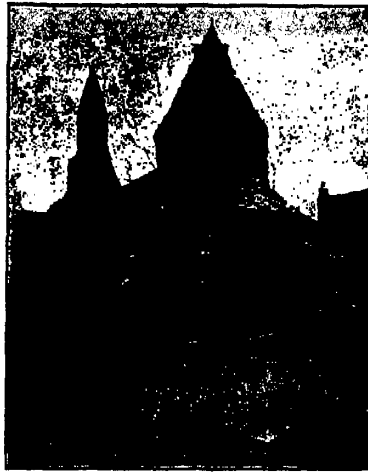
THE PLOWDEN MONUMENT

#### THE TEMPLE CHURCH

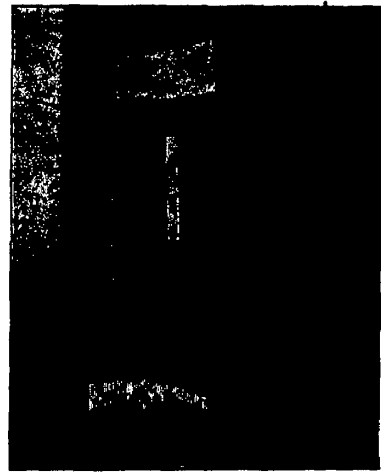
WRITTEN BY W. J. LOFTIE, AND ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY "THE GRAPHIC" SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER, G. WILKINGTON



THE FINE NORMAN DOORWAY AT THE WEST END



GENERAL VIEW FROM THE NORTH-WEST



THE "PENITENTIAL CELL," SHOWING ONE OF THE TWO WINDOWS



IN THE TRIFORIUM



OLIVER GOLDSMITH'S GRAVE



THE GOLDSMITH MEMORIAL IN THE CHURCH



MONUMENTS IN THE TRIFORIUM WHICH WERE FORMERLY IN THE BODY OF THE CHURCH



TOMBS OF KNIGHTS TEMPLARS AT THE WEST END

# THE TEMPLE CHURCH

WRITTEN BY W. J. LOFTIE, AND ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY "THE GRAPHIC" SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER, C. PIERCE



THE BLUE ARMY RETREATING THROUGH HETHE



A BATTERY OF FIELD ARTILLERY ON THE MARCH

From Photographs by Bowden Bros.

The organ is very sweet, and has always been regarded as "Father" Schmidt's masterpiece, although, of course, it has been altered in many respects, added to, and perhaps improved. It is said that the "concession valves," now in general use, were first introduced here about 1826. There is an amusing account in Burney's "History of Music" of the long contest between Schmidt and his chief rival, Harris, as to which was to have the honour of making the Temple organ. They built their instruments in different parts of the church. Blow and Purcell, the greatest organists of the time, played on Schmidt's, and a Frenchman, Lully, organist to Queen Catharine, on that of Harris. Great crowds were attracted to the trials, which went on for a year, when the Benchers, unable to decide, referred the matter to Chief Justice Jeffries. The future Chancellor, among his few good qualities, was an amateur musician. The concert-room or theatre which he built himself at his house near Storey's Gate was but lately pulled down. He gave judgment in favour of Schmidt, although, according to

Roger North, Harris's partisans cut the bellows of the successful builder's instrument the night before the decision was pronounced.

The most important of the monuments in the triforium is that of Edward Plowden. He died in 1585, and is buried at Plowden, in Staffordshire, where he was Lord of the Manor. His monument was, in many respects, the greatest ornament of the choir, and appears to have lost something in the removal. It is still, however, very fine, and a type of the Elizabethan style of "composed alcove." Opposite to it on the south side was a tablet to Anne, the wife of Edward Littleton, and herself a Littleton of another branch. Close to it was the monument of Clement Coke, a coincidence which used to be remarked. The verses on Anne are often quoted:—

"While this jewel here is set,  
The grave is but a cabinet."

The coat of arms—in which the wife has eighty-four quarterings, the husband but sixteen—is the delight of heralds. Near the top

of the winding stair by which we reach the triforium is the kneeling statue in alabaster of Richard Martin, Recorder of London, who died in 1618. He is reputed to have been a friend of Ben Jonson. The monument, which was repaired in 1683, seems also to have suffered in the transfer, but is very nearly as fine as that of Plowden. Surrounding it, and continued round the whole gallery, are tablets, shields, blank carvings, and a few fragments which cannot now be identified. The gravestone of John Selden was lately found, almost illegible, and among the more modern memorials is one put up in 1837 to Oliver Goldsmith by the Benchers of the Inner Temple. The gravestone marked with his name lies in a corner of the little cemetery to the north-east of the church. Though the exact place of the grave is unknown, the unoccupied space is so small that the stone cannot be more than a foot or two out of place. Goldsmith died on April 4, 1774, in his chambers on the top story of 2, Brick Court, Middle Temple, and was buried here three days later.



DRAWN BY GEORGE ROSEN

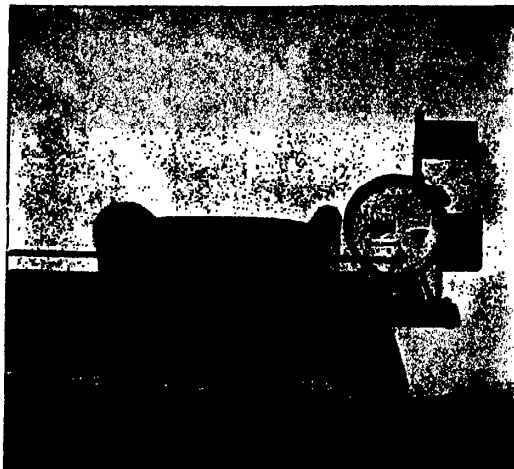
FIELD ARTILLERY DRIVING UP FROM THE SHORE THROUGH HOLLAND GAP

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. G. MONTGOMERY

THE ARMY MANOEUVRES: THE BLUE ARMY LANDING AT CLACTON-ON-SEA

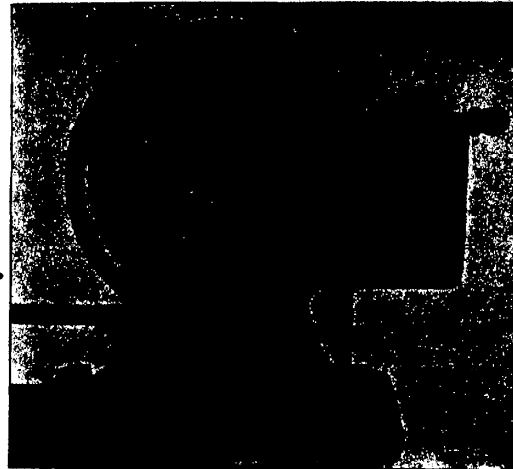






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TAXIMETER CABS IN PARIS: WILL LONDON FOLLOW SUIT?



THE TAXIMETER IN USE

### The Taximeter in Paris

Our Correspondent writes: Paris has at last witnessed the introduction of the "taximeter," or the apparatus for indicating the amount due to the Paris cabman under the new *tarif kilométrique*. The working of the new instrument is simple in the extreme. Below the driver's box is fixed an apparatus resembling a clock. Instead of indicating the hours, however, the dial indicates francs and centimes. At one side is a little metallic flag bearing the word "libre" (disengaged). As long as this is upright the apparatus is out of gear and does not work. When, however, a passenger enters the cab the driver pushes down the flag, and this action automatically puts the axle of the back wheel in connection with the recording instrument. The finger on the dial then indicates seventy-five centimes, and it does not move from that figure till 1,200 metres (or about a mile) has been covered. As soon as this distance is exceeded the finger moves another point, indicating an additional ten centimes. At the end of 400 metres it moves again, and so on, ten centimes for every 400 mtrs. At the end of the drive the fare has only to look at the instru-

ment to know what he has to pay. If he has luggage a separate space on the dial indicates the supplementary fare, twenty-five centimes for each piece. If the passenger desires to stop *en route*, while the cab is at a standstill the "taximeter" continues to move by a clock-work apparatus which the driver winds up. The rate is ten centimes for three minutes, or about the time a cab is supposed to take to cover 400 metres. After midnight the rate is doubled both for distance and for waiting.

### Our Bookshelf

"THE WEB OF INDIAN LIFE."

The author of this work has had the opportunity of seeing much of the inner or home life of the Hindus, and she seems to have made the most of her opportunities. Some years ago, Miss Noble went to India to work amongst the Hindus, or, rather, as the publishers have it, *with* the Hindus. She lived in the native quarter.

"The Web of Indian Life." By the Sister Nivedita (Margaret E. Noble). (Heinemann.)

of Calcutta, and her position as a member of the Order of Ramakrishna, enabled her to enter the homes of the Bengali, and to be received in those homes as a friend and helpmate. The writer evinces immense admiration and affection for the Hindus amongst whom she lived. According to her they come as near perfection as is possible—and nearer. She even writes favourably concerning the much-discussed question of child marriages. We prefer the first three or four chapters in the volume to the later ones. In the first is a picturesque description of the Ganges and the bathing therein. The author writes:

There is nothing occult in the position of Hindus for the Ganges. Sheer delight in physical coolness, the joy of the eyes, and the gratitude of the

of her personality. Yellow, tawny, imperious, there is in her something of the nature of the changelessness of the spiritual which have amongst the wills

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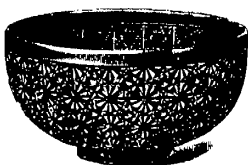
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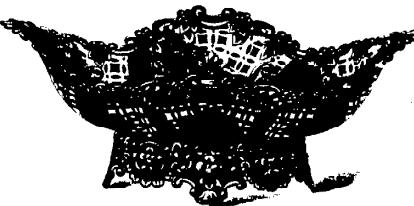
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All the sons of a Hindu household (says the writer) bring their wives home to their mother's care, and she, having married her own daughters into other

All who are interested in reading of war as it really is, and of soldiers' lives as they really are—that is to say, without any of the gloss and glamour which have become almost indispensable literary traditions—will find no ordinary fascination in Mr. John Patrick Le Poer's "A Modern Legionary" (Methuen and Co.). The author writes in the character of an Irishman, who, having run away from home at the age of sixteen, enlisted in the Foreign Legion of the French army, and has since been active in service in Africa, in the Balkans, and in the East. He is now a decorated Sergeant-Major before his career was brought to a cruelly terrible close. Life in a regiment composed of the more or less black sheep of every country and almost every social grade in Europe, and regarded as such by more reputable corps, is, of course, somewhat more exciting, even in its most ordinary aspects, than life in a more respectable army. But the more portraiture belongs to military experience, and the more portraiture is the more interesting. The author's view of the more portraiture obvious actuality—in his picture of the ugly side of all war under any conditions—as viewed from within the ranks, where any but its ugly aspects are very few and far between. Mr. Le Poer writes not only as an observer, but as one who is able to draw strikingly suggestive general conclusions from whatever he observes. A single sentence of exasperation is interesting, and a single sentence of sarcasm and exposure of the absurdity of military life there, is well as for his sense of

**"THE SIGN OF THE STRANGER"**

Murder, mystery, and military are the well-blended ingredients of the story which Mr. William Le Queux has, for some reason, presumably known to himself, entitled "The Sign of the Stranger" [F. V. DuSard, publisher]. The scheme is to involve the young and beautiful Lady Lolly Lloyd, sister of the Earl of Stancheiver, in a narrative of which even her lover believes her guilty, though without prejudice to his loyalty. The experienced reader, however, will at once acquit her in the teeth of the strongest circumstantial evidence as soon as she appears in a tailor-made costume. It is a singular fact, which novelists—whose business it is to know such things—have been unanimous for some time in overlooking, that the innocent and tailor-made gown are not interchangeable terms. The real cause of the misunderstanding is concealed to commit us to becoming accessories after the fact to the plot elaborated by Mr. Le Queux with such prodigality of complication. Its weak point, indeed, is

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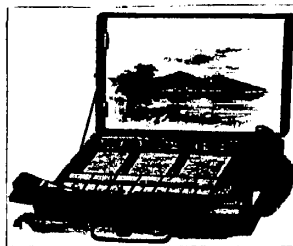
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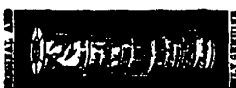
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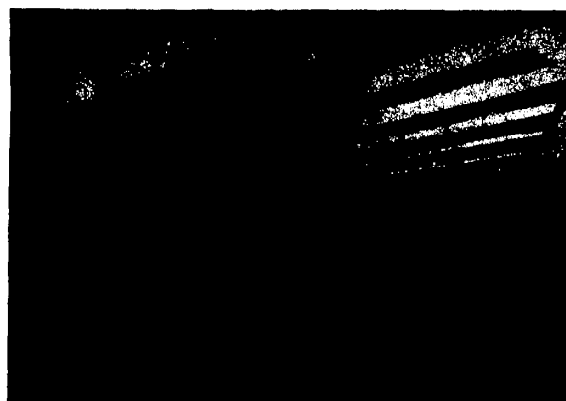
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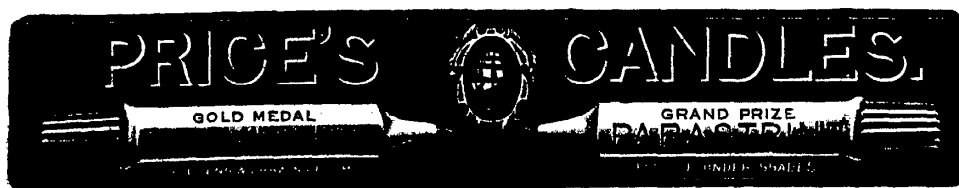
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## Rural Notes

## THE SEASON

There is a decidedly autumnal feeling about the season, and the reddening leaves of the Virginian creeper, the pale gold of birch and lime, warn us that the glories of summer are past. There is, however, a period of three or four weeks yet when the solar elevation will be sufficient to give us really genial heat if there is a clear day sky. Some very hot days are recorded of the English climate up to the very end of September; indeed, on October 1, 1895, the whole day was of a perfect summer character, even to the sight of Thames bathers and the presence of swallows soaring and flitting above the river. On the 10th of this month, however, swallows were congregating as if for an early flight, and the swift seems to have already gone. The harvest is over even in the most northern counties, and seldom has it been got through so cheaply or so well. Labour has been plentiful, and the weather favourable to work. There is still plenty to do on the farm, and in the west the orchards are keeping everybody busy. The hopping will not last much longer. The crop is a small one, and the area devoted to it is small also. The September rains will have helped to plump out the roots, and these should be a good yield by the time November

brings the period for the last crops of the year to be secured and stored.

## QUEEN VICTORIA'S OWN GARDEN

Horticulturists, early each September, pay a visit to some great centre of gardening and tree culture. This year the invitation has been of extraordinary interest. "The Association" being invited to visit Balmoral, which was described by many of the visitors as "Queen Victoria's Own Garden." Her late Majesty was, in truth, peculiarly fond of Balmoral; it was a home of her choosing, and its climate suited her best of all her Royal abodes. The magnificently tall Scotch firs of the district witness to the reigns of the Stuarts, but this added to the charm, Queen Victoria having a peculiar cultus for the Highland history in the early eighteenth century. Legends of the '15 and the '45 never failed to interest her, and were told to her by old women of the countryside in the very cottages where now their daughters, themselves grown old, tell the interested wayfarer stories of "the great Queen." Mr. Troup, the head gardener at Balmoral, had to show his expert visitors a wonderful variety of begonias and pelargoniums. The flower-beds of Balmoral, though very formal, have always been famous for the agreeable manner in which colour is harmonized. The junipers planted to cover steep slopes have proved a great success, and the small birch forests on the estate are of great beauty. A lovely walk, laid out by a former gardener, was, by the Queen's command, named after him. This

kindly and artistic act commemorates itself to this day, as everyone visiting Balmoral goes to see "Mikie's Walk."

## RURAL LONDON

There is a left hand London yet inhabited by those who love the country to which the term "Rural London" may well be applied. This district might do better with its trees. Chestnuts and limes are far too frequent, they lose their leaves early and suffer from even a little smoke. On the other hand, the acacias which abound in the Thames Valley are sadly neglected in the northern district; they leaf late, but keep up a most beautiful green late into September. There is a lovely silver-leaved lime which resists drought splendidly; it should have much more attention than it has hitherto received from those who plant trees where their roots are only allowed to get water through gratings. The alantus, which we recommended some while since, makes headway, and there is no reason to neglect the old-fashioned fern-like sunshin, the lacquer tree of Japan. The maidenhair tree has been recommended by experts, and as it grows well at Brentford and Chelsea, which are "nearer in" than the rural London we are contemplating, there seems little reason to fear that it is not sufficiently hardy. It is, we fear, little good planting conifers in rural London; the smoke slowly but surely kills them. Better plant the classic *Ilex*, the English *holm* or evergreen oak. This holds out far longer and is a beautiful and stately tree.

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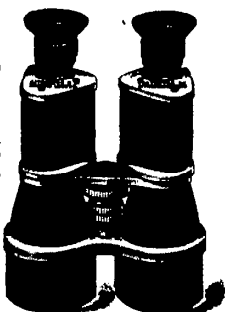
Lieutenant W. R. LAUREN, R.N., H.M.S. "Thetis," China Station, writes May 10th, 1904, to Messrs. Aitchison and Co., London:—

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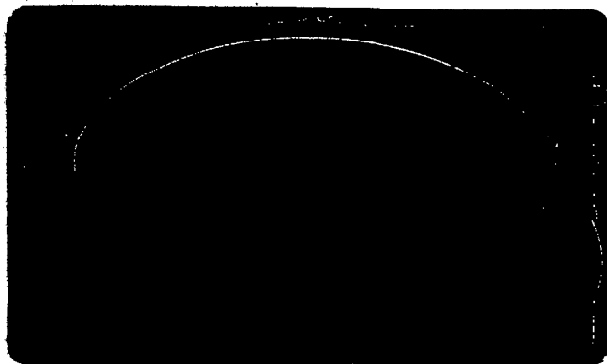
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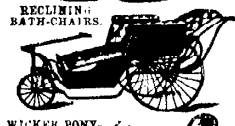
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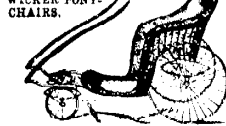
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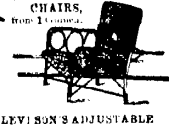
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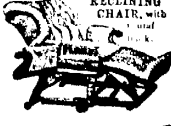
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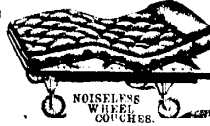
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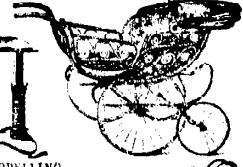
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## Topics of the Week

**The Treaty of Lhasa**

The text of the Treaty of Lhasa, which, with characteristic enterprise, has been published by the *Times*, bears out very accurately the brief summary of that important compact which we were enabled to give last week in this place. It is true that the document telegraphed by Dr. Morrison from Peking is only a draft, but in all essentials it will be found to accord with the final redaction as signed with so much picturesque ceremony in the Potala at Lhasa a fortnight ago. The most important amplification of our outline of the Treaty will be found in Article IX. We stated that Great Britain had secured "virtually the exclusion of every other Power, except the Chinese Suzerain, from Treaty relations with the Dalai Lama." We might, indeed, have suppressed the word "virtually," for the important article to which we are now referring does not wrap up its purpose in any polite circumlocutions or obscurities. It was, no doubt, on account of the quite unusual frankness of this stipulation that Calcutta abstained from publishing the text of the Treaty. The article provides that, without the consent of Great Britain, no portion of Tibetan territory shall be sold, leased, or hypothecated to a foreign Power; that no foreign Power shall interfere in the government or administration of the country, or send persons in an official or unofficial capacity to take part in its public affairs, or receive concessions or authorisations for the construction of roads, railways, telegraphs, or any other public works; and, finally, it stipulates that Treaty relations between Tibet and the rest of the world shall remain as they are—that is that, with the exception of Great Britain, the Lamas shall not depart from their traditional policy of exclusiveness. Nothing could more clearly define our conception of the status of Tibet as a portion of what Lord Curzon has called the *glacis* of our Indian Empire, and the Government may be heartily congratulated on having obtained from the Lamas, as well as from their Overlord at Peking, so full a recognition of the exigencies of our Asiatic policy. It will further be observed that the text of the Treaty also confirms our belief that adequate precautions have been taken to ensure its observance. The occupation of the Chumbi Valley until the indemnity of £500,000 is paid in full, and until the frontier markets have been got into thorough working order, is in itself a very substantial security. We were, however, disposed to regard the resuscitation of the Suzerainty of China as a more effective means of perpetuating our work in Lhasa, and in this anticipation we have not been disappointed. China has, indeed, recognised her opportunity with quite phenomenal alacrity and energy. While still the lesson of Lhasa is fresh in the minds of the Lamas, she has, by proclamation, deposed the fugitive Dalai Lama, and has substituted for him a new incarnation of Buddha in the person of the Anglophil Tashi Lama of Shigatse. This cannot but be entirely satisfactory to us, more especially as it is a coup d'état carried out without any suspicion of interference on our part. The idea that the action of the Son of Heaven will not prove effective is, we think, doomed to disappointment. China is quite strong enough to make her power felt; but if she should be resisted, and disorder should result, the only consequence can be that we shall have to interfere again. The knowledge that they may be counting this part will, we fancy, deter the adherents of the late Dalai Lama from "kicking against the pricks." On the whole, we see no reason to modify the very favourable opinion we expressed last week of Colonel Younghusband's achievement at Lhasa.

**The War**

After Liaoyang—Mukden. In spite of the exhausting effort involved in driving General Kuropatkin out of Liaoyang and compelling him to concentrate at Mukden, Marshal Oyama is already intent on a fresh stage in his victorious career. The new battle has, indeed, already got beyond the preliminary mutterings, and within a few days we shall probably hear of the Chrysanthemum flag floating over the historic city which has been named the Mecca of the Manchus. That the Japanese will halt there is unlikely, although many of their friendly critics in Europe have warned them that Harbin may prove to them what Moscow was to Napoleon. On the face of it the analogy does not seem perfect, and the cogency of the warning may consequently be doubted. It must not, however, be forgotten, that in undertaking the present war Japan's main object was to clear the Russians out of Manchuria, and this she certainly will essay to do even though she should not succeed in all the subsidiary tactical designs of her military commanders. Moreover, it must be remembered that Harbin is not only the key to northern Manchuria, but also to Vladivostok.

Until the Japanese are in the former city there can be little hope of clearing away the Russian flag from the Sea of Japan. Only when the Russians are thrust back beyond the Amur will regular operations against Vladivostok be commenced, and for this an essential preliminary is the forcing of the Tieling and the occupation of Harbin. These are, however, great projects, which must yet consume a good deal of time, and it is to be feared—thousands of precious lives. Meanwhile the Japanese authorities, who, as Baron Suyematsu once said, with pardonable pride, "think of everything," have been giving a little needful attention to the needs of the newspaper correspondents. It is to be hoped that the telegram of Field-Marshal Yamagata to Field-Marshal Oyama on this subject will result in remedying some of the legitimate grievances of the representatives of the Press at the front. Of course, war is not waged for the benefit of newspapers, and correspondents must expect to have to put up with many galling restrictions and mortifying disappointments; but at the present stage of the war Japan can afford to give a looser reign to the journalists who follow her Armies, and certainly she will earn much gratitude in Fleet Street and the Strand if she does so.

**Food Adulteration**

Why should the adulteration of human food be five times less common in Marylebone than in the remainder of London? The reason is quite simple; the law for the suppression of the fraudulent practice is more rigidly carried out in Marylebone than elsewhere. Offenders, consequently, quit the great parish as soon as they discover that they cannot do business there, on their own peculiar lines, without running almost certain risk of prosecution and drastic punishment. Marylebone has not always been such a "hot corner" for these cheats; there was a time, not so many years ago, when they flourished exceedingly within its boundaries. But the scandal at last became so great that a "black list" was brought into being for their special reformation, and any trader whose name was inscribed on the roll of ill-fame had his goods frequently sampled for analysis. Life not being worth living under such circumstances, there was a wholesale fitting to more profitable grazing grounds, and London at large suffered by the excessive virtuousness of Marylebone. Now, however, that other areas learn why it is that they are preyed upon by adulterating hucksters, a gradual awakening to the necessity of putting the law in force should soon follow. There is talk and to spare about the physical degeneration of the Anglo-Saxon race. Without accepting that unpatriotic hypothesis in full, it cannot be denied that something of the sort would be almost certain to result from the sale of unwholesome foods as nutritious, or unwholesome drinks as wholesome. The frauds on purchasers are a light snatter compared with that systematic undermining of health and vitality.

**Small Holdings**

The continuous exodus of the farm labourer either across the ocean or to some great industrial centre in the United Kingdom has one merit, at all events; it directs public attention to the pressing necessity of looking about for some palliative or remedy. Among the many suggested, Mr. George White, M.P., pins his preference to small holdings, and we are in entire agreement with him in desiring their multiplication in such localities as lend themselves to small farming. But experience, unfortunately, proves that, as a rule, the farm hand who abandons wage earning and sinks almost all his savings in agricultural plant, cannot stand up against a succession of bad years. Compelled to live from hand to mouth, he stakes every chance of success on the continuance of propitious seasons until he has been able to put by some working capital. The public do not know how desperately hard these valorous men and their families work, or how uncomplainingly they bear privations of the cruellest character. But should ill-fortune befall, down under they go, and their last case is worse than their first, many farmers being reluctant to give employment to men suspected of "swollen heads." If, as is now the case in some countries, the State established agricultural banks for the lending of small sums at low rates of interest to the class in question, on the security of their realisable assets, the occupier of a small holding would, at all events, be saved from falling into the hands of usurers. That, unhappily, is what not infrequently occurs to the small independent cultivator.

CONCERNING PRINCE PHILIP OF COBURG.

See this week's

"BYSTANDER."

SPECIAL THEATRE SUPPLEMENT.

## The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTLER

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

We are apt to look on the "week-end" as an invention of recent times, as entirely the outcome of modern civilisation and the facilities of communication which railways, motor-cars, and the like have given us. This, however, is scarcely the case, for I find the following in the diary of the immortal Samuel Pepys: "Mrs. Turner mightily pleased with my resolution, which I tell her is never to keep a country-house, but to keep a coach, and with my wife on the Saturday to go sometimes for a day to this place and then quit to another place; and there is more variety and as little charge, and no trouble as there is in a country-house." This was written two hundred and thirty-seven years ago, and clearly demonstrates that "week-end" is by no means an institution exclusively of our own time. I have searched through the inimitable diary, but as yet have not discovered any record of the proposed "week-endings" of the Clerk of the Acts. It would be refreshing to read his experiences. His hearty praise of those houses where he was well entertained and his terse but scathing remarks on places where he was shabbily treated would doubtless be vastly amusing.

The last few weeks I have been about the country a good deal, and I find that the tenets of the Hottel League, which had its origin in this column, are spreading in all directions. I continually have seen youths on bicycles without head-coverings speeding along through sun and shower, and apparently enjoying themselves very much indeed. Not only does this custom save a great deal of trouble, but it is invaluable as a hair-strengthening and cultivator. I believe it to be far in advance of the countless receipts for maintaining luxuriant locks—though doubtless many of these are extremely valuable—and it would be interesting to prove this. The only way that such a proof could be achieved, as far as I can see, is to get a list of Bluecoat boys of twenty or thirty years ago and ascertain how many have become prematurely bald. Butchers' boys are frequently capless. It would be interesting to learn if they maintain that glistering that when they become foremen or have shops of their own.

Recently I was reading somewhere that in the present day we had no brilliant conversationalists. It was mentioned with regret, but I fancy we are to be congratulated on their absence. As a rule, your brilliant conversationalist is an intense bore. He wants all the talk to himself, and will not tolerate the smallest interruption. What a terrible nuisance Doctor Johnson must have been in his time, and I fancy Mr. James Boswell was little better when he had the chance. Fancy such men in a club at the present day. They would most effectually clear the smoking-room at the shortest notice, and probably would be eventually invited by the committee to retire from the club altogether. Although the brilliant conversationalist has disappeared, it would seem that the social bore is not entirely extinct. A friend of mine tells me there are three kinds of people he is compelled to meet that he absolutely detests. They are the man with a rare fund of anecdotes, the wretch who has a reputation for dry humour, and the person with a taste for paradox. The first, he says, fires off on the smallest provocation a string of pointless stories that have not even the merit of novelty, the second utters commonplace remarks with a grim smirk on his countenance, and wonders you do not laugh, and the third talks absolute nonsense, and is surprised that you do not account it wisdom.

A lady writing from Simla, who is good enough to say she read with interest my remarks with regard to the Indian halfpenny letter postage and farthing postcards. She points out other benefits in the Indian postal system which might be introduced in England to great advantage. One is the V.P.D. (valuable, payable on delivery). Says my correspondent: "The V.P.D. acts in this way. I write an order on a farthing postcard to Calcutta, or Bombay, or Burmah for music, books, or goods of any kind. The parcel arrives by post labelled with the amount due to be paid, which I hand to the postman, and the Post Office remits it to the firm who sent the goods. I have no trouble, and my total expense is one farthing." She furthermore points out the superiority of the Indian Money Order Department. She says: "I recently sent one rupee (12.4d.) to Burmah, and all I had to do in the matter was to fill up a form and hand one rupee in to the postmaster. In due course the duplicate receipt was returned by the Post Office, so that I was not required to communicate with the payee at all." It is pretty clear there are many systems in the Indian postal service that it would be well that we should study attentively.

"Any commonplace writer," I heard remarked the other day, "who is hooped loudly and long enough will be eventually accepted by the British Public as a genius." I am not altogether certain of this. My old friend the B.P. is very good-natured, but it is very cute. And when it finds out it has been done by advertisement, it drops an author as it would a red-hot poker. That accounts for such a number of writers who have gone on like rockets and subsided into sticks that are never heard of any more. One remarkable fact about the writer of the present day is that so few have achieved a universal reputation. It is mostly a clique reputation. His especial coterie will declare he is a genius of the highest order, while another circle will declare he is a person of no intellect whatever, and nothing but an advertising charlatan. But he who is accounted a genius beyond question, and whose position is accorded by all, is difficult to meet with nowadays. Possibly it is because there is a good deal of a species of talent flourishing in the present day and but very little genius.



## Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

The decay of seriousness is a remarkable feature of the moment in England. The British public of to-day cannot be induced to attach importance to the thousand-and-one matters and controversies which did, or would have, deeply concerned our predecessors. In "society" there is the same tendency to take life easily, and not to be in earnest except in the pursuit of pleasure. In the matter of politics that spirit is especially noticeable. Twelve months ago the Anti-Free Trade campaign threatened to set the nation on fire; to-day the discussion is a soul-ender! Since Parliament was prorogued a few weeks back, there have been few speeches either for or against the proposal to revert to Protection, and notwithstanding that many politicians expect a General Election in the near future, almost all of them are unusually inactive.

The Imperial Penny Postage system has done more to bind the Mother Country and the Colonies together than have all the stirring speeches that have been delivered in recent years, and all the policies that have been adopted. The Imperial Penny Postage system has established a cheap means of communication between the hundreds of thousands of emigrants who have settled in the Colonies and their connections whom they have left behind. We seldom hear the old cottager say now, as he or she did formerly, that a brother, a son, or a cousin had emigrated and had not been heard of since, for most of them are in continual correspondence with their absent connections, and through the letters which the latter write learn to take a keen and intelligent interest in Colonial matters. It is, however, much to be regretted that it is generally the most desirable, enterprising, and ambitious members of the labouring class who now abandon the Mother Country for the Colonies, and the steady drain of that excellent material is undoubtedly having an injurious effect on this country.

The Capture of the Eligibles by the American Heiress Corps has led to a remarkable development which appears to have escaped notice. There was a time in the near past when even a moderately good-looking girl in London "society" treated all bachelors but *elider* sons with ill-concealed contempt. For her there was, apparently, no choice between the titled or rich and spinsterhood—until age and disappointment diminished her ambition! Since the American heiress—that newly acclimatised matrimonial hawk—has come to England to stay, the ordinary "society" girl has become much more reasonable. There was a time when the latter would not accept the offer of any man connected with finance or trade, however promising his prospects, but now most of our unmarried women will pursue that inferior game as eagerly as if it were connected with the younger set, too, is no longer so completely ignored as he was, and in the columns of the *Morning Post*, almost daily now, may be read announcements of engagements between popular "society" girls and penniless well-connected men!

"How do the American heiresses come to hear so soon as they do of the latest eligible who has entered the marriage-market?" is a question which is continually asked. It is the fact that no young man who is heir to a fine title starts life in London without his presence being immediately discovered by some heiress, or heiresses, in the United States! The American Colony in England has established itself in a most favourable position, and generally perceives at once when the eligible fledgling breaks into the open. Without delay the news is privately announced in America, and even some of the newspapers in that country herald the fact to their readers! Moreover, the ladies of the American colony make a point of becoming acquainted with him, and "nursing" him until "reinforcements" arrive from across the Atlantic! The intelligence, energy, enterprise and ingenuity shown by the American girls and women in this country have entirely defeated the ordinary British chaperon, who now more or less leaves her charge to hunt for themselves and where they will! "The Discomfiture of the Dowager" would be an excellent theme for a magazine article.

**LONDON, BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.**  
BRIGHTON SERVICE.—The Railway Company are announcing that the "Brighton in 80 minutes" Pullman Limited Express will resume running every Sunday on and from October 2nd, from Victoria 11.0 a.m., returning from Brighton 9.0 p.m.

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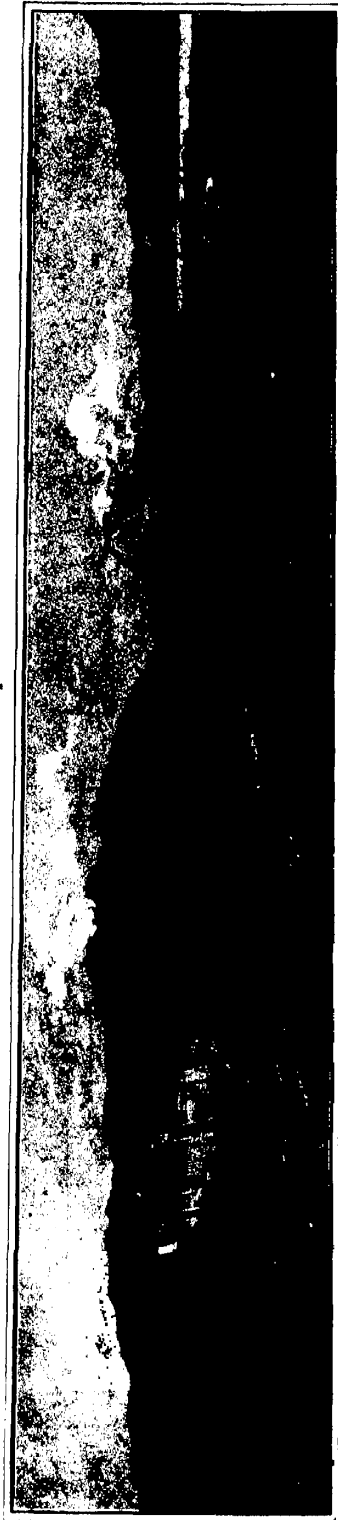
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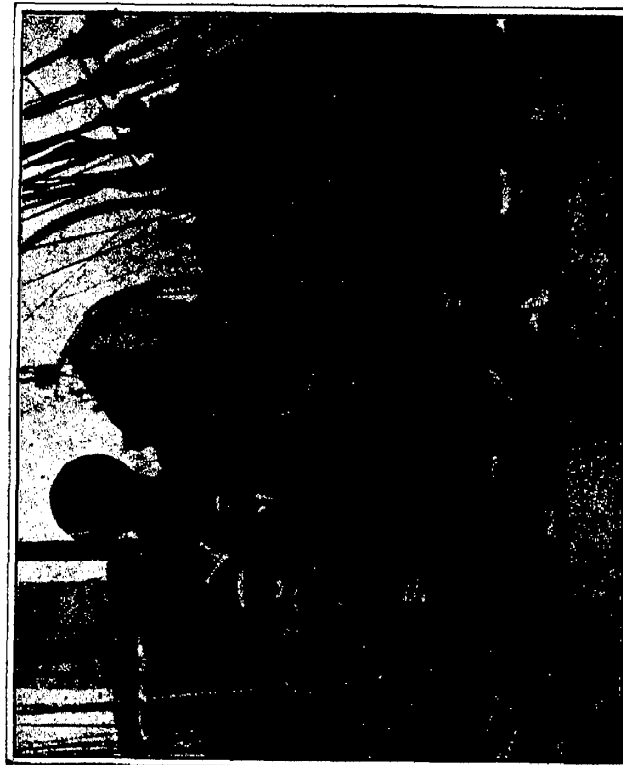
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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "GRAPHIC" are as follows:—To any part of the United Kingdom 4d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be 4d. FOR EVERY TWO PAGES. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND COUNT all copies so forwarded.

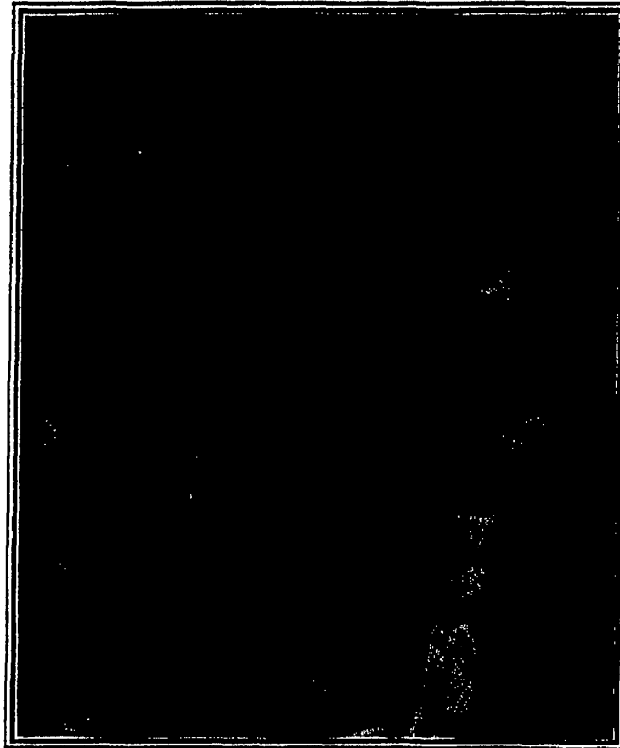
The Peking, the Palace where the Treaty was signed.



THE FORBIDDEN CITY: PANORAMIC VIEW OF LHASA, WHERE A NEW TREATY WITH TIBET HAS BEEN NEGOTIATED.  
From a Photograph by a British Officer.

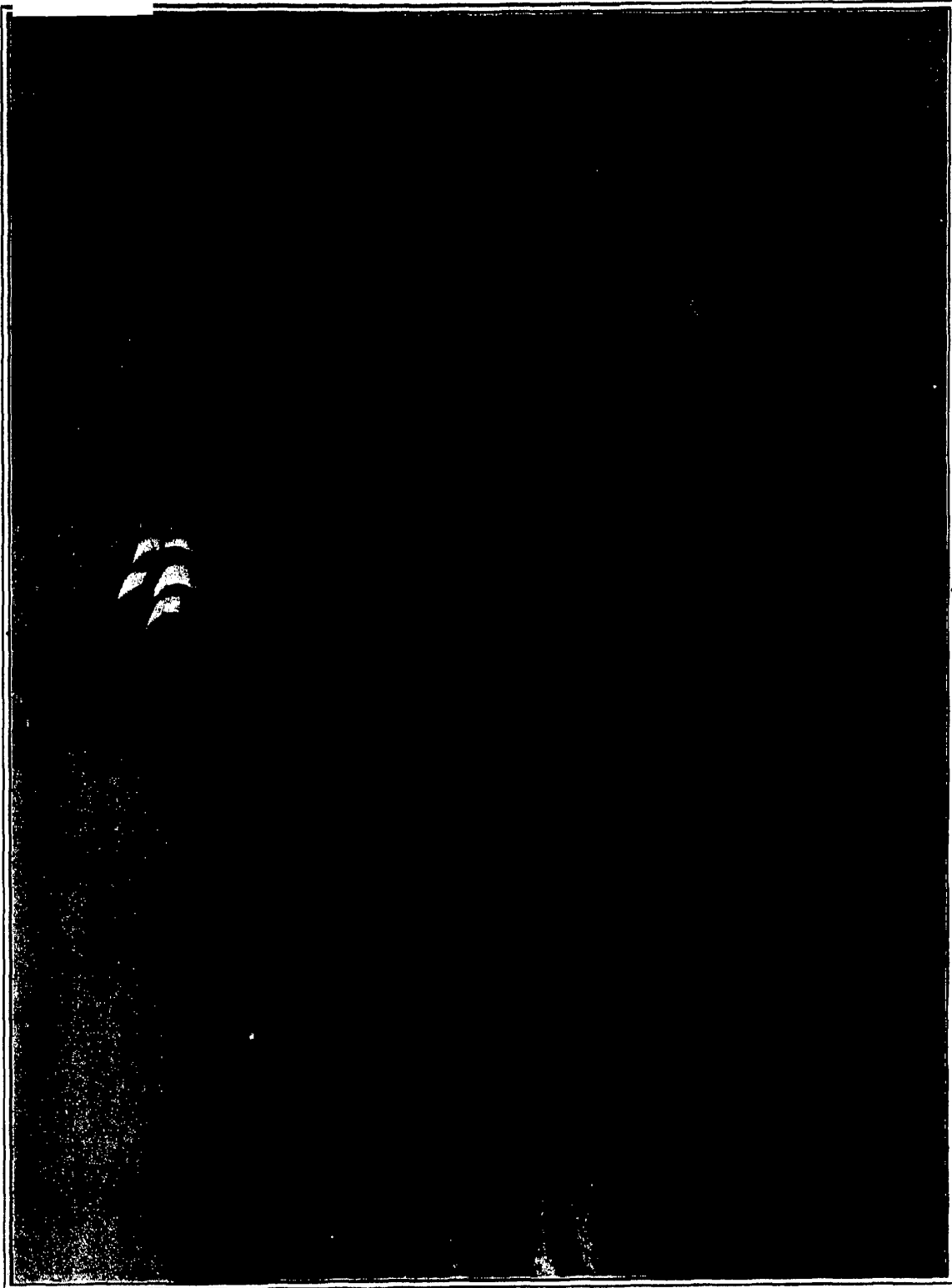


CAPTAIN SCOTT AND THE CREW OF THE DISCOVERY, WITH SIR CLEMENTS MARKHAM, ON BOARD THE SHIP.  
From a Photograph taken on their return home by Russell and Sons, Southampton.



Last week the Mayor of Portsmouth entertained Captain R. F. Scott and the officers and men of the Discovery at a banquet in the Town Hall.  
There were present altogether 150 guests. Our photograph is by Russell and Sons, Southampton.

PORTSMOUTH'S BANQUET TO THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE DISCOVERY



CALLIAS (SL. THE) WATCHING THE SHIP SAILING AWAY FROM THE ISLAND WITH PROPERO AND HIS COMPANIONS : ACT III, LAST SCENE  
MR. BEERBOHM TREE'S PRODUCTION OF "THE TEMPEST" AT HIS MAJESTY'S  
DRAWN BY W. HATHRELL, R.I.

## "Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

The Crown Prince of Germany's engagement apparently adds another to the series of Royal love matches. It is only of late years that Kings and Queens have been allowed to choose their consorts. A recital of the number of political marriages, where the wretched victims of alliances and intrigues were sent, in early childhood, to distant courts, would mean the annals of history. Little brides, almost children, were commonly to be met with. The beautiful Henrietta of England, offered thus, at ten years of age, to Louis XIV., was rudely refused by him with the contemptuous remark, "I dislike little girls," and lived to marry his brother, and raise in the King a warm sentiment of regret and admiration. But nowadays, even at Courts, a more sensible policy prevails. Princes are permitted some personal feeling in the matter of marriage, and consequently happy unions have become frequent. The Grand Duchess Cecile, from all accounts, is a bright, high-spirited and cultured girl, who will fill her high position admirably, and fulfil the traditions of conjugal harmony which have prevailed between Emperor and Empress since our Princess Royal received from her Royal suitor a piece of white heather as the badge of betrothal.

Just now everyone is in the country, and, in spite of the city man's verdict, that rural life is monotonous, it is surprising the variety of interests even the veriest cockney can find. To begin with, there are the smart northern race-meetings, Edinburgh, Ayr, Lanark, and Perth, with their accompaniments of pretty dress and lively lulls. Next in order come the Highland gatherings, which contain such piquant associations as shill bagpipes, impassioned reels, and picturesque, grey-coloured kilts, a mixture of barbaric colour and galling gaiety, which captivates the quiet northerner. The tourist, realising that imitation is the sincerest flattery, struts in a kilt, while his wife and daughters wear tan of shoulders and Highland bonnets garnished with pieces of heather on their heads, tartan plaids, tartan skirts, tartan belts, and ornaments made of Scotch pearls, cairngorms, and pebbles, which sparkle on their capacious bosoms or dangle from their wrists. The tourist is more Scotch than the Scotsman himself when he is in the Highlands.

But away from the towns and the well-known tracks go the wise, driving on the purple grouse moors, brilliant with ling or heather, spending long quiet days by the gently rushing river, with the salmon and the trout rag, the blue hills all around, silent and majestic in their grandeur, or stalking the deer up the glens and



BELGRADE CATHEDRAL, WHERE KING PETER WAS CROWNED



This cannon was the only one possessed by Kara-George's followers when they made their stand for liberty. A piece has been cut off the end to make King Peter's crown and insignia.

THE FAMOUS CANNON OUT OF WHICH THE CROWN HAS BEEN MADE

corries, where the eagle and the ptarmigan dwell, and where the Infinite seems near. Women have become very earnest devotees of sport. Many of them wield the salmon rod. Some, like the Comtesse de Paris, are eager to pursue the grouse, the partridge. A few are brave enough to breast the steep hills, and cool enough to kill a stag at the end of a hard walk. More women love sport for its own sake now than ever they did before, and consequently the country cannot be dull for them.

And to those of us who do not care for killing anything, who love to see nature and wild life all around us, the long tramp over hill and heather possesses a charm unique in its attractiveness. Riding on some of the sturdy hill-ponies is a delightful mode of compassing a long-distance tramp, and I was completely converted to the fact of women riding astride by observing my companion, a neat grey figure, jumping with agility on to her steed and managing her skirt with the utmost grace, skill and propriety. There is no doubt the man's seat is by far the easiest and safest and least fatiguing, and the man's saddle has the double advantage of serving for both sexes. With knickers and a short skirt almost any form of exercise becomes possible.

Lady doctors are growing in popularity daily; the latest recruit to the small army of female practitioners is the Hon. Mrs. Ella Scarlett Synges, daughter of Lady Ashinger, who, after a considerable and varied experience at the Cape, purposes to start in practice in London. Lady Ashinger, her mother, was an American; she sang beautifully and counts several fine musicians among her family, showing thus again that art and science are closely related and often to be found in conjunction.

This is the season when people are given to changing their houses and their servants. It is also the time when a good many white lies are told by women in the matter of giving characters to servants. Much of the discomfort and difficulty found in obtaining good domestics comes from the tender-heartedness or timidity of mistresses, who are afraid to tell the truth about them, thus increasing the number of incompetent servants and inflicting much annoyance on housewives. Servants never tell about each other, they have a kind of grandiloquent freemasonry amongst themselves, and if mistresses do not tell, how is any lady to find out except by bitter experience what a servant is like? I know one lady who kept a housemaid for years in a trusted position, no one breathing a word against her in the household, until at last it was discovered that for years she had been guilty of a series of petty thefts and pilferings, perfectly well known to her fellow-servants. Strict truth in the matter of characters cannot be too strongly enforced, as also more scrupulousness in engaging servants. They on their part generally take care to know a good deal about the mistresses before they enter on a situation, and one would do well to follow their practical example.

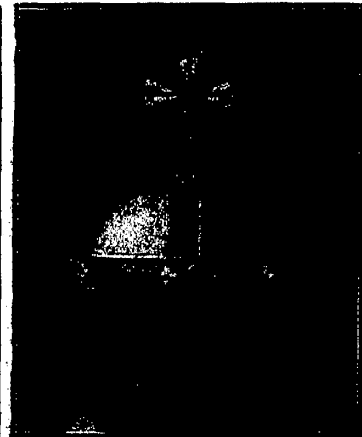


THE SCEPTRE



THE CROWN

The Serbian Coronation regalia have been constructed by a Paris jeweller out of a cannon used in the struggle for freedom by the Serbians, under George Carroy, or Kara-George, the grandfather of King Peter. The regalia consist of a crown, sceptre, and orb. The crown, which is in the Byzantine Serbian style, is composed of eight arches resting on a band and surmounted by a cross. The band has an inscribable telling of the heroic deeds of the Serbians. It is enriched with mount sapphires and rubies, forming, with white ornamentation, the colours of Serbia. The orb has no jewels, but on the asperses is a magnificent cross, which was formerly on the sword of Kara-George. The sceptre is adorned with enamel set in gold and silver. The buckle of the mantle is ornamented with the white eagle of Serbia.



THE ORB



THE BUCKLE OF THE MANTLE

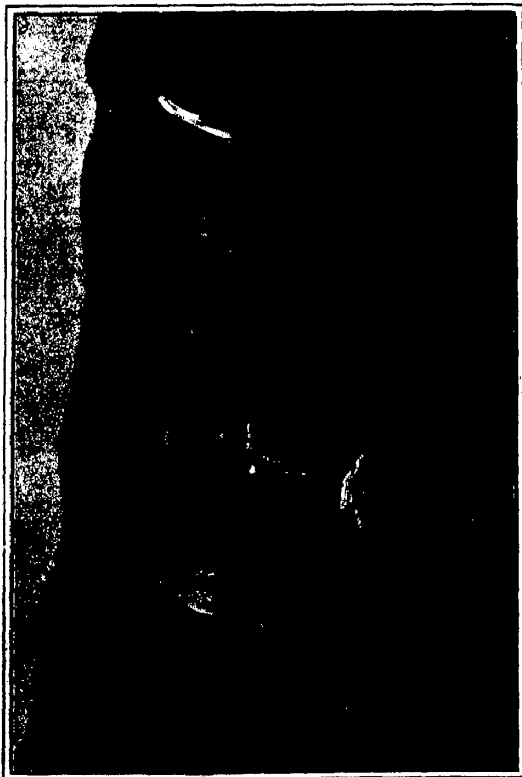
THE CORONATION OF KING PETER OF SERBIA: THE REGALIA



A FIELD HOSPITAL AFTER A FIGHT



FIRST AID TO THE RUSSIAN WOUNDED IN THE FIELD

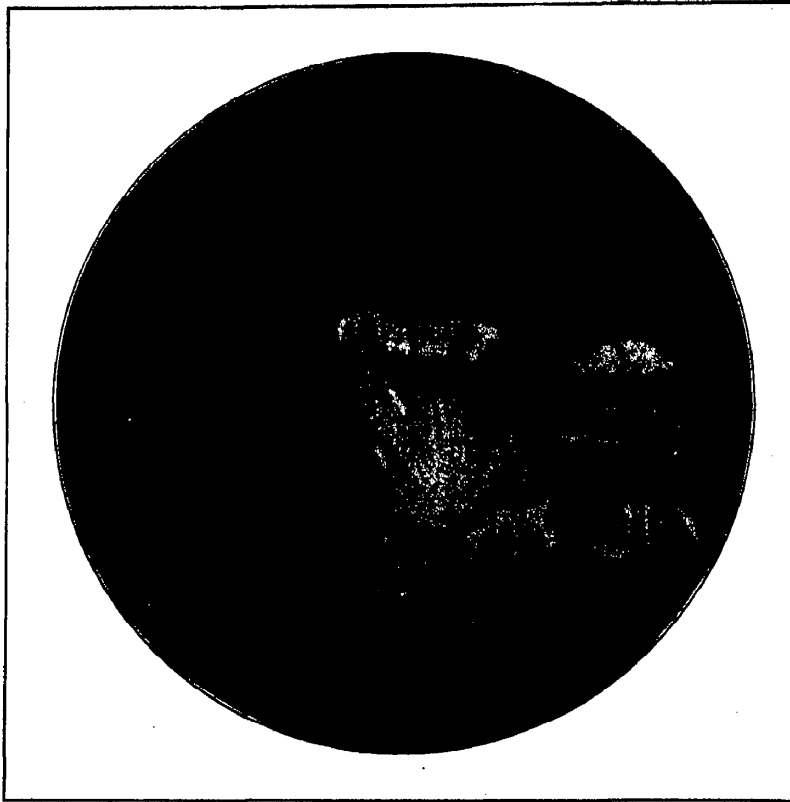


JAPANESE SOLDIERS HURTING A DEAD RUSSIAN IN A FIELD OF LAVENDER



MOVING THE FIELD TELEPHONE FORWARD

THE CAMERA IN THE BATTLEFIELD: SNAPSHOTS WITH GENERAL KUROKI'S ARMY



Princess Mafalda. Princess Yolanda.  
 QUEEN ELENA OF ITALY AND HER TWO DAUGHTERS  
 From a Photograph by Guisani and Rossi, Milan.



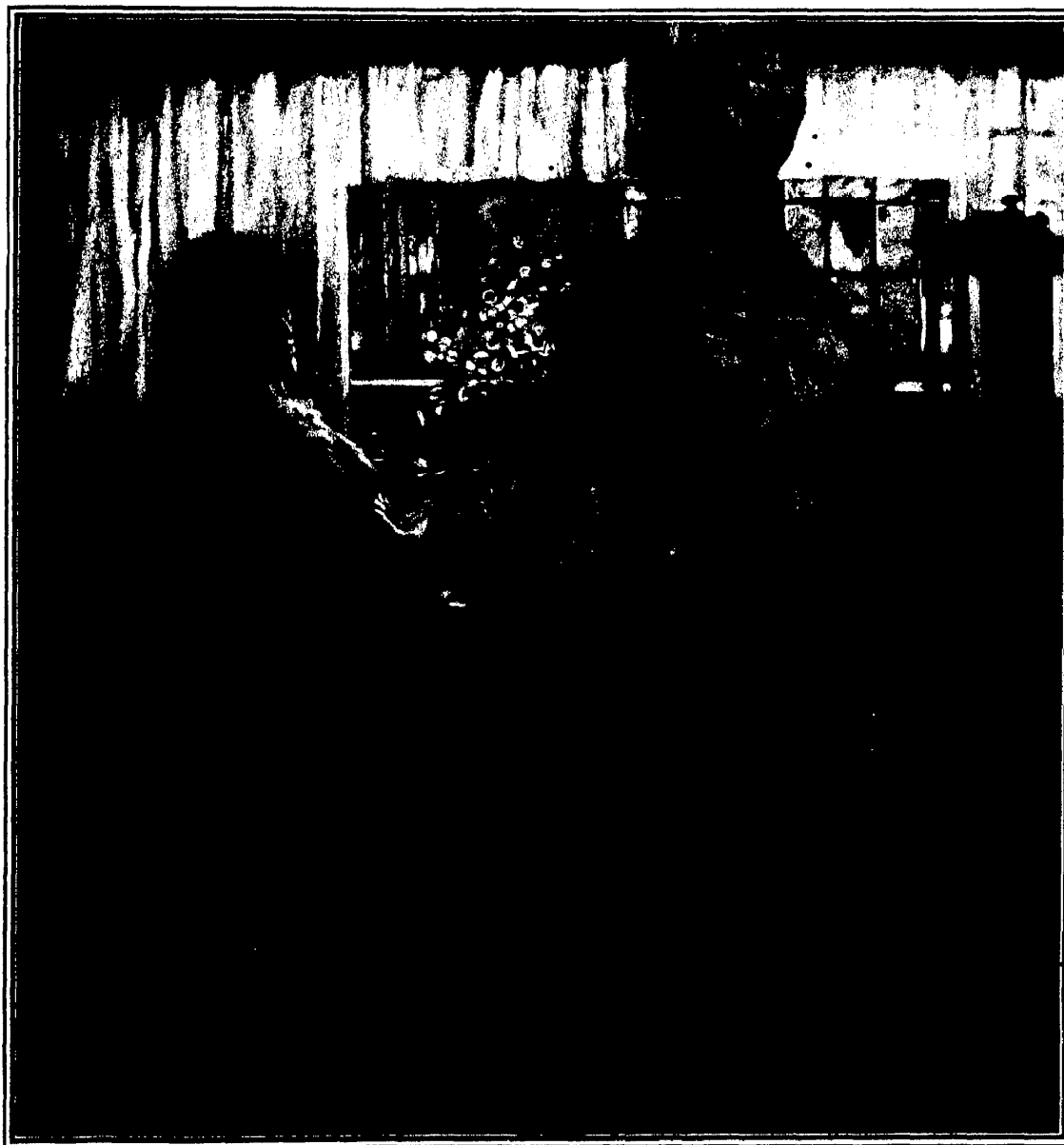
DRAWN BY F. L. BLANCHARD

H.M.S. Formidable, which has made a record in heavy gun-firing, recently left the Mediter-  
 ranean Fleet off Smyrna to pay off. As she steamed up the line she was loudly cheered by each  
 ship in turn, all of which then repeated the Commander-in-Chief's farewell signal, "Good-bye; I hope

FROM A SKETCH BY H. H. BARTON, R.N.

you will enjoy your well-earned leave." After making the reply, "Thank you, in the name of every-  
 one on board," the Formidable set course for Malta and Portsmouth.

THE "KING'S PRIZEMAN" OF THE NAVY: CONGRATULATIONS TO H.M.S. FORMIDABLE FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET



"But you said you had a master," said Barbara, stopping her meal. "For sure, Sir Piers is master," responded the wench."

#### CHAPTER XIV. (Continued).

It was not until late in the afternoon when she awoke that Barbara began to question her surroundings. Her limbs ached, her flesh was weary, and the bed of down was soft and grateful to the senses. Yet, despite the inertia natural to her condition, she

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busied herself with conjectures, with efforts of memory and with fears. She recalled the rescue in the nick of time by the cutter; she remembered waking to find Sir Piers's face, a kindly face, bent over her; and she had walked with him to this house from the beach. Where was she? The recollection of that house by the creek came back to her with a flash of horror. She looked out of the window, almost in the dread that she would see the funeral trees before the

door, and hear the voices of the creek. What she saw was an avenue of limes stretching to the sky, and beyond, the blue sea thundering on the cliffs by Freshwater. Her gaze passed in review the lonely ocean, and lost itself on the far horizon. The red sail of a fishing boat stood out for the west, and southward was the long curve of the coast to Blackgang. It was a godly prospect, and one which was unfamiliar to her. She was on the coast, it appeared,

but she could recall no scene like this in the neighbourhood of Lynington, or Christchurch, or Southampton. Then it dawned upon her confused senses that she must be in the island. In whose house then? It was a large mansion with an air of consequence. Her clothes, neatly folded and dry, were lying near. She dressed herself in a fear of wonder and suspicion; but almost ere she had finished a knock fell on the door of her chamber, and a maid-servant entered bearing a tray, on which were several choice dishes and a small bottle of wine.

"You must be hungry, miss," said the girl; "Mrs. Hobday sent you this."

Barbara realised at once how hungry she was. She thanked the maid and said:—

"Please convey my thanks to Mrs. Hobday. I will do myself the pleasure of thanking her in person when I see her."

The girl had the air of inquisitiveness; she eyed Barbara with interest, and lingered. "It is a pretty prospect from these windows," went on Barbara, out of civility. She was quite at her ease now that she had learned the name of her hostess. "What do you call this fine house?"

"The Daxter Hall, miss," replied the maid, and looked at her with more interest than ever.

"And you have a master as well as a mistress?" pursued Barbara, with the reluctance of one gently bred to push inquiry, yet with the object of making conversation. She had seated herself at a small and handsome *bonnet* table near the window, and was beginning her meal.

The handmaid stared, and emitted a little giggle. She was of a comely dark type common to the island. "For sure, miss, yes," she said in tones of wonder.

"I am deeply indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Hobday," continued Barbara with prim formality, "for their hospitality."

The maid's eyes grew larger, and an empty smile spread on her face. "Mr. Hobday," she said, "There's been no Mr. Hobday for years. Mrs. Hobday's a widow."

"But you said you had a master," said Barbara, stopping her meal.

"For sure, Sir Piers is master," responded the wench. "But he's little at Daxter, and it's not much master we've seen since old master died."

Barbara's knife and fork rattled on her plate, where she laid them in her start of emotion. "She glanced out of the window, and there was the avenue of fimes streaming and tossing in the wind, whilst away in the distance roared the blue of the inconstant and continual sea. Of a sudden the old panic leaped in her side, and her appetite was gone. She gaped vacantly at the tray and its dishes.

"Would you like anything further, miss?"

The voice roused her. "No, thank you," she answered in a dull monotonous tone, and it was only the click of the latch that awoke her wits from their frightened and bewildered lethargy. She got to her feet, and looked wildly about the room. This was Sir Piers's house. She who had sailed on that desperate venture to escape him, had once more fallen into the trap, and once more was at bay—a timid, delicate spirit of fire and resolution. At bay! No, there was yet a chance—the door was open for her still, as it had been open by Beauty; only that now she had no hat, and a neck of the sea stretched between her and safety. She knew Varnmouth, and if she could reach that place, she could surely meet with some opportunity of crossing the Solent. At least she would make the effort, once more fly as Daphne fled Apollo, seeking some refuge from her fears, some cover for her shame. There must be in the last emergency some kind and faithful household on this island in which she might confide, and which she might charge with the custody of herself and her honour. This settled sharply in her mind, she came down to practical issues, stilling with all her might the agitation of her heart. She was in need of food, and resumed her meal, pouring forth a glass of the rich wine for which the cellars of Daxter had been explored at Sir Piers's command. She had slept, and now that she had eaten she was a new woman, and she felt that she could cope with her enemies, even with the arch-enemy himself.

She had already donned what remained to her of her cloak and hat when, struck by a fancy, she paused, and went to the huge oak wardrobe at the foot of the room. She opened one of these and explored its recesses. Here was a humber of things, for the most part pieces of silk and linen, laces and muslins, such as had in times past, no doubt, clothed the ladies of that race and house. The owners, it might be generations of owners, were dead long since; and the fair women slept in the dust to which they were cognate, but here was that which had decked them forth, sweet-smelling of lavender, scarce touched of time, and dainty still, and handsome to all the senses. Barbara turned over these treasures, rapidly, until she found what would serve her purpose; whereupon she cast off her cloak and threw on a black mantle with a hood of blue, which came low upon her brow and disguised the shape of her face. Equipped with these new defences she opened the door of the bedroom, and emerged into the corridor.

She had slept long, and the sun was failing; a beautiful coolness was in the air and the light was soft and benignant, no longer hot and glaring. There was no one visible, and no sound reached her from any part of the house. She stepped softly along the corridor towards what she gathered must be the front of the house that faced the sea. It had never occurred to her for one moment to question Sir Piers's intention, nor had she dreamed of throwing herself on his pity. There was no hope, she knew by instinct, of touching so relentless and so persistent a foe. Her only chance was to escape, and the sooner she was out of Daxter the better would be her prospect of ultimate success. The corridor turned at right angles, and brought her out into a spacious landing, from which on two sides a massive stairway sloped in a curve to the hall below. Voices arrested her; she caught a glimpse of the housekeeper with the keys, and one of the maids, and a man. She shrank back into her corridor. This might be Blakiston himself, and swiftly she returned upon her tracks, resolved to try what fortune might bring her at the other end. Towards the back the corridor narrowed to a passage devoid of all dignity, and more than once she passed

the foot of the little staircases that ran up to a higher floor. At last her path terminated, and mean and winding stairs led downwards. Should she venture? And what was below? She seized upon her courage almost blindly and began to descend, her heart throbbing, her face muffled in her hood.

The stair corkscrewed sharply, and dropped her eventually into a small dark closet, from which a door opened upon either hand. She hesitated, trying to guess at her position in the house from the directions she had followed; but it seemed that reason was hopeless before such odds; she must go by chance, and she turned the handle on her left. The door was locked. She had, therefore, Hobson's choice, and was a sport for Fate. She opened the right-hand door, and a gust of wind blew along a passage as if it would have torn her cloak from her. Dull noises issued from the other side of a wall, the sound of plates and dishes, and it would appear that she had reached the neighbourhood of the kitchen. A little further another passage led out of that in which she travelled, and she stood for a time in doubt there, wondering whether to proceed or to take the turning. The sounds of the kitchen were now grown much louder, ruder, indeed, to a noisy clatter, and she came to the conclusion that the turning led thither. It would not be possible for her to pass through the kitchen, for, even if Mrs. Hobday and the girl had not already their orders, news of her would at once reach the baronet, who would be on her track almost ere she could break out of the precincts of Daxter. She cast a glance along the passage she had been following, and saw the light brighter ahead. This was her way, no doubt. She started quickly forward again, when a voice spoke, as if it had been in her ear.

"I fear you have lost your way, child. Pray allow me to guide you."

It was Sir Piers. Her cry of horror betrayed her alarm, for he had approached, under cover of the noises, unheard, and had obviously followed her down the stairs from the corridor. He had a very grave and friendly face, as if he were resolved not to import any emotion into the situation.

"You will find only the cellars yonder," he pursued, indicating the passage ahead. "There is no exit that way. But if you will let me guide you, Barbara, I will find a way out."

"I will not come," she cried in her agitation.

Sir Piers frowned, but his voice was still gentle. "This is froward, child. I may have deserved something of you, but not this. I beg you not to behave so wantonly. Come, I will show you into a part of the house which at least is cleaner, and more worthy of your presence."

Barbara's quick senses took in the position, and her spirit mounted to the occasion. She had failed, but she was not yet at an end of her resources; and she saw no good to come of remaining where she was. She followed him without more words. They passed by sundry doors and passages, which avoided the kitchen, after all, into a room of moderate size, very simply and pleasantly furnished, with two windows opening on the sea.

"There is where Cousin Ralph was wont to lie and read, year in, year out," he said in his even and attractive voice. "He was an invalid, poor creature, and kept his home. He loved the sea, they say, and sat, on a summer day, with the windows open, and the waters breaking in his ears. It soothed him, I suppose. His books are there," and he waved at the walls. "He had a deuced passion for books."

His manner was so easy and so natural, as even his most artificial manner-always was, that immensely Barbara came under its influences. After all, was she mistaken? The man had rescued her from death. He was now surveying her with no insolence, but with gentle appreciation.

"Barbara, I vow that costume suits you amazingly," he said. "Your face is pale, poor child, but the black and the blue become you vastly. 'Tis a real picture, and a pretty one."

If Barbara's cheeks had been pale before, they were now full of colour, and at once her fears returned even in stronger force. She looked him in the eye firmly.

"Thank you, Sir Piers," she said, "for your opportune rescue of me, and I should be glad if you will allow your servants to make preparations for my departure to Varnmouth."

"It is too late, child," said Sir Piers deprecatingly. "You could never be carried there to-night."

"I beg you, Sir," entreated Barbara.

"You shall go to-morrow," said he, as if he humoured a child.

"I must go to-night," she cried in agitation.

Sir Piers sat down. "Very well," said he, "if you think it would be best we will go to-night."

Barbara shuddered not alone at the plural but at the suavity of his tone, always was, that immensely Barbara came under its influences. She had come to recognise what lay behind it—the iron will, the inflexible purpose. But she flashed out on him with all her spirit.

"It is I who will go, and go alone," she said, angrily. "Have you not done your worst? Oh! how have you the heart to sit there and confront me, you who are what you are, and have done what you have? You have nearly lost me my life, and you have saved it. It was your duty, yet I thank you. I want no more to do with you. I pray God I may not see your face again. Open the door, sir, as you claim to be a gentleman, and let me go forth in freedom and security; and perhaps some day I may be able to forget, and, forgetting, may forgive."

She ceased on a sob, but Sir Piers's expression did not change. He regarded her with firm and pleasant eyes, and, rising, took a step towards her.

"You forget, Barbara," he said, mildly reproachful, "you forget that you are to be my wife."

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE PHILOSOPHY OF A MAN OF THE WORLD.

There was a pause of deep silence, ticked off by an old chamber-clock that hung upon the wall; and then Barbara recovered herself. "What is it you mean?" she asked in bewilderment.

"Why," said Sir Piers, "do you not recall your own words to the Prince? Faith, if you do not, Barbara, I do. Said you: 'This gentleman has done me the honour to ask me for his wife, and I have consented.' It was very true, as you will remember I was witness to his Royal Highness. We are a plighted couple, child, plighted before the highest in the land."

It seemed to her that she could read in his confident eyes a twinkling malignity. He played with her, as a cat with the mouse, which may not be snatched from its claws. He could afford to jest now that he had her so fast. She hated him for it, even though, simultaneously, her heart gave out and trembled in her bosom.

"Indeed," she said, "it is like you to make mock of one you have so abominably wounded. It is of a piece with your conduct, and all you have ever done. If you had had any shame, or pity, or even if you had had any respect for your own name and style of gentleman, you would have hesitated to put this last affront on me. You would not only have your will of me," she cried, her voice rising troubled with emotion, "but you would also jest and poke fun, and be satiric at the ruin you plan for me—"

"Barbara! Barbara!" broke in the man, his face betraying a remarkable change; but she would not heed, being now on the wings of her indignation.

"Oh, how dare you avow it!" she cried with a passionate flow of tears. "You think you am secure, but you have not, you have not, Sir Piers Blakiston. I am but a poor girl, but I am mistress of myself, and no man shall master me."

She ceased, pale with her passion, and trembling with her fears. The tears had flowed even through her scorn, and her weakness was manifest even through her strength. She was there, defiant, her brows drawn at him in hatred, immediately handsome as he confessed, and capable of desperate things; yet the desperation was the very offspring of terror, and her strength of weakness. At the last she would have fought with tooth and claw like an animal at bay; there were none of the feminine signals of surrender in her; she would not faint or yield from mere despair; she showed, as it flashed across Sir Piers's mind, the courage of despair, and would die fighting. Was she, then, at bay? He threw up a protesting arm, and fell back a pace.

"Child," he cried, in a lower voice, "you do me wrong; you do me wrong. Child, will you marry me?"

Barbara, breathing hard, looked at him. What was it he asked? Was it a cynical smile that curled about his mouth? Here was she, defenceless, within the walls and demences of the manor, at the mercy of this man and his creatures. She turned and made an abrupt movement for the door, but his hand detained her.

"Come, Barbara, I think there is need for us to talk a little. Will you not sit down, and if you can cease to look upon me with those innocent and terrifying eyes as on an ogre, I shall feel more comfortable." His tone was light and graceful, and almost ere she knew he had placed a chair for her by the window, outside which the twilight was falling. The sea still sang in the ears, but fainter now, from a receding tide. Mechanically she seated herself, still in a maze.

"I have asked you, Barbara, will you marry me?" repeated Sir Piers, who stood by her chair.

"No," she gasped, suddenly finding her voice, and with a certain harshness of accent.

Sir Piers apparently paid no heed to this negation, but continued the matter of his former remarks. "There is no doubt you think me an ogre, child; and indeed I suppose most men have played the character sometimes. But indeed I am none now. I am Piers Blakiston only, one, I think, you thought not unkindly of in the Forest yonder, when the spring was young."

"Yes," she said in a low voice, "when the spring was young, and my eyes were the eyes of a child. I have played that part too long, but now I see, I am grown up, and I know what the world means, and what the faces and appearances of things are worth."

Sir Piers took a turn about the room. He was growing a little restless, for, strong as was his self-control, his blood was vehement and threatened to break its bonds.

"You say truly," he said at last. "They are worth very little. The bulk of life is a sham, and most of us are merely tricksters. But there comes a time to everyone when the sham disappears, when the tricks are dropped, and he or she may emerge for a moment in real flesh and blood. Does it not seem to you, Barbara, that there is here an instance? Can you recognise that?"

She shook her head. "You are false," she said deliberately. "There is no woman in England who would dare believe you, knowing what I know."

He did not wince, but resumed his argument in his persuasive voice. "You have the right to question me and my sincerity. I freely acknowledge that. There is, perhaps, no deeper division in human affairs than that chasm which separates man from woman, and a man's ideas from a woman's. There must be always two faces to the shield, and you from your side have the right to pass judgment on me. Yet from my side may there not be a little difference of vision, a little to plead? You are wrong, Barbara, when you call me false. I am not false, but true, true to my own feelings and the stimulus of my heart, which is why I am here, which is why I persecuted you in London, which is why I am begging for your hand now."

"I cannot give it," said she still in her low voice. "I could not give it, even if I could believe."

"You must believe," he returned with soft determination, "and you must give it. Have I not said I persecuted you? And do you think there is any change in my nature, child, that I beg you in marriage to-day? No; it is but that I made a mistake in judgment. I am no sentimentalist any more than I am a moralist; I suit my tactics to my conception of necessity. I mistook you and I paid the penalty. I am the same, only I have come to know you. You must give me your hand, Barbara."

"No—no," she broke forth, startled and indignant, and then met his insidious pleading with an outflow of her angry words. "You tell me you have persecuted me, and never was truer word spoken. I came to London to the care of your friend, selected by you, and at your persuasion. I was young, I was ignorant of the



world and men, says, and of women too. If ever girl cried out for protection and respect surely 'twas I. I asked but to see the big town; I wished, like every child who is fond of colours and gauds, to look on at the many routs and the great ladies and the brave doings of society, after which I would return to my village and my quiet garden, and lose all but dreams of the great world. Sir, you might have spared a mind so innocent, and youth so delicate—you and your creatures. I know not who was in the plot—I know not, indeed, if plot there was, but I do know that yours was a traitorous black act, capable of no excuse or evasion. Ah! it was cowardly, it was treacherous, it was cruel!"

Sir Piers's face, even in the twilight, whitened visibly. He leaned with one hand upon the sill, and did not look towards her. "You speak from your side of the shield, poor child," he said, "and in that light I put my head down and hide my face. The darkness had best swallow up the things that men do and do not blush for. Yet, Barbara, I blush for that, or would do so, if I could blush at all. I assure you that my heart is sad to think that I misinterpreted two things—the one your nature, and the other my own feelings."

"You do not repent—you are not ashamed," she said hotly. "Why, your very words tell me you are not ashamed."

"I am ashamed of my mistake," he answered. "I should have known better. I have prided myself on my knowledge of women; but I misapprehended you. If you had been as I thought you, why should I be ashamed? I should have been proved right by events, and all would have gone happily for both of us. Life would have been properly adjusted for us as I had planned. 'Tis cynical, you will say. Yes, but it is veritable sense. We must cut our cloaks according to our cloth, and fit ourselves in with circumstances. To do anything else would be rank folly, the folly of the sentimentalist, who believes in a thing or aims at an end against all reason. But having made the blunder, I own it, and I blush; I am ashamed, Barbara, for that. It was another woman I pursued and wronged. I hurt her, God forgive me; but you have no part in her. You are a new person, and I love you. If I could meet the girl I wronged and would have injured I would humbly ask her pardon. The girl I love and would not wrong is before me. Barbara, you must be my wife."

"Wife!" she said bitterly. "Wife to one who has no poor a sense of honour!"

"Nay, wife to one who would honour and defend his wife all the days of his life," corrected Sir Piers.

"Wife to Beau Blakiston, the Prince's friend, the pastmaster of intrigues, the associate of rakes!" she said with a hard laugh.

"Wife to Sir Piers Blakiston of Hone," he said in a stern voice, "a wife who need not lower her head before any duchess in the land."

She was silent a moment. The room had darkened, and she could not see his face, which was obscured in the shadows of the wall.

"Beau Blakiston," she said at last, "would live in town, and move in elegant circles, amid all the hypocrisy and vice of what is called the Mode."

"Sir Piers Blakiston of Hone," he answered promptly, "would cultivate his country estates in Warwickshire, and fall into a nodding acquaintance with town, which I have no doubt he and his wife would take pleasure in visiting from time to time—to the Mode, to make their purchases, to see the shows." He laughed pleasantly and very lightly. "I can see Sir Piers Blakiston the very model of a country squire."

"You mean a rustic," said the girl quickly. "Yes, I can see him lapsing into a rustic. It is a very pretty picture in my mind's eye—swollen waistcoat, ruddy colour, and high nankeens, and a cob to go to market."

"You are laughing at me, Barbara," said Sir Piers, laughing himself. He saw in this the surrender, and his heart leapt and thrilled him. He had kept himself so wonderfully back that the reaction was desperately near. He made a step forward and seized her hand through the gloom. "Barbara! Barbara!" he cried exultingly, and trembling in his triumph.

She made no resistance, but spoke quickly. "Tell me," she said, "when did you repent? How is it you are changed? When did you decide to offer me this honour?"

He felt the warmth of her hands in his, and the softness of the flesh moved him like wine. Looking down into her eyes, which were dim and faint in the twilight, he lied.

"As soon as ever I realised what you were, my dear," he said tenderly. "The very moment you rebuffed me, and stood up so magnificently to the Prince."

"You came," said Barbara, holding back from him, "down to Boldre to tell me what you tell me now?"

"Yes, yes, dear; yes, child, yes," he murmured, and would have taken her in his arms. But with a swing of her body she threw him off, and burst into laughter. She knew he had spoken falsely, though she did not allow for the temptation; and, knowing that, saw falsehood in his every act and profession.

"Mercy! I am honoured," she said with angry merriment. "Tis a pity I did not know this in the coach, and by Beaulieu, for I might have been spared much. I am glad I can trust you, sir. It is not every man a poor woman may trust. There's deceivers about to take advantage of us, but, is, not you, not Sir Piers Blakiston of Hone, not Beau Blakiston?"

"What mean you, Barbara?" he asked in his amazement at what seemed this unaccountable revolution in her attitude. "I mean, sir," said she, making him a mock curtsy, "that I am greatly honoured by your condescension, but must decline the alliance you propose."

He uttered an exclamation outside his practice of fastidious politeness; but now he was the natural man, and his artifices dropped from him like the tinsel trappings shed in the circus-ring. He made a movement and checked himself, opened his mouth to speak and was silent; and presently she heard his suave voice on the air. "I regret, Miss Garswain," said he, "that 'tis too late tonight to set you on your way to Yarmouth; but be of no fear. Mrs.



THE LATE PRINCE BISMARCK  
Eldest Son of the great Chancellor.

Hobday has prepared your rooms in the west wing, and I hope all will be for your comfort."

She breathed him in this mood more than in his character as a natural man, and now, even with her warmth of blood, was affected by his tone.

"You will refuse to let me go?" she cried.



THE LATE LORD HASTINGS  
A well-known sportsman.



THE LATE RIGHT REV. J. W. HAMBLIN, D.D.  
Bishop of Carlisle.

"I stand in place of your parent," he said politely, "and I cannot think of letting you peril yourself by so mad an adventure. I hope you will be comfortable. I will speak to the housekeeper to provide you with all you require."

As he spoke he made a feint of turning away to leave her, but she called him back. "Sir Piers, you do not mean this!" she said. "You will let me go. You have just said that you were ashamed of your behaviour to me. This—this—you would be ashamed of this."



A handsome bowl (which, together with the pedestal, is of massive silver, finely hand-chased and richly decorated with applied work) has been presented to Lady Hastings Villiers on the occasion of her marriage to Lord Hastings by the tenants of the estate of the Earl of Jersey. The figures inscribed to the presentation were—Alaric, Blagynoff, Llanmillo, Baglan, Cmsayon, St. Thomas, Madef. The bowl was in liquid and modelled by Mappin and Webb, Ltd., of Regent Street, Oxford Street, and Queen Victoria Street.

A BOWL PRESENTED TO LADY HASTINGS

also. I do not know what to think of this. It is so strange after what you have said. It cannot be possible."

"My dear Barbara," he said in a brisk voice. "I assure you that there is no mystery. I am taking charge of you, and you shall come to no harm. It seems to me that your health is affected by the long exposure. Believe me I deeply regret it. To-morrow, you will be better, and I shall have the pleasure of seeing the roses bloom again." He moved again to the door. "When will you sup, child?"

"I will go to-night," she exclaimed passionately.

"You are a child in tantrums," said Sir Piers. "But I cannot humour you. Come, be sensible, Barbara. You are as safe as in Moyten here in Daxter."

He took her and led her to the window, and she was trembling. "There was a true child," he said gravely, "when I had thought you had begun to love me. I was mistaken, no doubt."

"You were, you were! I hated you!" she cried with a sob. But here was too strong a demonstration for Sir Piers's subtle mind. He scented the truth of his own statement.

"Very well," said he with a sigh. "But if it be so, at least listen to me. I have offered you not only all that is possible in compensation for my mistake, but also a man's heart and life.

There is my pledge and *bona fide*. Yet you hesitate to entrust yourself to me, but would-house rather to go forth into a dark night of unknown hills on an impossible mission. I will not allow it. Let me speak now, not as he who would have been your husband, but as a man older in years, old enough, God knows, to be your father," and here he touched his hair above one ear with a pathetic little wave of his hand. "Look out and see the night." He threw open the window, and the beautiful air streamed in; the sounds of the sea washing among the rocks rose out of the evening; the leaves of the great limes whispered. Inensibly Barbara passed under the spell of the calm night, the benignant stars, the tranquil water, and, not least of all, the grave kindness of the man.

"In an hour, even if we could secure a carriage, landscape, cliff and sea will be plunged in darkness. I could not let you run the risks of this journey. There is time; rest and come to yourself. Come, there is here a new Blakiston, as I have told you."

"I see only the same," said Barbara with a piteous little laugh. Her heart trembled. "I see only one with the same bitter obstinacy, with the same cruel will."

"Maybe he has the same will," assented Sir Piers, now confident of victory, as he rang for the housekeeper and the lights.

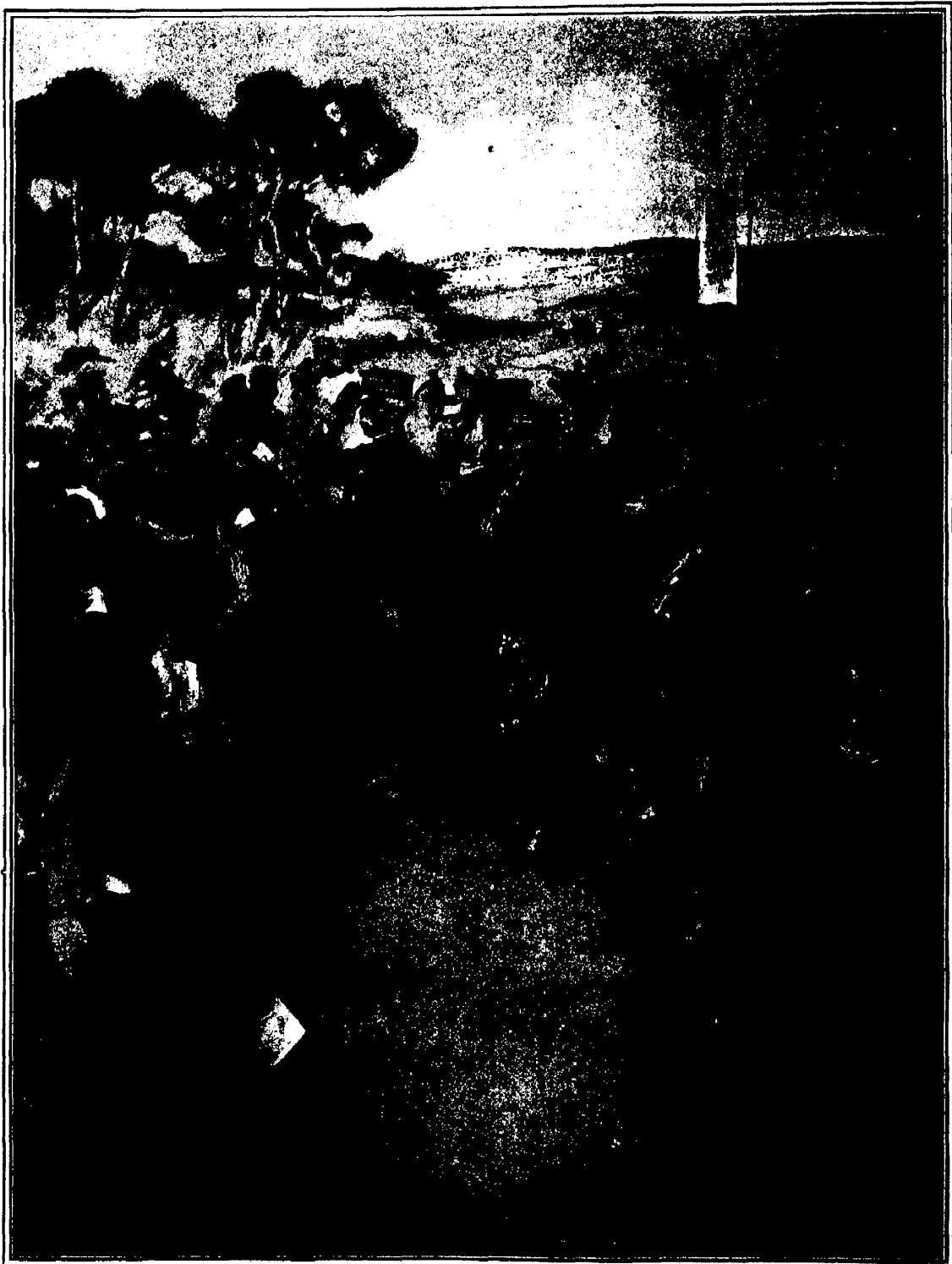
(To be continued)

## Our Portraits

Prince Herbert von Bismarck, who just died at Friedrichsthal, was a comparatively young man, having been born on December 28, 1849. He succeeded his father in the title in July, 1898. In June, 1892, he married the Countess Margherite Hoyos, and he leaves five children, two daughters and three sons. Prince Herbert was well known in the diplomatic circles of the principal cities of Europe, and his stay in London as Secretary of Embassy will be remembered with pleasure by all who came in contact with him. This was in 1883. In the following year he went to The Hague as German Minister. In 1885 he began his political career at Berlin, and soon began to make his influence felt in the Reichstag, where, as one of the members for Schleswig-Holstein, he was looked upon as one of the rising young men of the day. In 1886 he was Secretary of State and Assessor to the Chancellor, in which capacity he relieved his father of much of the "Iron Chancellor's" routine work. On his father's retirement he was provisionally charged with the direction of foreign affairs, but preferred to follow the Prince into private life. In January, 1889, the German Emperor conferred on him the Order of the Red Eagle, First Class. He held the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the German army. Prince Bismarck had many friends in England and was a frequent visitor to Lord Rosebery in Scotland and at Epsom. A man of considerable ability, he was overshadowed throughout his life by his father's great name, and the fact that he preferred to withdraw from active politics when the "Iron Chancellor" retired, put an end to all question of his ever attaining high office. Our portrait is by E. Heber, Berlin.

The Right Rev. John Warcing Bartsley, D.D., Bishop of Carlisle, was born at Kesteven, in Yorkshire, on March 29, 1835. He was educated at Burnley and Manchester Grammar Schools, whence he entered Trinity College, Dublin, graduating in 1859, and proceeding M.A. in 1865. In 1887, after a long association with Liverpool, at which he ultimately became Archdeacon, he was selected to succeed Dr. Rowley Hill as Bishop of Sodor and Man, when he received the D.D. degree from his University, and in 1892 was translated to Carlisle, in succession to Dr. Harvey Goodwin. He belonged to the Evangelical school of thought in the Church, and had published a few works, including "Councils to Candidates for Confirmation" and "The Origin of Man." Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

George Manners Astley, eleventh Baron Hastings, was born on April 4, 1857, and succeeded his brother in the title in 1875. He was formerly Captain and Hon. Major of the Norfolk Artillery. Baron Hastings married in 1880 the Hon. Elizabeth Evelyn Harbord, daughter of the fifth Baron Suffield, and is succeeded by his son, the Hon. Albert Edward Delaval, who is a lieutenant in the 7th Hussars. Lord Hastings had an eventful career on the turf, was only twenty-three years old when he was elected a member of the Jockey Club, of which he afterwards became a steward. He trained for some years with the late Matthew Dawson. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

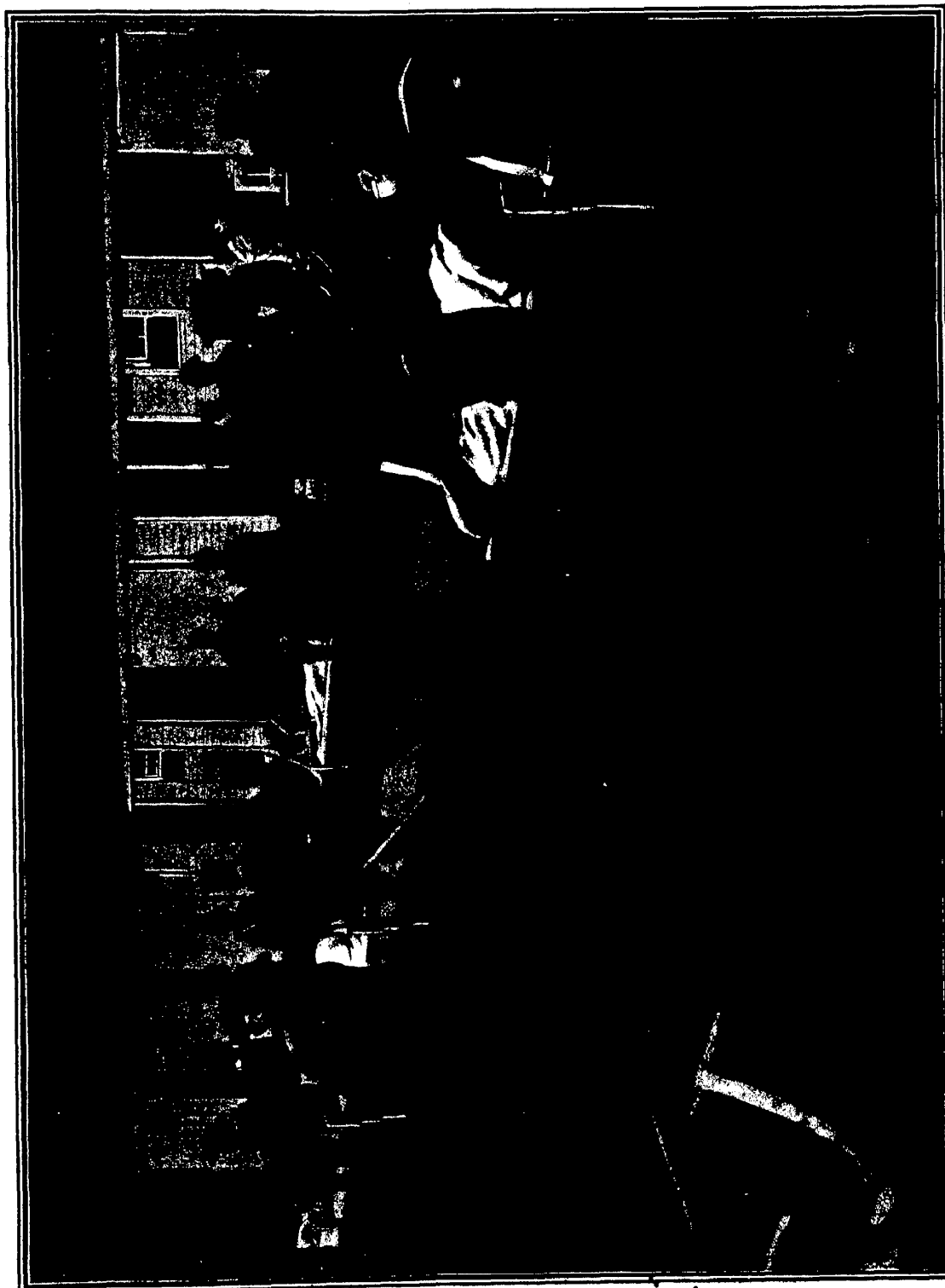


DRAWN BY W. HATHRELL, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY WALTER KIRBY

The Japanese are most punctilious in observing all ceremonies and customs both of war and peace. One of their most constantly repeated statements is that they "do everything according to the book," meaning the text-books on the rules and observances of civilized warfare. The incident here depicted took place during the advance from the Motou Pass.

AN ANCIENT CUSTOM OF WAR: GENERAL KUROKI AND HIS STAFF SALUTE THE DEAD



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ONE OF THE RUSSIAN RED CROSS SOCIETY

THE COST OF WAR: THE ARRIVAL OF A RUSSIAN RED CROSS TRAIN AT MUKDEN

THE wounded are brought back from the front to Mukden in trains which have been specially constructed for the purpose. The line from Liao-ning to Mukden was now no longer in use by the Russians, and the line at Mukden is being moved to Kwantan. Mukden has hitherto been a busy center, with thousands of reinforcements arriving from the north and sent and brought from the south.

MADE BY T. J. WHITE

## The Court

The King is spending this week with Lord and Lady Burton, at their shooting lodge in the deer forest of Glen Quoich, Inverness-shire. The lodge stands in the midst of beautiful scenery on the shores of Loch Quoich, and on his way His Majesty passed through some of the loveliest parts of the Highlands. He left on Monday from Ballater by special train, and from Invergarry drove the twenty miles on to Glen Quoich. Lord Burton met his Royal guest at Invergarry, and the King received a truly hearty Highland welcome. A large house-party was gathered to meet His Majesty, including the Grand Duke Michael and his wife and Lord and Lady Cadogan, and excellent shooting and fishing was enjoyed. In the programme also was a drive through the forest to Loch Houra, on the west coast, where the scenery is very wild. Probably the King will not return to Balmoral before Monday.

His Majesty had a good deal of sport on Decide before leaving for Inverness-shire, as he was out daily in the Royal Forests with the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Fife, and various friends. King Edward also was present at the Braemar Gathering, which took place in splendid weather at Cluny Park, Invercauld, where the wide grassy level between the Loch and the Braemar Road affords ample space for the gathering of the clans. It was a very picturesque scene when His Majesty arrived with the Prince and Princess of Wales and their three eldest children. The Duke and Duchess of Fife and their daughters were already in the Royal pavilion, with its decorations of heather and the Royal Standard, and the Balmoral Highlanders, with the oak leaf and thistle in their bonnets, received the Royal party. They marched past first, carrying Lochaber axes; then came the Duke of Fife's men in the Duff tartan, and bearing the holly badge, while the Parquharson Highlanders and Decide Volunteers sported sprigs of fir. The King, the Prince of Wales, and the two boys were in the

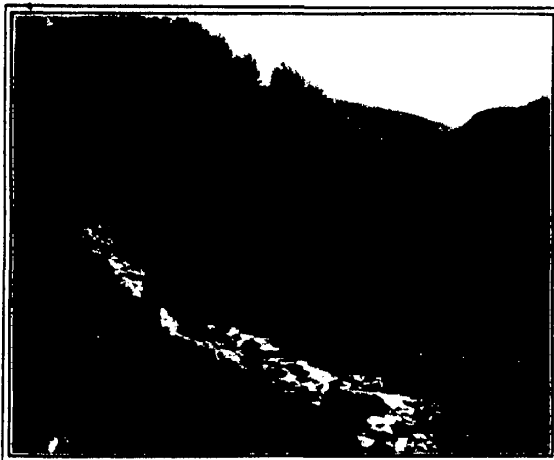


The King, in accordance with his yearly custom, was present last week at the gathering of the Braemar Highland Society, held in the Cluny Park, Invercauld. His Majesty was accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Edward, Prince Albert, and Princess Victoria of Wales, and was joined on the ground by Princess Louise and the Duke of Fife. The King and the Princess wore Highland dress of Royal Stewart tartan. The Royal party appeared to take much interest in the games. Our photograph is by Morgan, Aberdeen.

THE KING AT THE BRAEMAR GATHERING: THE ROYAL PARTY WATCHING THE SPORTS



LOCH QUOICH, WITH THE LODGE ON THE RIGHT



A SCOTTISH FISH IN THE FATH BETWEEN LOCH QUOICH AND LOCH HOURA

Glen Quoich, where Lord Burton is now entertaining the King, is one of the best deer forests in Scotland. There is no roughing it here as one expects to find in a shooting lodge in the Highlands. The lodge is replete with every modern convenience. There are two lochs on the estate, and between them a pass,



LOCH HOURA LOOKING WEST

which is one of the widest spots in the Highlands. The mountain shown in the distance in our illustration of Loch Houra is Ladhair Sheina, which is 3,843 feet high. Our photographs are by A. E. Robertson.

GLEN QUOICH: LORD BURTON'S DEER FOREST, WHERE THE KING IS STAYING

Royal Stewart tartan, with thistles in their bonnets. The Royal party watched the games with much interest, King Edward speaking to many of the competitors. On Saturday the King received Sir Martin Goselin, British Minister at Lisbon; and on Sunday morning His Majesty attended Service at Craibiele Church, where Dr. Gillespie preached. The Prince and Princess of Wales were there, too, with their three eldest children, and afterwards lunched with the King, the Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby also joining the party. In the afternoon King Edward went over to Mar Lodge to see the Duke and Duchess of Fife, and in the evening he entertained at dinner Dr. Gillespie and the Rev. Ramsay Sibbald, Minister of Craibiele.

The Queen's Norwegian cruise proved more enjoyable at the end than the beginning, for the weather cleared late in the week, so that Her Majesty and Princess Victoria stayed on at Bergen to make excursions. Finally they left in the Victoria and Albert, escorted by the cruiser Spartan, and had a very fine two days' passage to Copenhagen. The first to welcome the Royal travellers were Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, who went out to Elsinore to meet the yacht, while salutes from the fortress greeted them as the Victoria and Albert came to anchor at Copenhagen. King Christian of Denmark, King George of Greece, most of the Danish Royal Family, and all the members of the British Legation were waiting at the Toldboden Pier, where the Queen and Princess received most affectionate greetings. There was a guard of honour, and the British National Anthem was played as the Queen and Princess drove with the Kings of Denmark and Greece to Bernstorff Castle. Denmark always welcomes back Queen Alexandra with true enthusiasm.

To the great joy of the nation, Italy, like Russia, has a direct heir to the Throne. In the Italian Kingdom, however, there is no war to mar the rejoicing at the birth of the baby Prince, whose advent gives genuine delight. The child was born at the

summer Castle of Racconigi, near Turin, and was at once named Haubert Prince of Piedmont. King Victor Emmanuel showed much tact in this matter, for he not only gave his son the name of his grandfather, who was so popular a King, but he avoided the suggested title of Prince of Rome, which might have offended the Vatican. The fruits of his judgment are already reaped in the Pope allowing the baptism to be performed in State by the Archbishop of Turin. This formal christening will take place on the King and Queen's return to Rome, the child having already been sprinkled with lustral water by the Royal almoner. The baby boy comes when his parents have been married eight years, and after two sisters—Volanda, now aged three, and Mafalda, aged two. His arrival takes away the prospect of succession from the Duke of Aosta, cousin to King Victor, who is married to Princess Helen of Orleans, and has sons. All over Italy there have been great popular rejoicings, Rome announcing the birth by a salute of one hundred and one guns. The King has issued various amnesties, and presented £40,000 to the working classes in honour of his heir.

### Paris Jottings

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

If the new taximeter for regulating the cab fares in Paris is popular with the public, it assuredly is not so with certain categories of cabmen. One of these is the gentleman whose ambition it is to sit all day in a wineshop and then find a wealthy American who will throw him ten francs for an ordinary "course." I am sorry to say this category of American also exists and does his best to still further spoil that already unsatisfactory individual, the Paris *cocher de fiacre*. With the introduction of the taximeter, the prolonged sojourn in the wineshop is a thing of the past, as the apparatus carefully registers the total number of kilometres covered, and prolonged inaction is promptly discovered.

The second category of cabmen with whom the taximeter is unpopular is the Auvergnat. As Auvergne contributes a large proportion of the total number of Paris Jehus, the number of discontented *cochers* is fairly large. Their grievance is a somewhat curious one. The Auvergnats are a prolific people, and each Paris cabman from that part of the world has generally a stately number of relatives. It is the custom, when the latter come to Paris, that their relative should take them round Paris in his cab to see the sights. Formerly the coachman only sacrificed his time, now this would cost him money. For with every turn of the wheel the inexorable apparatus goes on registering francs and centimes which the cabman must hand over to his employer in the evening. This is more than the closest relative has the right to demand, so that the "sisters and the cousins and the uncles" of the Jehu from Auvergne must, if they want to see the city, do so from the knifeboard of an omnibus.



Racconigi, where the Prince was born, is situated in Piedmont, some twenty miles north of Turin. It is the favourite summer resort of the King and Queen. The birth of the Prince was announced to the people by the ringing of the bell of the Town Hall.

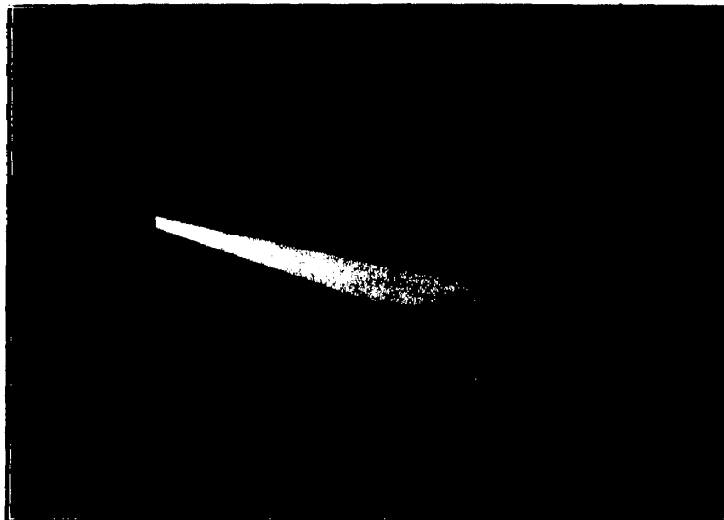
PROCLAIMING THE PRINCE'S BIRTH

THE BIRTH OF THE ITALIAN HEIR TO THE THRONE: REJOICINGS AT RACCONIGI



As soon as the welcome tidings were known people began to gather in front of the principal entrance, and soon the newshyrs were on the scene with papers, which were eagerly bought.

THE SCENE OUTSIDE THE PALACE ON THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE NEWS



At night a searchlight, mounted on the tower of the Town Hall, lighted up the Palace, which stood out in bold relief against the dark sky.

THE ILLUMINATION OF THE PALACE

The Auvergnats in Paris form a sort of people apart, as distinct as the Jews or the Gypsies. They only follow three occupations, cab-driving, coal-selling, and the selling of roast chestnuts. Their coal-selling is not at all in the wholesale line; they generally have a small shop, containing a dozen or so bags of the precious fuel, which they dispose of in small quantities. The chestnut-seller is a sort of Paris barometer. When he puts in his appearance everybody knows winter is at hand. He generally installs his primitive roasting apparatus under some friendly doorway, lights his fire, throws a couple of score of chestnuts into the pan, and waits for custom. As the roast chestnut on a cold day has the double advantage of supplying food and keeping the hands warm, some of them do quite a large business. As soon, however, as spring puts in its appearance, the *marchand de marrons* packs together his primitive apparatus, and betakes himself to his native village, where he passes the summer and autumn months till the advent of winter again renders his presence in the capital necessary. People in Paris make fun of the inhabitants of Auvergne. They regard them as a thick-skulled race who speak a terrible French. Both reproaches are more or less justified, but that does not prevent the Auvergnat taking back a comfortable little sum of money to his native

village, money from the pockets of his very superior friends, the Parisians.

Mrs. Brown-Potter's announcement with regard to using beautiful gowns as an expression of emotion in her next play is no novelty, writes a Correspondent. "Dress has always meant the expression of emotion. It is the meaning of the widow's weeds, the monk's purple, the choir-boys' surplice, the rich robes and albs of priests; everywhere, in the most savage countries, even sea-shells and flowers, as in the Samoan Islands, have been pressed into the service of adornment, and adornment has meant emotion, the joy of the bride, the sorrow for the dead. It has been reserved for us in this twentieth century to lose what even barbarians, and certainly the very oldest nations, the Egyptians, the Chinese, the Greeks and Romans possessed—a sense of proportion and appropriateness. We dress now like mountebanks. We wear clothes in the street intended only for the ballroom. We don gowns unsuitable to our station, our purse, and our figures. We put on shams, and masquerade as though we were realities; wear black at weddings and pink when we are unhappy. We have no judgment, no individuality, or personal feelings for propriety and comfort."

SKETCHES BY A. BLAN



DOLMENS NEAR CARNAC



THE MENHIRS OF KERMARIO



INTERIOR OF THE DOLMEN DES MARCHANDS

Brittany. Around the village of Carnac, at the base of the promontory of Quiberon, a wide area of country is dotted over with cromlechs, dolmens, and tumuli. Some of these have fallen into decay, others, only explored during recent years, stand as they were left by their early builders many centuries ago. The most remarkable feature, however, is presented by the *alignments*, or lines of standing stones, which run across the country, up hill and down dale, for a distance of more than two miles.

The *alignments* of Carnac have for long been a puzzle to the archaeologist. They consist of three groups separated by short intervening spaces. The most westerly is the group of Le Menec, "the Place of Remembrance." The stones, some of which are sixteen feet in height and weigh many tons, are about 900 in number, and are arranged in eleven parallel lines, with about ten feet between each stone. At the western end, where there is a circle some 300 yards in diameter, the stones are very large, but followed in an easterly direction they gradually diminish in size until they cease altogether near the road from Auray to Carnac. After an interval of 300 yards the group of Kermario, "the Place of the Dead," is reached. Here the stones form ten rows of about 4,000 feet in length. The arrangement as regards size is repeated, the stones on the west being the largest, but a gradual diminution occurring towards the east. Another short break separates the group of Kerlesant, "the Place of Burning."

The stones are of unhewn granite, similar to that found in the neighbourhood. Excavations have led to the discovery beneath some of them of ashes, flint chips, and fragments of pottery, but no traces of human bones.

What meaning these menhirs have, or for what purpose they were erected, is lost in the mists of antiquity. Some have supposed them to be the remains of a great temple; others that they commemorate a battle. Most authorities, however, consider that they had a sepulchral origin, and the grim significance of the names the groups bear has been held to support this view.

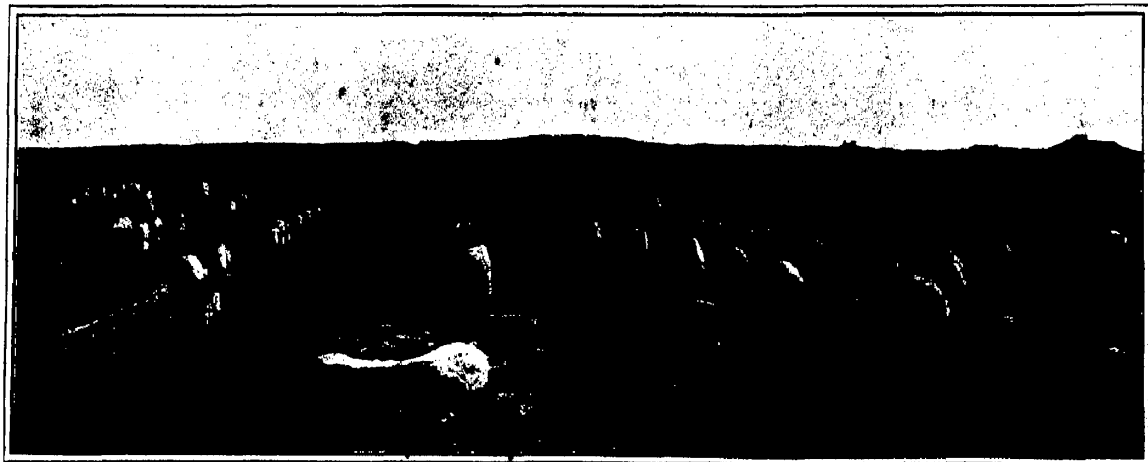
The tumuli, of which a large number exist in the neighbourhood, appear to have no very definite relation to the lines of standing stones. Each consists of a mound of earth heaped over a central chamber, the walls and roof of which are formed of broad flat stones. In some cases there are two or three chambers opening into each other. In the course of long ages the earth has been washed away from many of the tumuli, and the stones of the central chamber now stand uncovered. Such a structure is called a dolmen. In England it would be a cromlech, but in Brittany this term is



INTERIOR OF THE DOLMEN DES MARCHANDS, SHOWING A STONE WITH ORNAMENTAL MARKINGS

The stone monuments of that prehistoric people—Celtic or Turanian—upon whom tradition and history alike throw so little light, are found all along the western fringe of Europe, but nowhere do they exist to such an extent, or in so perfect a state of preservation, as in the Morbihan district of southern

more correctly applied to a circle of stones. Within the tumuli ashes, bones, ornaments, stone axes, and other objects have been found. An interesting feature of the axes is that they have nearly all been deliberately broken, possibly that their spirits might be liberated to serve their master in another world.



THE STANDING STONES OF CARNAC  
CELTIC MONUMENTS IN BRITTANY  
From Photographs by Z. de Bouslo, Carnac.



FROM A PHOTO BY A CORRESPONDENT

That portion of railway still in the hands of the Russians has to be carefully guarded against the Chinese. These bandits, who capture any train near the line, make with about thirty men the Coast patrol.

AN EVERY-DAY OCCURRENCE ON THE MANCHURIAN LINE: COSACK GUARDS SHOOTING RAILWAY WRECKERS

DEATH BY F. DE HENRI



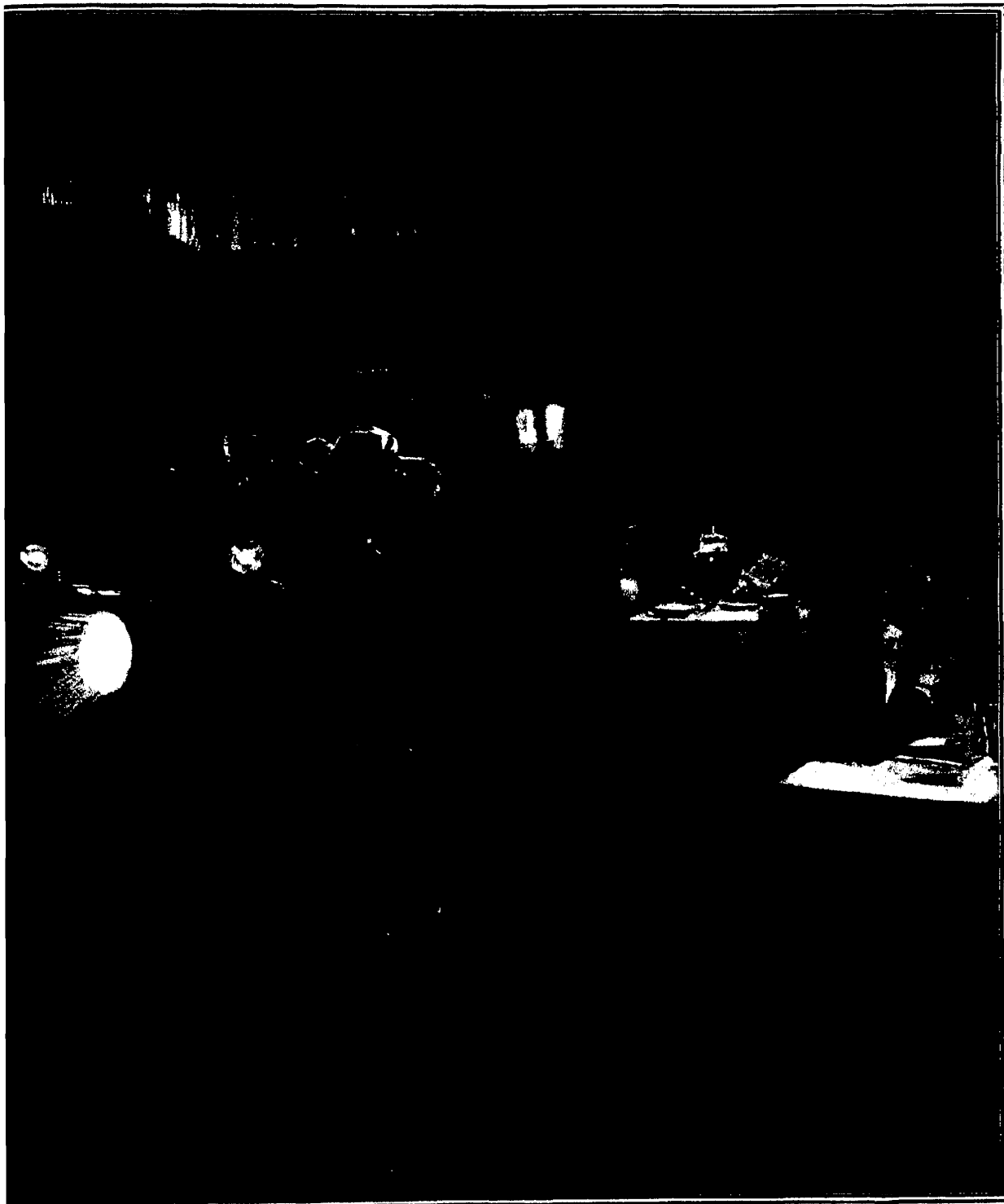
Dives-sur-Mer is hardly a mile from Cabourg, on the coast of Normandy. It is a quaint old village, with a shallow harbour, at the mouth of the Dives. The village is famous as being the port from which William the Conqueror set sail for England. The only remnant

of the Dives of that day is seen in the oldest parts of the church. Lately the become a favourite society resort, and the old Hotel Guillaume le Conquerant restored in perfect keeping with old traditions. In the galleried courtyard, when

"OLD TIMES ARE CHANGED, OLD MANNERS GONE": A MODERN SOCIETY DINNER II

DRAWN FROM





people dine and spend the evening. The dinner dress of to-day is in striking contrast to the old-world background furnished by the oak beams of the galleries. But the

mingling of the ancient and the modern seems to reach a climax, when a huge motor-car dashes into the courtyard bringing a fresh party of diners.

COURTYARD OF THE WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR HOTEL AT DIVES-SUR-MER, NORMANDY

RE SCOTT

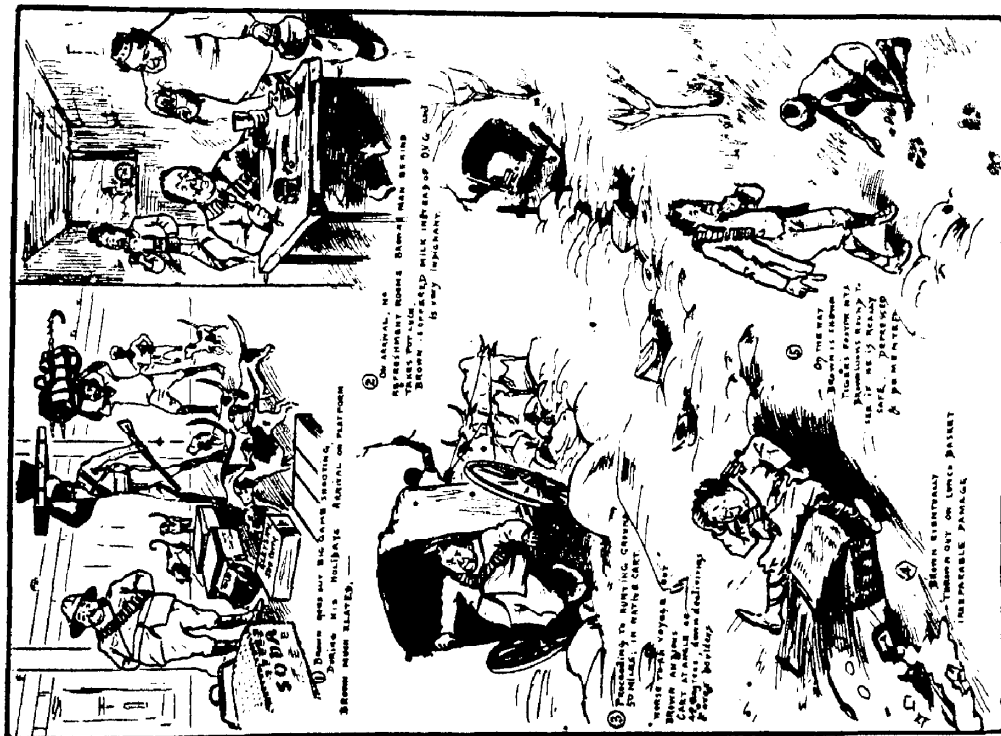
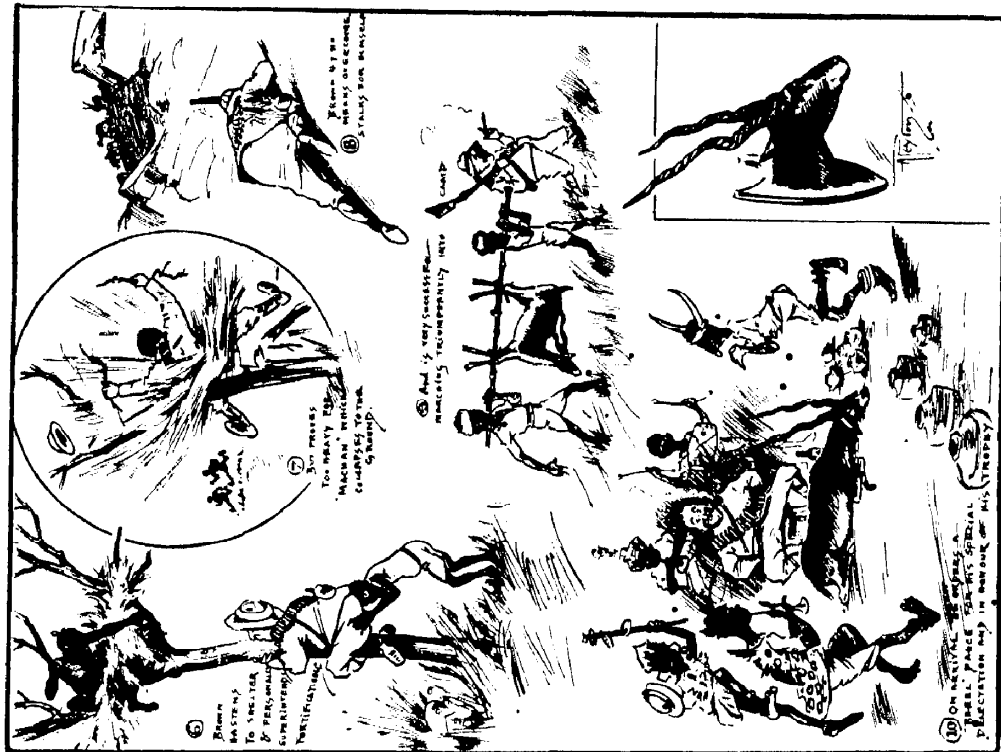


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"GORGONE"

THE BEAUX PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY

FROM THE PICTURE BY MORREAU, IN THE GALLERY OF THE LUXEMBOURG



HOW BROWN GOT HIS MONARCH OF THE GLEN: A BLACK BUCK SHOOTING EXPEDITION IN INDIA  
 SETTER BY A. PETTON.

## "The Graphic" Diary of the War

Such scraps of news as are able to reach us from the seat of war show that the Japanese are still pressing on Kuropatkin's army round Mukden. Tie-tung, on the Mukden-Kharbin road, is being fortified by the Russians. Of the Japanese movements we know but little. There are reports of constant skirmishes, and the Japanese are said to be receiving reinforcements. From Port Arthur there come accounts of bombardments and attempts by the Japanese to carry forts, but the news brought by Chinese to Chifu are meagre and not always to be trusted. Further particulars of the battle of Liaoyang show that the Japanese captured a large quantity of stores, rifles, and ammunition. A reply from the Russian Government to the protests made in respect of contraband has been received. Carcasses of provisions and other articles referred to in the protests from America and Great Britain not intended for the Japanese Government, Army or Navy, are henceforth to be respected.

SEPTEMBER 8-10.—The Japanese captured a fort at Port Arthur, two miles east of Golden Hill.

SEPTEMBER 10.—The Russians reported to be retreating to Tie-tung. SEPTEMBER 12.—The Russian converted cruiser *Lena* from Vladivostok arrives at San Francisco for repairs. The Japanese protested against its being allowed to remain more than twenty-four hours. Four American warships about to leave San Francisco for Punta Arenas detained pending the decision as to the *Lena*.

SEPTEMBER 13.—The United States Government decided that the *Lena* must leave San Francisco within a brief period to be prescribed, or be dismantled.

A telegram from St. Petersburg reported a scarcity of food supplies at Mukden.

The British steamship *Caledon* seized by Russian cruisers and conveyed to Vladivostok was set free, but her Japanese cargo of flour and cotton was confiscated.

Marshal Oyama reported that the Russians were fortifying Tie-tung.

SEPTEMBER 14.—The Tsar received a telegram from General Stoessel at Port Arthur, stating the Japanese had twice been repulsed in their attacks on the fortress on August 28 and September 2.

A Japanese telegram states that the Russian dead left on the field at Liaoyang numbered 3,000.

The report that the Baltic Fleet had left Libau contradicted.

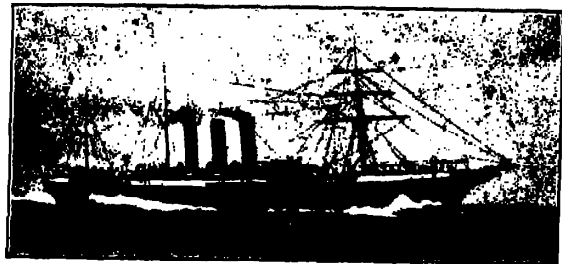
A British sailing ship, the *Lucia*, struck a mine at Port Arthur and was sunk, only one man on board being saved.

The order given for the *Lena* at San Francisco to be dismantled.

SEPTEMBER 15-16.—Heavy bombardment of Port Arthur by the Japanese from new siege works at Erlangenham and Kikwan-shan. On the 16th the Japanese attacked the redoubt protecting the waterworks, and were twice repulsed.

SEPTEMBER 16.—Russia communicated her decision on the contraband question to the British, American and German Embassies, recognising the distinction between absolute and conditional contraband, and admitting that provisions which would be available if destined for an enemy's Government, Army or Navy, would not be contraband if consigned to private parties.

Prince Radziwill, two Russian officers, two civilians, and a lady left Port Arthur by junk with despatches. The Prince gave a grim account of the merciless character of the fighting at Port Arthur.



Officials at Washington were, some few days ago, disconcerted by the news that the Russian converted cruiser *Lena* had arrived at San Francisco from Vladivostok. She had put in for repairs. The Japanese Government promptly protested against shelter being given to the ship for more than twenty-four hours. In the end it was agreed that the vessel should be dismantled. She has accordingly been taken to Mare Island for that purpose. The *Lena* is one of the six largest and fastest vessels built for the Volunteer Fleet, and has a displacement of 10,770 tons. She was the first fast Volunteer cruiser to be fitted with Belleville boilers, and she has a speed of 19 knots. She is armed with twenty-three quick-firing guns, and can carry 1,500 men over a long sea distance, and another 700 over a short distance.

THE RUSSIAN CONVERTED CRUISER *LENA* NOW BEING DISMANTLED



On August 5, the British Mission entered Libau. The Dalai Lama was away as a monastery some miles off, but the Chinese Amban paid a visit to Colonel Younghusband, and expressed his willingness to assist in arriving at a settlement, and made the troops a present of some food. The Amban was attended by a considerable number of his countrymen. Our photograph is by a British officer.

THE BRITISH MISSION IN LIBAU: THE CHINESE AMBAN ON THE WAY TO PAY A VISIT TO COLONEL YOUNGHUSBAND



THE ANGOLIAN COLOBUS, OR THUMBLESS MONKEY: A NEW ARRIVAL AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS

Photo by W. P. Dando.

Decision of the Russian Government to delay the departure of the Baltic Fleet for five or six weeks.

SEPTEMBER 17.—Constant skirmishing reported to the south-east of Mukden as the Japanese continue their advance.

The cruiser *Lena* arrived at Mare Island to be dismantled forthwith.

SEPTEMBER 18.—Sharp fighting near Mukden reported.

SEPTEMBER 20.—Fierce artillery duel at Ban-in-pu-tse.

certainly carry off the palm. There are some interesting examples of colour printing, and altogether the Exhibition is well worth a visit; for, extravagant as they may be, the members of the "Linked Ring" have certainly done something to relieve the monotony of the ordinary photographic print and to infuse an artistic spirit into the every day photograph.

## The Angolian Colobus or Thumbless Monkey

The Angolian Colobus, of which we give an illustration, is the only specimen that has ever been seen alive in Europe, and is undoubtedly one of the rarest monkeys that has found its way to the Zoological Gardens; in fact, even at the British Museum there is only one very poor specimen of the skin of this species. This genus of monkeys, which exclusively inhabits Western Africa, is remarkable for the characteristic, as the name Colobus is intended to indicate, that neither of the fore-hands exhibit the existence of a thumb. It is exceedingly interesting to watch this specimen taking up its food with its four long fingers, and the awkwardness of its manners in conveying eatables to its mouth is most curious, and further exemplifies the importance of the thumb. The face of the Colobus is quite bare, with cheek pouches, and most of the genus are furnished with an abundance of long silky hair, which is imported to Europe as a trimming to other kinds of fur. The habits of these monkeys being arboreal, it is a puzzle to naturalists why the thumb has disappeared, and as we have a very imperfect acquaintance with the genus in its native haunts, the present addition to the Zoological Gardens may help to solve another of Nature's mysteries.



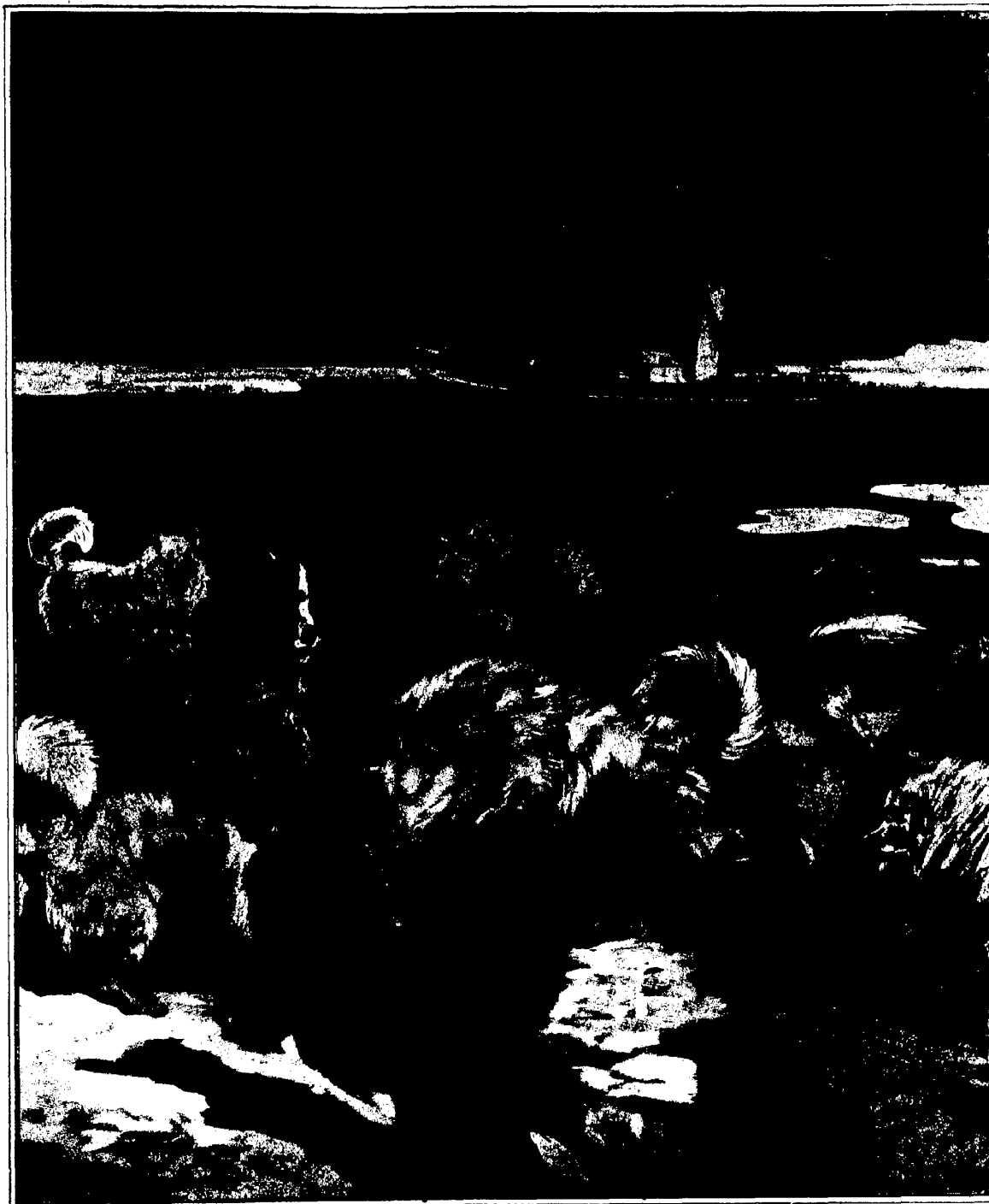
Much excitement was caused at Shanghai last month by the arrival of the fugitive Russian cruiser Askold. The Askold, it will be remembered, belonged to the Port Arthur fleet, while attempting to reach Vladivostok with such disastrous results. After a stubborn fight with the Japanese fleet, in which she was severely handled, the cruiser made for Shanghai, and succeeded in reaching the port in advance of her pursuers. The vessel presented a sorry appearance. A large hole near the water-line was covered with a collision mat; her funnels were riddled with holes; a gun on the starboard side was unshipped; the upper works were much battered, and the after-barricade was destroyed. In action with Japanese demands it was decided to disarm the cruiser. Our photograph is by Emil Koon.

THE BATTERED RUSSIAN CRUISER *ASKOLD*, WHICH HAS BEEN DISARMED AT SHANGHAI

## The Photographic Salon

The twelfth Annual Exhibition of the Photographic Salon is now being held at the Dudley Gallery, and the members of the "Linked Ring" are still doing their best to solve the riddle of "When is a photograph not a photograph?" The collection, although reinforced by an American contingent, differs very little from that of last year, and "compositions" with invisible figures, landscapes with bleary outlines, and heavily worked-on prints, manipulated to resemble rough drawings or coarse etchings, are still the order of the day. At the same time there are many exhibits of much merit, notably those of M. Pierre Dubreuil, whose "Le Croquet" is especially to be commended.

Mr. Horsley Hinton's "Niagara" is one of the best photographs of the Falls we have yet seen. His "Over the Hills and Far Away" also deserves a word of praise. Of the portraits Mr. Reginald Craigie's "Colonel H. S. Brownrigg," Mr. Edward J. Steichen's "G. F. Watts," Mr. J. Craig Annan's "Harrington Mann, Esq., and Children," and Baron A. de Meyer's "Rodin" are some interesting ex-



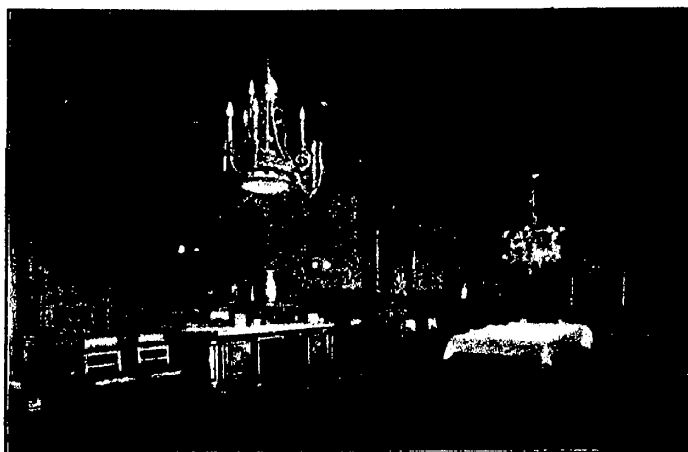
DRAWN BY JOSE CHARLTON

The exploring party was unfortunate as far as its sled dog was concerned. These animals, which were the only sled dogs, were very quarrelsome, and unless a strict watch was kept upon them, would

set upon one of their number and kill it. All of them eventually died, with the exception of four, which were bred during the expedition and were brought home.

FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY AN OFFICER OF THE DISCOVERY

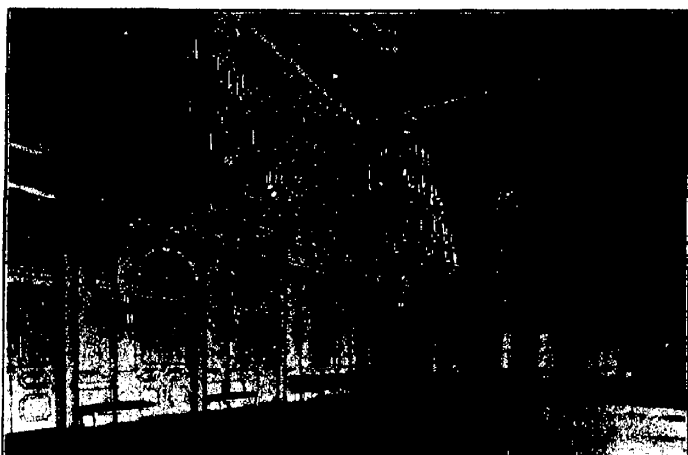
THE VOYAGE OF THE DISCOVERY: A PARTY LANDING FROM THE SHIP TO STOP THE SLEDGE DOGS FIGHTING



THE DINING ROOM



THE PRINCIPAL STAIRCASE



THE THRONE ROOM



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### King Peter's Coronation

Preparations for the Coronation of King Peter have been going on quietly in Belgrade for some time now. The ceremonies in connection with the event were to have taken place on the last three days in August, but were postponed to this week, the reason being that "on account of the intense heat that prevails here in August the foreign diplomats are mostly absent from the city in that month." Fifteen months have elapsed since the world was startled by the tragedy of Belgrade, and since then the good people of that semi-civilised city have been slowly clearing away the traces of the crime, which can never be forgotten. In the first place all the furniture and wearing apparel found in the bedroom where King Alexander and Queen Draga were murdered have been destroyed in the presence of representatives of the Government and of the administrators of the estates of the unfortunate couple. Then the Palace, or Konak, in which the terrible tragedy took place has been pulled down. This Palace stood in King Milan Street, one of the principal thoroughfares in the city. Adjoining it, and connected with it, is the New Palace, which was erected under the supervision of Queen Nathalie. It is in this Palace that King Peter has lived since his accession, occupying the suite of rooms that were formerly used by King Milan. Until quite recently, King Peter used the furniture that had formerly belonged to King Milan. Early in August, however, new furniture and decorations arrived, and the Palace was renovated and refurnished throughout. King Alexander and Queen Draga always lived in the Old Konak, preferring it, because in that building all the Royal apartments were easily accessible and on the same story.

King Peter is conforming to tradition by being anointed at the old Serbian Monastery of Zaisa, the ceremony being supposed to proclaim him as a legitimate successor to the old Serbian Tsars, thereby commending him to the loyalty of his subjects. The Coronation itself was to take place in Belgrade Cathedral. It was at first intended that the ceremony should be carried out with great pomp, but it was announced recently that the ceremonies would be of a simple nature in view of the bad harvest. The only foreign rulers to be present will, it is understood, be Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria and Prince Nicholas of Montenegro.

King Peter, whose election to the throne of Serbia is confirmed by the ceremonies of this week, is in his fifty-eighth year. He is the grandson of the famous George Petrovitch Czerny, the founder of the Karageorgievitch dynasty. Kara is the Turkish for Czerny, and both words signify "black." George Czerny was the son of a peasant, who made a name among his countrymen during the War of Independence between 1804 and 1813. The Serbs proclaimed him Prince, but in 1817 he was assassinated at the instigation of Milosh Obrenovitch, who had been one of his chief comrades in arms. George Czerny left two sons, Alexis and Alexander. Alexis died in 1830, leaving one son, George, then a child of three. In 1842, when Milosh was dethroned, the Skuptchina did not elect the child George to the throne, owing to his youth and the objections of Russia, but chose his uncle, Alexander, who reigned until 1859, when he was dethroned by the aged Milosh, who, at the age of eighty-one, was re-elected Prince. From that time until the assassination of King Alexander, an Obrenovitch occupied the throne. Prince Alexander Karageorgievitch died in exile in 1885, leaving two sons, Peter—the King of to-day—and Arsené. King Peter married, in 1883, the Princess Zorka, eldest daughter of the present reigning Prince of Montenegro. He is consequently a brother-in-law of the King of Italy, of the Grand Duke Peter, and of the Duke of Leuchtenburg. It is interesting to note that one of King Peter's brothers-in-law, Prince Mirko of Montenegro, is married to a descendant of the Obrenovitchs, his wife being a cousin of the late King Alexander. Thus the Montenegrin Royal Family is a kind of link between the two rival Serbian families.

THE CORONATION OF KING PETER: VIEWS OF THE RE-DECORATED KONAK AT BELGRADE

From Photographs by M. Jovanovitch.

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## The Theatres

### "THE TEMPEST" AT HIS MAJESTY'S

Whatever doubts one may have about the merits of *The Tempest* as an acting play, there can be no doubts whatever about the beauty of the spectacle which may now be seen at His Majesty's Theatre. As a matter of fact, the play is less a drama than a masque or ballet. It is not dramatic, because none of the characters have any free will—they are wrecked, saved, made miserable or made happy by the wizard Prospero and his satellites—and it is difficult, in consequence, to take any real interest in their doings, and this though Ariel is a dainty creation, and Caliban is a grotesque, almost tragic figure. But the island scenes suggest spectacle. Here are all the elements of picturesque, and Mr. Tree has not been slow to avail himself of them. That he has done so again and again at the expense of the text will probably only annoy the few, while it pleases the many. The majority would probably sooner see the marvellous shipwreck scene than listen to the description of it with which Shakespeare's play opens. It is a truly wonderful scene this—probably the most realistic thing ever seen on the stage, for a complete ship labours and tosses on an angry sea, while real spray is dashed most high, and a real mast goes by the board. The while the elements rage furiously, and the voices of the mariners are drowned in the fury of the storm. After this come several charming scenes, perhaps the most pleasing being the famous yellow sands, set in a rock-lined bay, the jagged crags of which are lit by the rays of the rising, and now the setting, sun. Here the syrens sing. Here Ferdinand and Miranda meet and love. Here Prospero plots, Caliban pours out his indignation, and the sprite Ariel dances and sings. The rich colouring and charm of this scene under its different aspects, charm and delight the eye, and its final aspect is, perhaps, the most pleasing of all, for the last tableau shows a mournful Caliban watching the departing ship which bears away the motley crowd who for a long time have overrun his island. Henceforward, except for Ariel, he is in sole possession, and while the sprite sings merrily "under the blossom that hangs on the bough," there is a touch of pathos in Caliban's sigh. Mr. Tree as the queer savage slave spurs us nothing in repulsive details. He gives us an uncouth, savage, ape-like creature, so degraded that he is ready to worship Stephano (Mr. Louis Calvert) as a god, and kiss his boots, but yet with glimmerings of a longing for higher things. It is an undeniably clever study. Miss Tree sings charmingly and works hard, but she is scarcely fitted by nature for the part of Ariel, and a heavy gill veil seemed to needlessly emphasise her robustness. Mr. Haviland is a dignified Prospero. Mr. Basil Gill and Miss Nuvah Korin give grace and distinction to the parts of Ferdinand and Miranda, and Mr. Louis Calvert and Mr. Lionel Brough gave a capital piece of Shakespearean clowning; but as a



A serious motor-car accident occurred in the Goldhawk Road, Shepherd's Bush, near St. Stephen's Avenue. It appears that the driver of a car attempted to pass an electric tram-travelling in the same direction. His car for the "off" side of the road, and had barely passed it when his vehicle was caught by a tram coming in the opposite direction. The result was that the motor-car was completely crushed between the two trams. The driver and one of the passengers were injured, and the car was so seriously damaged that it had to be removed to the West London Hospital, where it is reported to be making favourable progress. Our photograph is by Burrow, Goldhawk Road.

### A MOTOR-CAR CRASH AT SHEPHERD'S BUSH: THE WRECK

play *The Tempest* is not rich in good acting parts. It was, in all probability, the musical comedy of its day. The prettiest things in it are the numbers sung by Ariel, and one cannot help feeling that songs by a few of the other characters would be a gain.

### "THE PRAYER OF THE SWORD" AT THE ADELPHI

*The Prayer of the Sword*, with which Messrs. Otho Stuart and Oscar Asche have opened the ADELPHI, is a blank verse melodrama of a somewhat ambitious kind. It is written by Mr. James Bernard Kagen, and the scene is laid in Andola (a sort of Italian Kurdistan), in 1500. Briefly the story tells of a young monk who feels that he could do Heaven's work better with the sword than by means of prayer. To the monastery where he is wrestling with this question comes the beautiful young Duchess of Andola, and to her he tells his desire. She answers that if the sword ever is put into his hand he may take it as a sign from Heaven. Some time later a wounded man is brought into the monastery, and before this man dies he cries for a man who will take his sword and ride to the help of the young Duchess, who is sore beset by her enemies. He thrusts his weapon into the willing monk's hand, and dies. Henceforward Fra Andrea is a man of

action, not prayer. He saves the Duchess, wooes her, and is about to marry her when his enemies bring about his downfall. As a recent monk he is excommunicated, and though the lady remains true, there seems little prospect of any happiness. They enjoy a stolen meeting, but in the midst of it there arrive two assassins who intend to make short work of the soldier monk. However, in a most spirited scene he fights and kills both, the only person who is injured being the beautiful Duchess of Andola, who receives a tiny scratch from a poisoned dagger. She dies happy in thinking that she has saved Andrea's life, and the final tableau, called "After Many Years," shows Andrea, now a grey-haired monk, tending her grave. The fight in the last act, which is genuinely thrilling, the great excommunication scene in the church, when the marriage is frustrated and Andrea is denounced by a brother monk, and a pretty love scene, furnish the most effective moments in a long and, it must be admitted, rather tedious play; but a little compression and exclusion of irrelevant passages and personages should make the whole much more acceptable. Mr. Oscar Asche is vigorous and effective as a burly revolutionary, who seeks to reign in Andola and marry the Duchess, and Miss Brayton was pretty as the lady, though hardly strong enough for the part. The slow, monotonous way in which she delivered the blank verse seemed to rob it, too, of much of its meaning. Mr. Walter Hampden was a very picturesque Fra Andrea. Possessed of a fine voice, he gave his lines with telling effect, while smaller parts were well filled by Mr. Lyall Swete, Mr. H. R. Hignett, Mr. Charles Rock and Mr. Alfred Brydcoe. The Fra Bartolomeo of the last was a powerful piece of acting, and the frenzied hysteria of his excommunication scene stirred the audience to disapproval on the first night. Whether this disapproval was intended for the monk, as the villain of the piece, or was a protest against the scene, seemed, however, to be a matter about which there was some doubt.

To-night (Saturday) witnesses the first performance at the COMEDY OF *His Highness, my Husband*. The piece has been cast as follows: Prince Cyril, Mr. Leonard Boyne; the ex-King of Ingria, Mr. Paul Arthur; President of the Council, Mr. Herbert Ross; the Lieutenant of the King's Guard, Mr. Philip Cunningham; Myriam (a Lord in Waiting), Mr. W. Lugg; Chamberlain, Mr. Akerman May; Minister of War, Mr. Harvey Long; Minister of Commerce, Mr. Richmond Webb; Minister of Police, Mr. M. Douglas; Minister of Fine Arts, Mr. Herbert Vyssan; Xenofa, Miss Lottie Venn; and Sonia (the Queen), Miss Miriam Clements. The action takes place in the state apartment of the Royal Castle of Coronia, the Queen's Boudoir, and the Library of Christian the First. The date of the production of Mr. Pinero's *A Wife Without a Smile* is still undecided, but the piece is in active rehearsal. The cast includes Miss Marie Illington, Miss Lettice Fairfax, Miss Dorothy Grimston, and Mr. Dion Boucicault.

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## Notes from the Magazines

"Calchas," in the *For nightly*, has an interesting article, "The New German Intrigue: A Note of Warning," the text of which is that unless we learn to work definitely for an understanding between London, Paris and St. Petersburg, we shall be confronted one day with the accomplished fact of a coalition between Paris, St. Petersburg and Berlin. "Calchas," as many know, is bitterly anti-German. No British interest, he says, can benefit by the promotion of any German interest. On this simple maxim he builds his policy.

With the crisis of the struggle in the Far East we are within near approach of a diplomatic situation which may be decisive for the future of British policy. It has been foreseen for some months that in the event of the Japanese successes proving unexpectedly complete, intervention would be attempted upon the initiative of Berlin in the nominal interests of Russia. Note the word nominal. It is used with design. Those have read the modern history of Europe in vain who imagine that Berlin is capable of making any move in the genuine interests of another Power. The Wilhelmian works exclusively upon a science of self-interest more definitely overhauled than in any other Foreign Office, and applied with more transactional persistence. When Germany acts upon a plan of philanthropy the world's lower property is in unusual danger. For more than a century and a half the historic policy of the Hohenzollerns has aimed without swerving at the weakening of their neighbours and the aggrandisement of their House. The methods of Frederick the Great in the seizure of Silesia were those of the Iron Chancellor in connection with Schleswig-Holstein and Alsace-Lorraine. Austria and France were elaborately deceived before they were attacked. Berlin is now applying that familiar process to the British Empire as a matter of course. If we are blind to the lessons of the past Germany will again succeed up to the very hour of her opportunity in duping the Power which she will endeavour sooner or later to destroy. . . . The Kaiser notoriously mediates renewed efforts to drag this country into another scene of compromising co-operation. Berlin is awake now all things to the desirability of lulling British opinion to slumber. While the splendid instrument of an ultimate novel attack upon this country is being created upon the other side of the North Sea, the absolutely essential business of German diplomacy is to trade upon all our sentimental weaknesses, to exploit the dynastic connection between the two countries, and, in a word, to amuse our minds in order that we may be lulled to minimise our preparations. This policy does not arise from any peculiar intimacy at the Wilhelmian.

## THE COMING REVOLUTION IN RUSSIA

Carl Joubert, in the *Nineteenth Century*, is fully convinced that a revolution is coming in Russia. The forces of revolution are organised to-day, he says, and the great revolutionary organisation has branches all over the world.

Included in its membership are men of all ranks and of every degree. The professional element and the universities are very largely represented. The majority of the Russian students at foreign universities are to be counted as revolutionaries. . . . but they will take them from anybody else when their minds are inflamed.

Some of the influence of the revolutionary movement may be obtained from the Tsar found on the by the Executive investigation. How



The Mahomedan population in Cape Colony numbers about 15,000, and are chiefly Malays. These Asiatics form such a small portion of the population that, in some parts, anything concerning them and their ways excites curiosity.

## A HINDU WEDDING AT SIMONTOWN

was the better delivered? Whose hand piced it on the Tsar's table? The secret police can avail nothing against the devoted Committee.

We heard much some time since about disaffection in the Russian army. Thousands of men, we were told, would not fight for Russia, others openly sympathised with the Japanese and prayed for Russia's defeat; but Kurapatkin's splendid stand at Liaoyang and the gallantry of the Port Arthur garrison seem to point to few signs of half-heartedness among the Russian soldiers when properly led. One is inclined to think that too much attention is paid in this direction to the views of certain Little Russians, and that even Carl Joubert is thus misled when he writes:—

The revolutionary party has its hand upon the army, and therein lies the essence of success. There are soldiers in Manchuria at this moment who are pledged to make no Japanese widows. It is astonishing how badly the Russian naval game lays his gun. I have lately seen two letters, written by soldiers at the front, which go far to account for the total lack of success of the Russian arms. One speaks of men voluntarily surrendering to the Japanese, so that they may not be called upon to fight for the Tsar. The other tells a tale of a soldier retreating out of the part of a company of Russian soldiers at the moment when victory was in their grasp, and of the officer in command, unable to stop the stampede of his men, blowing out his brains.

## THE RED CROSS SOCIETY OF JAPAN

Mr. O. Eltacher, in the *Contemporary*, tells the story of the rise of the Japanese Red Cross Society, which is now so splendidly efficient, and, incidentally, points out one very grave difficulty which the founders of the movement had to combat. In Europe and America

nuns and sisters of mercy have accustomed the people to nursing by women, and Japan admired this practical manifestation of European charity and the activity of the nursing orders and societies. Nevertheless, she could not copy them more easily follow suit, because she was not able to build up her Red Cross Society on the Christian ideal of mutual love, an ideal which the people would not have understood.

According to Japanese custom and to the Japanese code of honour, the idea that a woman should approach or nurse a man outside her own family was inconceivable. This difficulty was all the greater if the strange man was a soldier, for the Japanese woman was taught that war is a matter in which she must never meddle under any circumstances. Hence soldiers were the last men of whom a virtuous Japanese woman could take any notice. For this reason, only abandoned women of the lowest classes could be found who would take up nursing. Consequently, it was necessary to make an altogether original attempt to obtain nurses. In order to popularise the nursing profession and raise its prestige, not by slow education but at once, it was necessary that the highest ladies in the land should overcome their natural feeling of shyness, if not of repulsion, and set an example to the Japanese women at large.

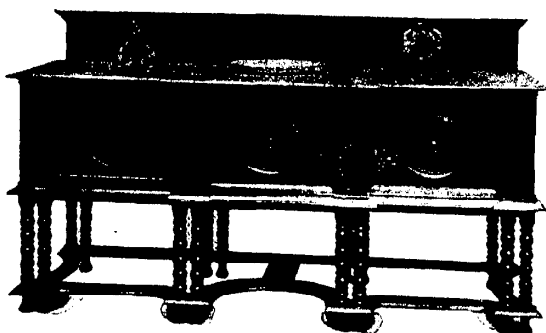
Something had to be done. Some one had to set an example, so Princess Arisugawa flung herself into the breach and courageously called together a meeting in May, 1887, composed of all the princesses and the wives of the Ministers of State and representatives of the upper nobility. The director of the army medical service and other high medical officers also attended, and without any loss of time a voluntary nursing society was founded, composed of the foremost women of Japan. These women met two or three times a month, and applied themselves with the greatest earnestness and energy to the study of first aid and nursing, under the direction of the leading medical men of the country.

This bold step had the desired effect; the action of the first ladies in the land, revolutionary and unprecedented as it was, came to be considered as irreproachable, and even as worth imitating. Thus the daring step taken by the princesses encouraged the ladies of the best families throughout the country to take up nursing. Consequently the public learned to understand that the nursing of soldiers was no longer dishonouring but highly honourable for virtuous and modest women, and the action of the leading ladies found its reward in the progress with which countless women belonging to the best families soon came forward and offered their services, not for the sake of gain, but in order to serve their country.

"The Insurance Register" (Charles and Edwin Leyton), which now appears for the thirty-sixth successive year, contains a record of the yearly progress and present financial position of the British Insurance Societies, together with other information, and a review of life assurance in 1903 by A. W. Tarn. A valuable feature of this useful book is the directory, which is well arranged.—"The Handy Newspaper List" (C. and K. Layton) contains in concise form all information about newspapers, magazines, and other periodicals, necessary to advertisers, publishers, and others.—"The Eighty Club Year Book" (A. and C. Black) will be found useful not only to members of the Club, but also as a handbook to Parliament and Government officials. The results of elections since 1895 are given, and at the end of the book are speeches and pamphlets by Mr. Asquith, Lord Spencer, and Mr. W. S. Robson.

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## Our Bookshelf

### "FAR EASTERN IMPRESSIONS"

We fear that we are on the eve of a flood of books on the Far East and Russia which threatens to be as overwhelming as were the volumes on South Africa and the Boer War. The work before us is, however, one that should prove of some value to capitalists, and to those who have no personal knowledge of Japan, Korea, and China. It is the outcome of a tour made three years ago, when the author noted down many facts and opinions bearing on the varying phases of the Far Eastern problem, and particularly upon its commercial aspects. Since that time he has, from information obtained from reliable sources, been able to bring his work up to date. In writing of the success of Japan in her war with China, Mr. Hatch says:—

Though there was a consciousness of power born of the conflict, it was mingled with a self-restraint and a moderation which were altogether admirable. Even the stinging douche administered by the action of Russia, Germany, and France in depriving Japan in the hour of triumph of the most substantial fruits of her victory, did not disturb her superb calm. Yielding in a force which she could not hope successfully to oppose, she submitted to the inevitable with quiet dignity. No findings occurred, no petulant and abominable protests were directed to unparliamentary chancelleries. Japan merely retired with clenched teeth and set face, registering under her breath a vow that in her own time she would avenge the humiliation which had been cast upon her.

That time appears to have arrived. Later he writes:—

At present Japan stands for political and commercial freedom, as against a blighting despotism. Wherever Russia has put her foot in the Far East, all freedom, whether of trade or of political action, has been crushed out. A Russianized China would mean a China with a great tariff wall built round it, which would be an effective barrier to the trade of every other nation.

The trades that have made enormous strides of late in Japan are cotton-spinning and shipbuilding. In the latter industry the Japanese employ, in the Mitsui Bishi Dockyard, no less than five thousand hands, and in 1907 they turned out as many as twelve vessels, ranging from ocean-going steamers to steam launches. The author writes:—

The Japanese have an extraordinary power of acquiescence and a not less remarkable capacity for turning to account what they have learned. A Hindoo or a Chinese can make almost exact imitations of any article given to him, but if he is asked to improve upon it he would be jetously at fault. Inventiveness is a practically unknown quality in both India and China. This is not the case in Japan, or at all events to anything like the same extent. The Japanese have their engineers who produce independent designs, and their artificers who have their own methods of working them.

The chapters on Korea are unusually interesting—the social customs, the Government, the Court, with its continual intrigues—and the commerce and future prosperity of the country are fully and ably discussed. Mr. Hatch says:—

The fact is that Korea is even now practically virgin soil for the trader. A country largely without roads or means of communication outside the railroad districts, and yet possessing a fine climate, considerable resources, and a large and docile population amenable to the influences of civilization, it offers openings for trade enterprise to a remarkable extent.

With regard to China, of which country Mr. Hatch writes ably and with considerable knowledge, the greatest hindrance to her progress and reform is the Government, with the Emperor Dowager at its head.

In the view of the experts (says the writer) there are two methods of reform possible in China. One is a gradual change, a natural evolution; the other a

"Far Eastern Impressions," By F. G. Hatch, M.P. (Hutchinson.)



It is seldom, indeed, that in one photograph a view of a whole heavy battery of artillery is seen. The fact that each gun required a team of eight horses renders it a difficult task to include all the four guns in one picture. The battery in question is the 48 E Company Royal Garrison Artillery, which on its arrival from Malta was formed into a heavy battery. The photograph is by J. E. Jarvis, Salisbury.

### A HEAVY BATTERY IN THE FIELD: AN UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPH

metamorphosis brought about by a rebellion and the ousting of the present dynasty. The latter method is peculiarly unsuited to China, owing to the vastness of the country and the looseness with which the constituent parts are bound together. It is believed that a good healthy revolution would take decades to have a proper effect.

Mr. Hatch is of the opinion that a Triple Alliance between Great Britain, the United States, and Japan, would go a long way to settle the Far Eastern Question on enduring lines.

### A TREASURY OF PROVERBS AND FOLK-LORE

The science of folk-lore has been enriched very substantially by the publication of "Lean's Collectanea" (Arrowsmith), which will always be a standard work of reference on the fascinating subject with which it deals. Mr. Vincent Stuckey Lean, who died five years ago, left to the British Museum a legacy of £50,000 for the improvement and extension of the Library and Reading-room, together with an immense mass of papers and books annotated in manuscript relating to the subjects of British and foreign proverbs, words and phrases old and disused, superstitious legends, popular customs, vulgar specifics, and other matters pertaining to folk-lore. The work before us, issued by Mr. Lean's executors, in five handsome volumes, forms part of this material. Dipping at random into the volumes we come upon the section headed "Vulgar Specifics," which may be described as our forefathers' equivalents for the modern "patent medicines." These were generally either strange or disgusting, sometimes both. For instance, to rub up a live spider in butter and eat it was a cure for agur, as was also to reduce a dried mole to powder and to

swallow as much of it as would lie on a shilling for nine days running. A hare's foot carried on the person prevented colic; eels applied to the ears were a specific against deafness; and epilepsy yielded to a gentle treatment of toadstools gathered just as they were forcing their way through the ground and swallowed in claret at midnight. There were many ways of curing fits, but the simplest plan was to go into a church at midnight and walk three times round the communion table. A snake's skin worn round the temples was good for the headache, but if that failed the sufferer might try moss grown on a human skull, then powdered and taken as snuff. Whooping-cough could never be caught by a child who had ridden a bear, but if no bear was handy the child might be soundly thrashed or drawn backwards through a bramble bush. The subject of signs and omens fills a number of pages, and turning to the heading "Good and Ill-luck in Marriage" we find on how trifling a matter the marital happiness or unhappiness of our ancestors could turn. It was unlucky, for example, to receive a present of doves, to marry on the anniversary of birth, to tread on the tail of a cat, to put on one's stockings wrong side out, or to try the wedding ring on before marriage, and on the wedding day the happy couple had to redouble their vigilance on such trifles as a horse looking at them through a gateway, a pig running across their path on the way to church, a dog running between them, or the clock striking during the ceremony might wreck their happiness, while for the bride to look in the glass after she was attired in her wedding finery was sure to bring ill-luck. On the other hand, it was lucky to hear the nightingale sing before the



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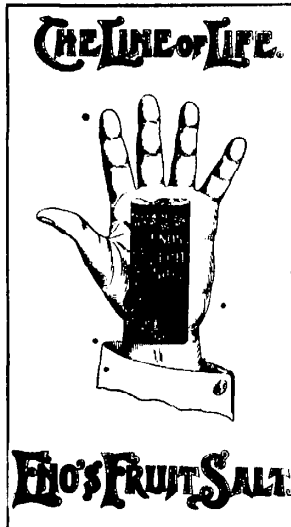
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cuckoo, to be followed by a strange dog when going courting, to be touched by the wing of a bat, or for the bride to hear a cat sneeze on the eve of her wedding. Another deeply interesting section is that dealing with words which have changed their meaning or have fallen into disuse. The work is a perfect treasury of curious information, and the patient research of the author has proved the truth of the words of Bacon, "Out of monuments, names, words, proverbs, traditions, private records and evidence, fragments of stories, passages of books, and the like, we do save and recover somewhat from the deluge of time."

#### "A SHORT HISTORY OF ANCIENT EGYPT"

In their little volume *MEASURES*, Newberry and Garstang have given us a very well-written little summary of the various changes, social and political, through which the civilisation of Ancient Egypt passed from its earliest dawn to the conquest by Persia. The first chapters are particularly interesting as showing the remarkable amount of information concerning the most remote epoch which has come to light during the last two or three years. With regard to those portions of Egyptian history which are still a subject of conjecture, it will be agreed that the views of the authors are rational and well deliberated; it may, perhaps, be thought that the history reads too smoothly, that not sufficient indication of the many opposing views on certain most points has been given, but this was hardly possible in a book of only 100 small pages. It is perhaps a little regrettable that they have attributed the Hyksos invasion ultimately to the "Hittites," those old *Dixie* *muchinos*, who are practically no more than a mere name. The dates given are in every case the latest possible for each event, and this should be borne in mind, for the majority of Egyptologists attribute a considerably greater antiquity to the earlier dynasties. On the whole the book is an excellent little sketch—more if does not pretend to be—and gives a very fair and well-reasoned idea of Ancient Egyptian history. It contains three small maps of the country at various periods.

#### BRITISH SALT-WATER FISH

Any book on sea-fish coming from the pen of Mr. Afalo must needs command attention; for to be a first-class fisherman means nowadays to be an experienced ichthyologist, and it might be added, in the case of the fly-fisherman, an entomologist as well. Mr. Afalo, before proceeding to discuss the various sea-fish which may be classed as British, in two most interesting chapters deals with sea-fish as a whole, and our sea-fisheries. In the first he explains the various methods of classification and the difficulties which attend the grouping of sea-fish under genera and species owing to the extraordinary number of exceptions which occur to every tentative rule. Thus it has been attempted to class fish according as their eggs sink or float, and to "trace the influence of a floating or demersal egg on the after history of the fish hatched from it. . . . The herring, however, from a sinking egg, which develops at the bottom of the sea, spends most of its after life swimming at the surface. The angler-fish, on the other hand, which emerged from a floating egg, lives, when older, on the

\* "A Short History of Ancient Egypt." By Percy E. Newberry and John Garstang. (London: Constable, 1904.)  
† "British Salt-Water Fish." By R. G. Afalo. "The Wetmore Library of Natural History." Edited by the Duke of Bedford. (London: Hutchinson, 1904.)

ground, there lying in wait for its victims." In the chapter on "Our Fisheries," not only are the various methods of fishing by seines, trawls, drift-nets, trawls, and hand and long lines described, but the alarmist reports as to the decrease of fish on our coasts fully discussed, and, save as far as flat-fish are concerned, disputed. The author enters also into the question of the preservation of sea-fish, and makes several valuable suggestions. In this connection may be mentioned a chapter by Mr. R. B. Marston on the artificial "Cultivation of Sea-Fish." The natural history notes are well written, and will easily be understood by those who have no knowledge of scientific language. The coloured plates with which the volume is illustrated are excellent, and the reader will wish there were more of them. On the whole the book is a worthy companion to the volume on "British Fresh-Water Fishes," by Sir Herbert Maxwell.

#### "THE BLACK SHILLING"

The Black Shilling, as every demagogue knows, is the earnest token given to a witch when she conveys her soul by bargain and sale. Amelia E. Barr's novel under that title (T. Fisher Unwin) is concerned with the witchcraft craze that, in 1694, created a reign of terror in New England under the despotic tyranny of the Reverend Cotton Mather. Never did popular delusion reach a more extravagant depth of abject superstition and imbecile credulity than that which set the Puritan fathers and mothers of Boston and Salem to the work of accusing one another of having taken Satan's black shilling, and hanging any accused person who failed to make a sufficiently sensational confession. There is absolutely no exaggeration in Mrs. Barr's pages—a necessary observation for the benefit of those who have not included witch-trials among their studies, and might therefore suspect her picture of contagious insanity in its most revolting form of over-colour. In point of fact, her colour is rather under the actual black—and with good and indeed unavoidable reason. The main interest of her novel is her portrait of that extraordinary scholar and preacher Cotton Mather himself, concerning whose good faith almost any shade of opinion may be plausibly entertained. Mrs. Barr's certainly does not err on the side of severity; and she has unquestionably thought it well out, after adequate study of the persecutor's own journals. For the rest, she might have made much more dramatic use of the suspicion of witchcraft which befell her beautiful and innocent young English heroine; and her amiable characters, who were proof against the madness round them, talk and think too much in advance of their time—perhaps a little even in advance of our own. These matters, however, in no wise affect the interest of the novel for all whom its subject does not repel. Those whom it does will find compensation in a very charming story of true love, and in its pictures of the Boston of long ago.

#### "THE BRIGHT FACE OF DANGER"

Mr. Robert Neilson Stephens's story of the danger which brings its hero into the last extremity of peril only to bring him out again (F. Vealeigh Nash), is a favourable specimen of the wares that the school of Mr. Stanley Weyman have been turning out wholesale. A young gentleman of Anjou who, in the gallant days of Henri Quatre, sets off for Paris in order to cut off the moustache of an officer of the Royal Guard about which a rustic coquette had

taunted him to his own beardless face, is evidently ripe for any quantity of romantic adventure. He gets even more than he bargains for, the net result being his rescue of a beautiful young Countess from her barbarous ill-treatment and attempted murder in a grotto-like chateau by an elderly husband gone more than mad with drink and causeless jealousy. The most thrilling of the incidents—and there is at least one that thrills per chance—is a gymnastic feat with a rope ladder which, over and above its excitement, gives rise to some curious speculations as to whether such articles were really kept in stock by country tradesmen in the days of Henry of Navarre, and how many times the rope ladders of fiction would reach to the moon. The plentiful sword-play is rather of an impressionist order, but in point of vigour all that can be desired. The general beardlessness will certainly be shared by the normally constipated reader.

#### "THE MYSTERIOUS MISS CASE"

The pianoforte seems readily adaptable to many unintentional uses—a fact worth bearing in mind, in case it should ever be deprived of its supremacy by more mechanical rivals. The Boers were said to have found it convenient for the conveyance of munitions of war; we recently noticed a story in which it was found handy for the removal of a too-persistent bidder from an auction room; and now, from Mr. G. W. Appleton's "The Mysterious Miss Case" (John Long), of its utility for the disposal of conveyances of a more legal character. Only, in this case, it must be a Broadwood of a very special make—though, no doubt, the make will become less special now that its advantages have been explained. Miss Case herself, while impressive in her entrance as a performer on the instrument in its legitimate capacity, and melodramatic in her exit, is not the principal mystery connected with this particular Broadwood, No. 70,242. There is the unaccountable acquaintance of the owner's butler with its unsuspected peculiarity of construction; there is the extraordinarily prompt grant of letters of administration in the face of almost conclusive evidence of the execution of a missing will; and there are many more—especially the ill-important discovery of a missing pineapple. If we have aided Mr. Appleton in stimulating the pleasure of curiosity, we shall have done as much as he presumably desires.

#### "THE TYRANTS OF NORTH HYDEN"

Who are the "Tyrants" of Mr. Frank Dinnot's pleasant little agricultural romance (John Lane) we are unable to say. But nothing more than a map of Hampshire is requisite for the identification of Hyden with Hayling Island, of which the northern portion must, on Mr. Dinnot's evidence, be richer in rustic character than much remoter corners have been allowed to remain. The story, despite its vivid digressions into such exciting business as the ringing of sows and the getting to market of recalcitrant young bulls, is judiciously slight, following the spell of bad luck suffered by a fine young farmer through neighbourly envy, the rashness of a never-do-well brother, and the ruin of a promising harvest by an abnormally high tide—an incident picturesquely described. The characters are very much alive, the most notable success among them being old "William," the blacksmith, whose genius for contradictoriness is the real centre of the plot which it brings, both financially and matrimonially, to a happy if rather sudden close.

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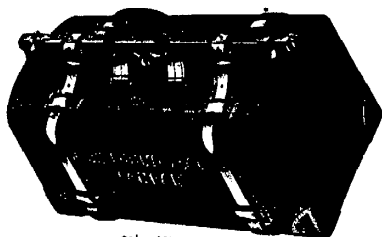
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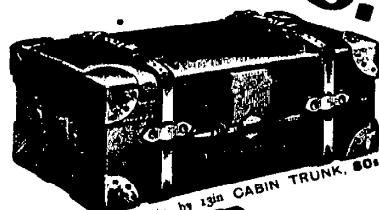
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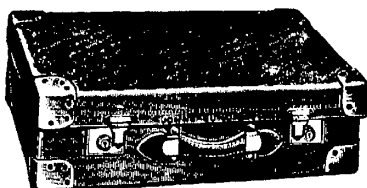
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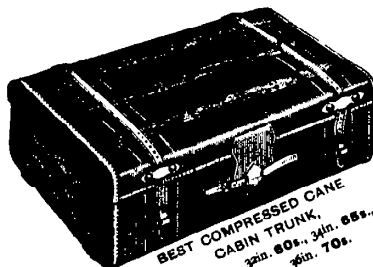
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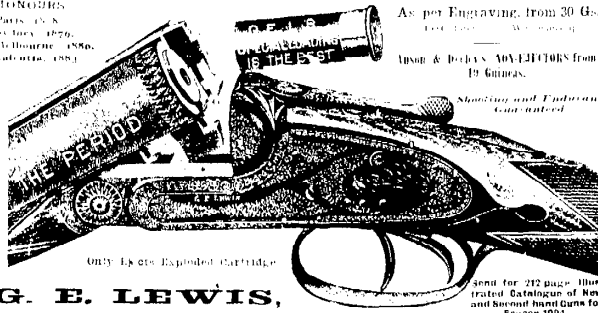


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